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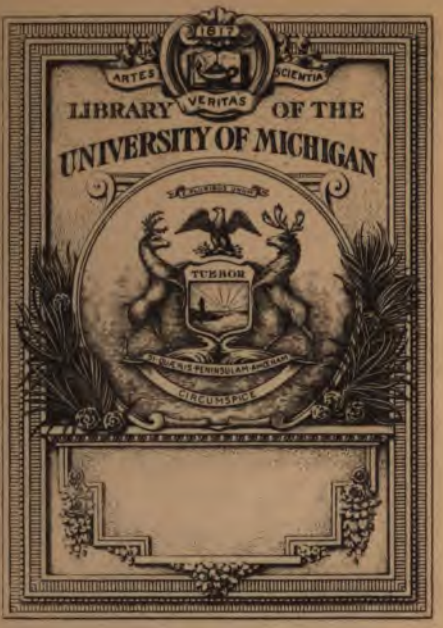

THE GIFT OF
Albert Greene

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John Dickinson

1786

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

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POPE'S HOMER.

THE ODYSSEY.

VOLUME I.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EPICK POEM, AND OF THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY:

EXTRACTED FROM BOSSU.

SECT. I.

OF THE NATURE OF EPICK POETRY.

THE fables of poets were originally employed in repreſenting the Divine Nature, according to the notion then conceived of it. This ſublime ſubject occaſioned the firſt poets to be called Divines, and Poetry the Language of the Gods. They divided the Divine Attributes into ſo many perſons; becauſe the infirmity of a human mind cannot ſufficiently conceive, or explain, ſo much power and action in a ſimplicity ſo great and indiviſible as that of God. And, perhaps, they were alſo jealous of the advantages they reaped from ſuch excellent and exalted learning, and of which they thought the vulgar part of mankind was not worthy.

They could not deſcribe the operations of this Almighty Cauſe, without ſpeaking at the ſame time of its effects: ſo that to Divinity, they added Phyſiology; and treated of both, without quitting the umbrages of their allegorical expreſſions.

But man being the chief and the most noble of all that God produced, and nothing being so proper, or more useful to poets than this subject; they added it to the former, and treated of the doctrine of morality after the same manner as they did that of divinity and philosophy: and from morality thus treated, is formed that kind of poem and fable which we call Epick.

The poets did the same in morality, that the divines had done in divinity. But that infinite variety of the actions and operations of the Divine Nature (to which our understanding bears so small a proportion) did, as it were, force them upon dividing the single idea of the Only One God into several persons, under the different names of Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, and the rest.

And on the other hand, the nature of moral philosophy being such, as never to treat of things in particular, but in general; the epick poets were obliged to unite in one single idea, in one and the same person, and in an action which appeared singular, all that looked like it in different persons and in various actions, which might be thus contained as so many species under their genus.

The greatness of the Deity, and the care such an august a one is to be supposed to take about any action, obliges the poet to represent that action as great, important, and managed by kings and princes. It obliges him likewise to think and speak in an elevated way above the vulgar, and in a style that may in some sort keep up the character of the divine persons he introduces. Thus and serve the poetical and figurative expression, and the majesty of the heroick verse.

But

But all this, being divine and ſurprizing, may quite ruin all probability; therefore the poet ſhould take a particular care as to that point, ſince his chief aim is to inſtruct, and without probability any action is leſs likely to perſuade.

Laſtly, ſince precepts ought to be conciſe, to be the more eaſily conceived, and leſs oppreſs the memory; and ſince nothing can be more effectual to this end than propoſing one ſingle idea, and collecting all things ſo well together, as to be preſent to our minds all at once; therefore the poets have reduced all to one ſingle action, under one and the ſame deſign, and in a body whoſe members and parts ſhould be homogeneous.

What we have obſerved of the nature of the Epick Poem, gives us a juſt idea of it, and we may define it thus:

"The Epick Poem is a diſcourſe invented by art, "to form the manners, by ſuch inſtructions as are "diſguiſed under the allegories of ſome one important "action, which is related in verſe, after a probable, "diverting, and ſurprizing manner."

SECT. II.

THE FABLE OF THE ILIAD.

IN every deſign which a man deliberately undertakes, the end he propoſes is the firſt thing in his mind, and that by which he governs the whole work, and all its parts; thus, ſince the end of the Epick

Poem is to regulate the manners, it is with this firſt view the poet ought to begin.

But there is a great difference between the philoſophical and the poetical doctrine of Manners. The ſchoolmen content themſelves with treating of virtues and vices in general; the inſtructions they give are proper for all ſtates of people, and for all ages. But the poet has a nearer regard to his own country, and the neceſſities of his own nation. With this deſign he makes choice of ſome piece of morality, the moſt proper and juſt he can imagine; and in order to preſs this home, he makes leſs uſe of the force of reaſoning, than of the power of inſinuation; accommodating himſelf to the particular cuſtoms and inclinations of thoſe who are to be the ſubject, or the readers, of his work.

Let us now ſee how Homer has acquitted himſelf in theſe reſpects.

He ſaw the Grecians, for whom he deſigned his Poem, were divided into as many ſtates as they had capital cities. Each was a body politick apart, and had its form of government independent from all the reſt. And yet theſe diſtinct ſtates were very often obliged to unite together in one body againſt their common enemies. Theſe were two very different ſorts of government, ſuch as could not be comprehended in one maxim of morality, and in one ſingle poem.

The poet, therefore, has made two diſtinct fables of them. The one is for Greece in general, united into a body, but compoſed of parts independent on each

each other; and the other for each particular ſtate, conſidered as they were in time of peace, without the former circumſtances and the neceſſity of being united.

As for the firſt ſort of government, in the union or rather in the confederacy of many independent ſtates; experience has always made it appear, "That nothing "ſo much cauſes ſucceſs as a due ſubordination, and "a right underſtanding among the chief commanders "And on the other hand, the inevitable ruin of ſuch "confederacies proceeds from the heats, jealouſies, "and ambition of the different leaders, and the diſ-"contents of ſubmitting to a ſingle general." All ſorts of ſtates, and in particular the Grecians, had dearly experienced this truth. So that the moſt uſeful and neceſſary inſtruction that could be given them, was, to lay before their eyes the loſs which both the people and the princes muſt of neceſſity ſuffer, by the ambition, diſcord, and obſtinacy of the latter.

Homer then has taken for the foundation of his fable this great truth; That a miſunderſtanding between princes is the ruin of their own ſtates. "I ſing "(ſays he) the anger of Achilles, ſo pernicious to "the Grecians, and the cauſe of ſo many heroes "deaths, occaſioned by the diſcord and ſeparation "of Agamemnon and that prince."

But that this truth may be completely and fully known, there is need of a ſecond to ſupport it. It is neceſſary in ſuch a deſign, not only to repreſent the confederate ſtates at firſt diſagreeing among themſelves,

and from thence unfortunate; but to ſhow the ſame ſtates afterwards reconciled and united, and of conſequence victorious.

Let us now ſee how he has joined all theſe in one general action.

"Several princes independent on one another were "united againſt a common enemy. The perſon whom "they had elected their general, offers an affront to "the moſt valiant of all the confederates. This "offended prince is ſo far provoked, as to relinquiſh "the union, and obſtinately refuſe to fight for the "common cauſe. This miſunderſtanding gives the "enemy ſuch an advantage, that the allies are very "near quitting their deſign with diſhonour. He him-"ſelf who made the ſeparation, is not exempt from "ſharing the misfortune which he brought upon his "party. For having permitted his intimate friend to "ſuccour them in a great neceſſity, this friend is kil-"led by the enemy's general. Thus the contending "princes, being both made wiſer at their own coſt, are "reconciled, and unite again: then this valiant prince "not only obtains the victory in the public cauſe, but "revenges his private wrongs, by killing with his own "hands the author of the death of his friend."

This is the firſt platform of the Poem, and the fiction which reduces into one important and univerſal action all the particulars upon which it turns.

In the next place it muſt be rendered probable by the circumſtances of times, places, and perſons: ſome perſons muſt be found out, already known by hiſtory or otherwiſe,

otherwiſe, whom we may with probability make the actors and perſonages of this fable. Homer has made choice of the ſiege of Troy, and feigned that this action happened there. To a phantom of his brain, whom he would paint valiant and cholerick, he has given the name of Achilles; that of Agamemnon to his general; that of Hector to the enemy's commander, and ſo to the reſt.

Beſides, he was obliged to accommodate himſelf to the manners, cuſtoms, and genius of the Greeks his auditors, the better to make them attend to the inſtruction of his Poem: and to gain their approbation by praiſing them; ſo that they might the better forgive him the repreſentation of their own faults in ſome of his chief perſonages. He admirably diſcharges all theſe duties, by making theſe brave princes and thoſe victorious people all Grecians, and the fathers of thoſe he had a mind to commend.

But not being content, in a work of ſuch a length, to propoſe only the principal point of the moral, and to fill up the reſt with uſeleſs ornaments and foreign incidents, he extends this moral by all its neceſſary conſequences. As for inſtance, in the ſubject before us, it is not enough to know that a good underſtanding ought always to be maintained among confederates: it is likewiſe of equal importance that, if there happens any diviſion, care muſt be taken to keep it ſecret from the enemy, that their ignorance of this advantage may prevent their making uſe of it. And in the ſecond place, when their concord is but counterfeit and only in ap-

pearance, one ſhould never preſs the enemy too cloſely; for this would diſcover the weakneſs which we ought to conceal from them.

The epiſode of Patroclus moſt admirably furniſhes us with theſe two inſtructions. For when he appeared in the arms of Achilles, the Trojans, who took him for that prince now reconciled and united to the confederates, immediately gave ground, and quitted the advantages they had before over the Greeks. But Patroclus, who ſhould have been contented with this ſucceſs, preſſes upon Hector too boldly, and, by obliging him to fight, ſoon diſcovers that it was not the true Achilles who was clad in his amour, but a hero of much inferior proweſs. So that Hector kills him, and regains thoſe advantages which the Trojans had loſt, on the opinion that Achilles was reconciled.

SECT. III.

THE FABLE OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE Odyſſey was not deſigned, like the Iliad, for the inſtruction of all the ſtates of Greece joined in one body, but for each ſtate in particular. As a ſtate is compoſed of two parts; the head which commands, and the members which obey; there are inſtructions requiſite to both, to teach the one to govern, and the others to ſubmit to government.

There are two virtues neceſſary to one in authority; prudence to order, and care to ſee his orders put in execution.

cution. The prudence of a politician is not acquired but by a long experience in all ſorts of buſineſs, and by an acquaintance with all the different forms of governments and ſtates. The care of the adminiſtration ſuffers not him that has the government to rely upon others, but requires his own preſence: and kings, who are abſent from their ſtates, are in danger of loſing them, and give occaſion to great diſorders and confuſion.

Theſe two points may be eaſily united in one and the ſame man. "A king forſakes his kingdom to viſit the "courts of ſeveral princes, where he learns the man-"ners and cuſtoms of different nations. From hence "there naturally ariſes a vaſt number of incidents, of "dangers, and of adventures, very uſeful for a political "inſtitution. On the other ſide, this abſence gives "way to the diſorders which happen in his own "kingdom, and which end not till his return, whoſe "preſence only can re-eſtabliſh all things." Thus the abſence of a king has the ſame effects in this fable, as the diviſion of the princes had in the former.

The ſubjects have ſcarce any need but of one general maxim, which is, to ſuffer themſelves to be governed, and to obey faithfully; whatever reaſon they may imagine againſt the orders they receive. It is eaſy to join this inſtruction with the other, by beſtowing on this wiſe and induſtrious prince ſuch ſubjects, as in his abſence would rather follow their own judgment than his commands; and by demonſtrating the misfortunes which this diſobedience draws upon them, the evil conſequences which almoſt infallibly atttend theſe

particular

particular notions, which are entirely different from the general idea of him who ought to govern.

But as it was neceſſary that the princes in the Iliad ſhould be choleric and quarrelſome, ſo it is neceſſary in the fable of the Odyſſey that the chief perſon ſhould be ſage and prudent. This raiſes a difficulty in the fiction; becauſe this perſon ought to be abſent for the two reaſons above mentioned, which are eſſential to the fable, and which conſtitute the principal aim of it: but he cannot abſent himſelf, without offending againſt another maxim of equal importance, viz. That a king ſhould upon no accounts leave his country.

It is true, there are ſometimes ſuch neceſſities as ſufficiently excuſe the prudence of a politician in this point. But ſuch a neceſſity is a thing important enough of itſelf to ſupply matter for another poem, and this multiplication of the action would be vicious. To prevent which, in the firſt place, this neceſſity, and the departure of the hero, muſt be disjoined from the poem; and in the ſecond place, the hero having been obliged to abſent himſelf, for a reaſon antecedent to the action, and placed diſtinct from the fable, he ought not ſo far to embrace this opportunity of inſtructing himſelf, as to abſent himſelf voluntarily from his own government. For at this rate, his abſence would be merely voluntary, and one might with reaſon lay to his charge all the diſorders which might ariſe.

Thus in the conſtitution of the fable he ought not to take for his action, and for the foundation of his poem, the departure of a prince from his own country nor

nor his voluntary ſtay in any other place; but his return, and this return retarded againſt his will. This is the firſt idea Homer gives us of it *. His hero appears at firſt in a deſolate iſland, ſitting upon the ſide of the ſea, which, with tears in his eyes, he looks upon as the obſtacle which had ſo long oppoſed his return, and detained him from reviſiting his own dear country.

And laſtly, ſince this forced delay might more naturally and uſually happen to ſuch as make voyages by ſea; Homer has judiciouſly made choice of a prince, whoſe kingdom was in an iſland.

Let us ſee then how he has feigned all this action, making his hero a perſon in years, becauſe years are requiſite to inſtruct a man in prudence and policy.

"A prince had been obliged to forſake his native "country, and to head an army of his ſubjects in a "foreign expedition. Having glorioufly performed "this enterprize, he was marching home again, and "conducting his ſubjects to his own ſtate. But ſpite "of all the attempts, with which the eagerneſs to re-"turn had inſpired him, he was ſtopt by the way by "tempeſts for ſeveral years, and caſt upon ſeveral "countries, differing from each other in manners and "government. In theſe dangers, his companions, "not always following his orders, periſhed through "their own fault. The grandees of his country "ſtrangely abuſe his abſence, and raiſe no ſmall diſ-"orders at home. They conſume his eſtate, conſpire "to

* *Odyſſey V.*

" to deſtroy his ſon, would conſtrain his queen to ac-
" cept of one of them for her huſband; and indulge
" themſelves in all violence, ſo much the more, be-
" cauſe they were perſuaded he would never return.
" But at laſt he returns, and diſcovering himſelf only
" to his ſon and ſome others, who had continued firm
" to him, he is an eye-witneſs of the inſolence of his
" enemies, puniſhes them according to their deſerts,
" and reſtores to his iſland that tranquillity and re-
" poſe to which they had been ſtrangers during his
" abſence."

As the truth, which ſerves for foundation to this fiction, is, that the abſence of a perſon from his own home, or his neglect of his own affairs, is the cauſe of great diſorders: ſo the principal point of the action, and the moſt eſſential one, is the abſence of the hero. This fills almoſt all the poem: for not only this real abſence laſted ſeveral years, but even when the hero returned, he does not diſcover himſelf; and this prudent diſguiſe, from whence he reaped ſo much advantage, has the ſame effect upon the authors of the diſorders, and all others who knew him not, as his real abſence had before, ſo that he is abſent as to them, till the very moment of their puniſhment.

After the poet had thus compoſed his fable, and joined the fiction to the truth, he then makes choice of Ulyſſes, the king of the iſle of Ithaca, to maintain the character of his chief perſonage, and beſtowed the reſt upon Telemachus, Penelope, Antinous, and others, whom he calls by what names he pleaſes.

I ſhall

I ſhall not here inſiſt upon the many excellent advices, which are ſo many parts and natural conſequences of the fundamental truth; and which the poet very dextrouſly lays down in thoſe fictions which are the epiſodes and members of the entire action. Such for inſtance are theſe advices: not to intrude one's ſelf into the myſteries of government, which the prince keeps ſecret; this is repreſented to us by the winds ſhut up in a bull-hide, which the miſerable companions of Ulyſſes would needs be ſo fooliſh as to pry into: not to ſuffer one's ſelf to be led away by the ſeeming charms of an idle and inactive life, to which the Syrens ſong invited *: not to ſuffer one's ſelf to be ſenſualized by pleaſures, like thoſe who were changed into brutes, by Circe: and a great many other points of morality neceſſary for all ſorts of people.

This Poem is more uſeful to the people than the Iliad, where the ſubjects ſuffer rather by the ill conduct of their princes, than through their own miſcarriages. But in the Odyſſey, it is not the fault of Ulyſſes that is the ruin of his ſubjects. This wiſe prince leaves untried no method to make them partakers of the benefit of his return. Thus the poet in the Iliad ſays, "He ſings the anger of Achilles, which "had cauſed the death of ſo many Grecians;" and, on the contrary, in the Odyſſey he tells his readers, "That the ſubjects periſhed through their own fault."

SECT.

* "Improba Syren *deſidia*." HORA.

SECT. IV.

OF THE UNITY OF THE FABLE.

ARISTOTLE beſtows great encomiums upon Homer for the ſimplicity of his deſign, becauſe he has included in one ſingle part all that happened at the ſiege of Troy. And to this he oppoſes the ignorance of ſome poets, who imagined that the unity of the fable or action was ſufficiently preſerved by the unity of the hero; and who compoſed their Theſeids, Heraclids, and the like, wherein they only heaped up in one poem every thing that happened to one perſonage.

He finds fault with thoſe poets who were for reducing the unity of the fable into the unity of the hero, becauſe one man may have performed ſeveral adventures, which it is impoſſible to reduce under any one general and ſimple head. This reducing of all things to unity and ſimplicity, is what Horace likewiſe makes his firſt rule.

" Denique ſit quodvis ſimplex duntaxat, & unum."

According to theſe rules, it will be allowable to make uſe of ſeveral fables; or (to ſpeak more correctly) of ſeveral incidents, which may be divided into ſeveral fables, provided they are ſo ordered, that the unity of the fable be not ſpoiled. This liberty is ſtill greater in the Epick Poem, becauſe it is of a larger extent, and ought to be entire and complete,

I will explain myſelf more diſtinctly by the practice of Homer.

No doubt but one might make four diſtinct fables out of theſe four following inſtructions.

I. Diviſion between thoſe of the ſame party expoſes them entirely to their enemies.

II. Conceal your weakneſs; and you will be dreaded as much, as if you had none of thoſe imperfections, of which they are ignorant.

III. When your ſtrength is only feigned, and founded only in the opinion of others; never venture ſo far as if your ſtrength was real.

IV. The more you agree together, the leſs hurt can your enemies do you.

It is plain, I ſay, that each of theſe particular maxims might ſerve for the ground-work of a fiction, and one might make four diſtinct fables out of them. May not one then put all theſe into one ſingle Epopea? Not unleſs one ſingle fable can be made out of all. The poet indeed may have ſo much ſkill as to unite all into one body, as members and parts, each of which taken aſunder would be imperfect: and if he joins them ſo, as that this conjunction ſhall be no hindrance at all to the unity and regular ſimplicity of the fable. This is what Homer has done with ſuch ſucceſs in the compoſition of the Iliad.

1. The diviſion between Achilles and his allies tended to the ruin of their deſigns. 2. Patroclus comes

comes to their relief in the armour of this hero, and Hector retreats. 3. But this young man puſhing the advantage which his diſguiſe gave him, too far, ventures to engage with Hector himſelf; but not being maſter of Achilles's ſtrength (whom he only repreſented in outward appearance) he is killed, and by this means leaves the Grecian affairs in the ſame diſorder, from which, in that diſguiſe, he came to free them. 4. Achilles provoked at the death of his friend, is reconciled, and revenges his loſs by the death of Hector. Theſe various incidents being thus united, do not make different actions and fables, but are only the uncomplete and unfiniſhed parts of one and the ſame action and fable, which alone, when taken thus complexly, can be ſaid to be complete and entire: and all theſe maxims of the moral, are eaſily reduced into theſe two parts, which, in my opinion, cannot be ſeparated without enervating the force of both. The two parts are theſe, That a right underſtanding is the preſervation, and diſcord the deſtruction of ſtates.

Though then the poet has made uſe of two parts in his poems, each of which might have ſerved for a fable, as we have obſerved: yet this multiplication cannot be called a vicious and irregular Polymythia, contrary to the neceſſary unity and ſimplicity of the fable; but it gives the fable another qualification, altogether neceſſary and regular, namely, its perfection and finiſhing ſtroke.

SECT.

SECT. V.

OF THE ACTION OF THE EPICK POEM.

THE action of a poem is the ſubject which the poet undertakes, propoſes, and builds upon. So that the moral and the inſtructions which are the end of the Epick Poem are not the matter of it. Thoſe the poets leave in their allegorical and figurative obſcurity. They only give notice at the exordium, that they ſing ſome action: The Revenge of Achilles, the Return of Ulyſſes, &c.

Since then the action is the matter of a fable, it is evident, that whatever incidents are eſſential to the fable, or conſtitute a part of it, are neceſſary alſo to the action, and are parts of the epick matter, none of which ought to be omitted. Such, for inſtance, are the contention of Agamemnon and Achilles, the ſlaughter Hector makes in the Grecian army, the reunion of the Greek princes; and laſtly, the re-ſettlement and victory which was the conſequence of that re-union.

There are four qualifications in the epick action: the firſt is its unity, the ſecond its integrity, the third its importance, the fourth its duration.

The unity of the epick action, as well as the unity of the fable, does not conſiſt either in the unity of the hero, or in the unity of time: three things, I ſuppoſe, are neceſſary to it. The firſt is, to make uſe of no epiſode, but what ariſes from the very platform and

foundation of the action, and is as it were a natural member of the body. The ſecond is, exactly to unite theſe epiſodes and theſe members with one another. And the third is, never to finiſh any epiſode ſo as it may ſeem to be an entire action; but to let each epiſode ſtill appear in its own particular nature, as the member of a body, and as a part of itſelf not compleat.

OF THE BEGINNING, MIDDLE, AND END OF THE ACTION.

ARISTOTLE not only ſays, that the epick action ſhould be one, but adds, that it ſhould be entire, perfect, and compleat; and for this purpoſe, ought to have a beginning, a middle, and an end. Theſe three parts of a whole are too generally and univerſally denoted by the words, beginning, middle, and end; we may interpret them more preciſely, and ſay, That the cauſes and deſigns of an action, are the beginning: that the effects of theſe cauſes, and the difficulties that are met with in the execution of theſe deſigns, are the middle; and that the unraveling and reſolution of theſe difficulties are the end.

THE ACTION OF THE ILIAD.

HOMER'S deſign in the Iliad, is to relate the anger and revenge of Achilles. The beginning of this action is the change of Achilles from a calm to a paſſionate temper. The middle is the effects of his paſſion, and

and all the illuſtrious deaths it is the cauſe of. The end of this ſame action is the return of Achilles to his calmneſs of temper again. All was quiet in the Grecian camp, when Agamemnon, their general, provokes Apollo againſt them, whom he was willing to appeaſe afterwards at the coſt and prejudice of Achilles, who had no part in his fault. This then is an exact beginning: it ſuppoſes nothing before, and requires after it the effects of this anger. Achilles revenges himſelf, and that is an exact middle; it ſuppoſes before it the anger of Achilles, this revenge is the effect of it. Then this middle requires after it the effects of this revenge, which is the ſatisfaction of Achilles: for the revenge had not been complete, unleſs Achilles had been ſatisfied. By this means the poet makes his hero, after he was glutted by the miſchief he had done to Agamemnon, by the death of Hector, and the honour he did his friend, by inſulting over his murderer; he makes him, I ſay, to be moved by the tears and misfortunes of king Priam. We ſee him as calm at the end of the poem, during the funeral of Hector, as he was at the beginning of the poem, whilſt the plague raged among the Grecians. This end is juſt; ſince the calmneſs of temper Achilles re-enjoyed, is only an effect of the revenge which ought to have preceded: and after this nobody expects any more of his anger. Thus has Homer been very exact in the beginning, middle, and end of the action he made choice of for the ſubject of his Iliad.

THE ACTION OF THE ODYSSEY.

HIS deſign in the Odyſſey was to deſcribe the return of Ulyſſes from the ſiege of Troy, and his arrival at Ithaca. He opens this poem with the complaints of Minerva againſt Neptune, who oppoſed the return of this hero, and againſt Calypſo, who detained him in an iſland from Ithaca. Is this a beginning? No; doubtleſs, the reader would know why Neptune is diſpleaſed with Ulyſſes, and how this prince came to be with Calypſo? He would know how he came from Troy thither? The poet anſwers his demands out of the mouth of Ulyſſes himſelf, who relates theſe things, and begins the action by the recital of his travels from the city of Troy. It ſignifies little whether the beginning of the action be the beginning of the poem. The beginning of this action is that which happens to Ulyſſes, when, upon his leaving Troy, he bends his courſe for Ithaca. The middle comprehends all the misfortunes he endured, and all the diſorders of his own government. The end is the re-inſtating of this hero in the peaceable poſſeſſion of his kingdom, where he was acknowledged by his ſon, his wife, his father, and ſeveral others. The poet was ſenſible he ſhould have ended ill, had he gone no farther than the death of theſe princes, who were the rivals and enemies of Ulyſſes, becauſe the reader might have looked for ſome revenge, which the ſubjects of theſe princes might have taken on him who had killed their ſovereigns: but

but this danger over, and the people vanquiſhed and quieted, there was nothing more to be expected. The poem and the action have all their parts, and no more.

But the order of the Odyſſey differs from that of the Iliad, in that the poem does not begin with the beginning of the action.

OF THE CAUSES AND BEGINNING OF THE ACTION.

THE cauſes of the action are alſo what the poet is obliged to give an account of. There are three ſorts of cauſes, the humours, the intereſts, and the deſigns of men; and theſe different cauſes of an action are likewiſe often the cauſes of one another, every man taking up thoſe intereſts in which his humour engages him, and forming thoſe deſigns to which his humour and intereſt incline him. Of all theſe the poet ought to inform his readers, and render them conſpicuous in his principal perſonages.

Homer has ingeniouſly begun his Odyſſey with the tranſactions at Ithaca, during the abſence of Ulyſſes. If he had begun with the travels of his hero, he would ſcarce have ſpoken of any one elſe, and a man might have read a great deal of the poem, without conceiving the leaſt idea of Telemachus, Penelope, or her ſuitors, who had ſo great a ſhare in the action; but in the beginning he has pitched upon, beſides theſe perſonages whom he diſcovers, he repreſents Ulyſſes

in his full length, and from the very firſt opening one ſees the intereſt which the Gods take in the action.

The ſkill and care of the ſame poet may be ſeen likewiſe in inducing his perſonages in the Firſt Book of his Iliad, where he diſcovers the humours, the intereſts, and the deſigns of Agamemnon, Achilles, Hector, Ulyſſes, and ſeveral others, and even of the Deities. And in his ſecond he makes a review of the Grecian and Trojan armies: which is full evidence, that all we have here ſaid is very neceſſary.

OF THE MIDDLE OR INTRIGUE OF THE ACTION.

AS theſe cauſes are the beginning of the action, the oppoſite deſigns againſt that of the hero are the middle of it, and form that difficulty or intrigue, which makes up the greateſt part of the poem; the ſolution or unraveling commences when the reader begins to ſee that difficulty removed, and the doubts cleared up. Homer has divided each of his poems into two parts; and has put a particular intrigue, and the ſolution of it, into each part.

The firſt part of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, who is for revenging himſelf upon Agamemnon by the means of Hector and the Trojans. The intrigue comprehends the three days fight which happened in the abſence of Achilles: and it conſiſts on one ſide in the reſiſtance of Agamemnon and the Grecians: and on the other in the revengeful and inexorable humour of Achilles, which would not ſuffer him to be reconciled.

The

The loſs of the Grecians, and the deſpair of Agamemnon, prepare for a ſolution by the ſatisfaction which the incenſed hero received from it. The death of Patroclus joined to the offers of Agamemnon, which of itſelf had proved ineffectual, remove this difficulty, and make the unraveling of the firſt part.

This death is likewiſe the beginning of the ſecond part; ſince it puts Achilles upon the deſign of revenging himſelf on Hector. But the deſign of Hector is oppoſite to that of Achilles: this Trojan is valiant, and reſolved to ſtand on his own defence. This valour and reſolution of Hector are on his part the cauſe of the intrigue. All the endeavours Achilles uſed to meet with Hector, and be the death of him; and the contrary endeavours of the Trojan to keep out of his reach, and defend himſelf, are the intrigue; which comprehends the battle of the laſt day. The unraveling begins at the death of Hector; and beſides that, it contains the inſulting of Achilles over his body, the honours he paid to Patroclus, and the intreaties of king Priam. The regrets of this king and the other Trojans, in the ſorrowful obſequies they paid to Hector's body, end the unraveling; they juſtify the ſatisfaction of Achilles, and demonſtrate his tranquillity.

The firſt part of the Odyſſey is the return of Ulyſſes into Ithaca. Neptune oppoſes it by raiſing tempeſts, and this makes the intrigue. The unraveling is the arrival of Ulyſſes upon his own iſland, where Neptune could offer him no farther injury. The ſecond part is the re-inſtating this hero in his own government. The

princes, that are his rivals, oppoſe him, and this is a freſh intrigue: the ſolution of it begins at their deaths, and is compleated as ſoon as the Ithacans were appeaſed.

Theſe two parts in the Odyſſey have not one common intrigue. The anger of Achilles forms both the intrigues in the Iliad; and it is ſo far the matter of this Epopea, that the very beginning and end of this poem depend on the beginning and end of this anger. But let the deſire Achilles had to revenge himſelf, and the deſire Ulyſſes had to return to his own country, be never ſo near allied, yet we cannot place them under one and the ſame notion: for that deſire of Ulyſſes is not a paſſion that begins and ends in the poem with the action: it is a natural habit: nor does the poet propoſe it for his ſubject, as he does the anger of Achilles.

We have already obſerved what is meant by the intrigue, and the unraveling thereof; let us now ſay ſomething of the manner of forming both. Theſe two ſhould ariſe naturally out of the very eſſence and ſubject of the poem, and are to be deduced from thence. Their conduct is ſo exact and natural, that it ſeems as if their action had preſented them with whatever they inſerted, without putting themſelves to the trouble of a farther enquiry.

What is more uſual and natural to warriors, than anger, heat, paſſion, and impatience of bearing the leaſt affront or diſreſpect? This is what forms the intrigue of the Iliad: and every thing we read there is nothing elſe but the effect of this humour and theſe paſſions.

What

What more natural and uſual obſtacle to thoſe who take voyages, than the ſea, the winds, and the ſtorms? Homer makes this the intrigue of the firſt part of the Odyſſey: and for the ſecond, he makes uſe of almoſt the infallible effect of the long abſence of a maſter, whoſe return is quite deſpaired of, viz. the inſolence of his ſervants and neighbours, the danger of his ſon and wife, and the ſequeſtration of his eſtate. Beſides, an abſence of almoſt twenty years, and the inſupportable fatigues joined to the age of which Ulyſſes then was, might induce him to believe that he ſhould not be owned by thoſe who thought him dead, and whoſe intereſt it was to have him really ſo. Therefore, if he had preſently declared who he was, and had called himſelf Ulyſſes, they would eaſily have deſtroyed him as an impoſtor, before he had an opportunity to make himſelf known.

There could be nothing more natural nor more neceſſary than this ingenious diſguiſe, to which the advantages his enemies had taken of his abſence had reduced him, and to which his long misfortunes had inured him. This allowed him an opportunity, without hazarding any thing, of taking the beſt meaſures he could, againſt thoſe perſons who could not ſo much as miſtruſt any harm from him. This way was afforded him, by the very nature of his action, to execute his deſigns, and overcome the obſtacles it caſt before him. And it is this conteſt between the prudence and the diſſimulation of a ſingle man on one hand, and the ungovernable inſolence of ſo many rivals on the

the other, which conſtitutes the intrigue of the ſecond part of the Odyſſey.

OF THE END OR UNRAVELING OF THE ACTION.

IF the plot or intrigue muſt be natural, and ſuch as ſprings from the very ſubject, as has been already urged; then the winding-up of the plot, by a more ſure claim, muſt have this qualification, and be a probable conſequence of all that went before. As this is what the readers regard more than the reſt, ſo ſhould the poet be more exact in it. This is the end of the poem, and the laſt impreſſion that is to be ſtamped upon them.

We ſhall find this in the Odyſſey. Ulyſſes by a tempeſt is caſt upon the iſland of the Phæacians, to whom he diſcovers himſelf, and deſires they would favour his return to his own country, which was not very far diſtant. One cannot ſee any reaſon why the king of this iſland ſhould refuſe ſuch a reaſonable requeſt, to a hero whom he ſeemed to have in great eſteem. The Phæacians indeed had heard him tell the ſtory of his adventures; and in this fabulous recital conſiſted all the advantage that he could derive from his preſence; for the art of war which they admired in him, his undauntedneſs under dangers, his indefatigable patience, and other virtues, where ſuch as theſe iſlanders were not uſed to. All their talent lay in ſinging and dancing, and whatſoever was charming in a quiet life. And here we ſee how dextrouſly Homer prepares the incidents he makes uſe of. Theſe people could do no leſs, for the account

account with which Ulyſſes had ſo much entertained them, than afford him a ſhip and a ſafe convoy, which was of little expence or trouble to them.

When he arrived, his long abſence, and the travels which had disfigured him, made him altogether unknown; and the danger he would have incurred, had he diſcovered himſelf too ſoon, forced him to a diſguiſe: laſtly, This diſguiſe gave him an opportunity of ſurprizing thoſe young ſuitors, who for ſeveral years together had been accuſtomed to nothing but to ſleep well, and fare daintily.

It was from theſe examples that Ariſtotle drew this rule, that "Whatever concludes the poem, ſhould ſo "ſpring from the very conſtitution of the fable, as "if it were a neceſſary, or at leaſt a probable, con-"ſequence."

SECT. VI.

THE TIME OF THE ACTION.

THE time of the epick action is not fixed, like that of the dramatick poem; it is much longer: for an uninterrupted duration is much more neceſſary in an action which one ſees and is preſent at, than in one which we only read or hear repeated. Beſides, tragedy is fuller of paſſion, and conſequently of ſuch a violence as cannot admit of ſo long a duration.

The Iliad containing an action of anger and violence, the poet allows it but a ſhort time, about forty days.

The

The deſign of the Odyſſey required another conduct; the character of the hero is prudence and long-ſuffering; therefore the time of its duration is much longer, above eight years.

THE PASSIONS OF THE EPICK POEM.

THE paſſions of tragedy are different from thoſe of the epick poem. In the former, terror and pity have the chief place; the paſſion that ſeems moſt peculiar to epick poetry, is admiration.

Beſides this admiration, which in general diſtinguiſhes the Epick Poem from the Dramatick; each epick poem has likewiſe ſome peculiar paſſion, which diſtinguiſhes it in particular from other epick poems, and conſtitutes a kind of ſingular and individual difference between theſe poems of the ſame ſpecies. Theſe ſingular paſſions correſpond to the character of the hero. Anger and terror reign throughout the Iliad, becauſe Achilles is angry, and the moſt terrible of all men. The Æneid has all ſoft and tender paſſions, becauſe that is the character of Æneas. The prudence, wiſdom, and conſtancy of Ulyſſes do not allow him either of theſe extremes; therefore the poet does not permit one of them to be predominant in the Odyſſey. He confines himſelf to admiration only, which he carries to an higher pitch than in the Iliad: and it is upon this account that he introduces a great many more machines, in the Odyſſey, into the body of the action, than are to be ſeen in the actions of the other two poems.

THE

THE MANNERS.

THE manners of the Epick Poem ought to be poetically good, but it is not neceſſary they be always morally ſo. They are poetically good, when one may diſcover the virtue or vice, the good or ill inclinations of every one who ſpeaks or acts: they are poetically bad, when perſons are made to ſpeak or act out of character, or inconſiſtently, or unequally. The manners of Æneas and of Mezentius are equally good, conſidered poetically, becauſe they equally demonſtrate the piety of the one, and the impiety of the other.

CHARACTER OF THE HERO.

IT is requiſite to make the ſame diſtinction between a hero in morality and a hero in poetry, as between moral and poetical goodneſs. Achilles had as much right to the latter, as Æneas. Ariſtotle ſays, That the hero of a poem ſhould be neither good nor bad; neither advanced above the reſt of mankind by his virtues, or ſunk beneath them by his vices; that he may be the proper and fuller example to others, both what to imitate and what to decline.

The other qualifications of the manners are, that they be ſuitable to the cauſes which either raiſe or diſcover them in the perſons; that they have an exact reſemblance to what hiſtory, or fable, have delivered of thoſe perſons, to whom they are aſcribed; and that

there be an equality in them, ſo that no man is made to act, or ſpeak, out of his character.

UNITY OF THE CHARACTER.

BUT this equality is not ſufficient for the unity of the character; it is further neceſſary, that the ſame ſpirit appear in all ſort of encounters. Thus Æneas acting with great piety and mildneſs in the firſt part of the Æneid, which requires no other character; and afterwards appearing illuſtrious in heroic valour, in the wars of the ſecond part; but there, without any appearance either of a hard or a ſoft diſpoſition; would doubtleſs, be far from offending againſt the equality of the manners: but yet there would be no ſimplicity or unity in the character. So that, beſides the qualities that claim their particular place upon different occaſions, there muſt be one appearing throughout, which commands over all the reſt; and without this, we may affirm, it is no character.

One may indeed make a hero as valiant as Achilles, as pious as Æneas, and as prudent as Ulyſſes. But it is a mere chimera, to imagine a hero that has the valour of Achilles, the piety of Æneas, and the prudence of Ulyſſes, at one and the ſame time. This viſion might happen to an author, who would ſuit the character of a hero to whatever each part of the action might naturally require, without regarding the eſſence of the fable, or the unity of the character in the ſame perſon upon all ſorts of occaſions: this hero would be the mildeſt, beſt-natured prince in the world, and alſo the

the moſt choleric, hard-hearted, and implacable creature imaginable; he would be extremely tender like Æneas, extremely violent like Achilles, and yet have the indifference of Ulyſſes, that is incapable of the two extremes. Would it not be in vain for the poet to call this perſon by the ſame name throughout?

Let us reflect on the effects it would produce in ſeveral poems, whoſe authors were of opinion, that the chief character of a hero is that of an accompliſhed man. They would be all alike; all valiant in battle, prudent in council, pious in the acts of religion, courteous, civil, magnificent; and, laſtly, endued with all the prodigious virtues any poet could invent. All this would be independent from the action and the ſubject of the poem; and upon ſeeing each hero ſeparated from the reſt of the work: we ſhould not eaſily gueſs, to what action, and to what poem, the hero belonged. So that we ſhould ſee, that none of thoſe would have a character; ſince the character is that, which makes a perſon diſcernible, and which diſtinguiſhes him from all others.

This commanding quality in Achilles, is his anger; in Ulyſſes, the art of diſſimulation; in Æneas, meekneſs. Each of theſe may be ſtiled, by way of eminence, the character in theſe heroes.

But theſe characters cannot be alone. It is abſolutely neceſſary that ſome other ſhould give them a luſtre, and embelliſh them as far as they are capable: either by hiding the defects that are in each, by ſome noble

noble and ſhining qualities; as the poet has done the anger of Achilles, by ſhading it with extraordinary valour: or by making them entirely of the nature of a true and ſolid virtue, as is to be obſerved in the two others. The diſſimulation of Ulyſſes is a part of his prudence; and the meekneſs of Æneas is wholly employed in ſubmitting his will to the Gods. For the making up of this union, our poets have joined together ſuch qualities as are by nature the moſt compatible; valour with anger, meekneſs with piety, and prudence with diſſimulation. This laſt union was neceſſary for the goodneſs of Ulyſſes; for, without that, his diſſimulation might have degenerated into wickedneſs and double-dealing.

SECT. VII.

OF THE MACHINERY.

WE come now to the machines of the Epick Poem. The chief paſſion which it aims to excite being admiration, nothing is ſo conducive to that as the marvellous; and the importance and dignity of the action is by nothing ſo greatly elevated as by the care and interpoſition of Heaven.

Theſe machines are of three ſorts. Some are Theological, and were invented to explain the nature of the Gods. Others are phyſical, and repreſent the things

things of nature. The laſt are moral, and are the images of virtues and vices.

Homer and the ancients have given to their deities the manners, paſſions, and vices, of men. The poems are wholly allegorical; and in this view it is eaſier to defend Homer, than to blame him. We cannot accuſe him for making mention of many Gods, for his beſtowing paſſions upon them, or even introducing them fighting againſt men. The Scripture uſes the like figures and expreſſions.

If it be allowable to ſpeak thus of the Gods in theology, much more in the fictions of natural philoſophy; where, if a poet deſcribes the Deities, he muſt give them ſuch manners, ſpeeches, and actions, as are conformable to the nature of the things they repreſent under thoſe divinities. The caſe is the ſame in the morals of the Deities: Minerva is wiſe, becauſe ſhe repreſents prudence; Venus is both good or bad, becauſe the paſſion of love is capable of theſe contrary qualities.

Since among the Gods of a poem ſome are good, ſome bad, and ſome indifferently either; and ſince of our paſſions we make ſo many allegorical Deities; we may attribute to the Gods all that is done in the poem, whether good or evil. But theſe Deities do not act conſtantly in one and the ſame manner.

Sometimes they act inviſibly, and by mere inſpiration; which has nothing in it extraordinary or miraculous; being no more than what we ſay every day,

" That ſome God has aſſiſted us, or ſome dæmon has " inſtigated us."

At other times they appear viſibly, and manifeſt themſelves to men, in a manner altogether miraculous and præternatural.

The third way has ſomething of both the others; it is in truth a miracle, but is not commonly ſo accounted: this includes dreams, oracles, &c.

All theſe ways muſt be probable; for however neceſſary the marvellous is to the Epick Action, as nothing is ſo conducive to admiration; yet we can, on the other hand, admire nothing, that we think impoſſible. Though the probability of theſe machines be of a very large extent, (ſince it is founded upon Divine Power) it is not without limitations. There are numerous inſtances of allowable and probable machines in the Epick Poem, where the Gods are no leſs actors than the men. But the leſs credible ſort, ſuch as metamorphoſes, &c. are far more rare.

This ſuggeſts a reflection on the method of rendering thoſe machines probable, which in their own nature are hardly ſo. Thoſe, which require only divine probability, ſhould be ſo diſengaged from the action, that one might ſubtract them from it, without deſtroying the action. But thoſe, which are eſſential and neceſſary, ſhould be grounded upon human probability, and not on the ſole power of God. Thus the epiſodes of Circe, the Syrens, Polyphemus, &c. are neceſſary to the action of the Odyſſey, and yet not humanly poſſible: yet Homer has artificially reduced them to human

human probability, by the ſimplicity and ignorance of the Phæacians, before whom he cauſes thoſe recitals to be made.

The next queſtion is, Where, and on what occaſions, machines may be uſed? It is certain Homer and Virgil make uſe of them every where, and ſcarce ſuffer any action to be performed without them. Petronius makes this a precept: "Per ambages, deorumque miniſteria, &c." The Gods are mentioned in the very propoſition of their works, the invocation is addreſt to them, and the whole narration is full of them. The Gods are the cauſes of the action, they form the intrigue, and bring about the ſolution. The precept of Ariſtotle and Horace, that the unraveling of the plot ſhould not proceed from a miracle, or the appearance of a God, has place only in Dramatick Poetry, not in the Epick. For it is plain, that both in the ſolution of the Iliad and Odyſſey, the Gods are concerned: in the former, the Deities meet to appeaſe the anger of Achilles: Iris and Mercury are ſent to that purpoſe, and Minerva eminently aſſiſts Achilles in the deciſive combat with Hector. In the Odyſſey, the ſame Goddeſs fights cloſe by Ulyſſes againſt the ſuitors, and concludes that peace betwixt him and the Ithacenſians, which compleats the poem.

We may therefore determine, that a machine is not an invention to extricate the poet out of any difficulty which embarraſſes him: but that the preſence of a Divinity, and ſome action ſurprizing and extraordinary, are inſerted into almoſt all the parts of his work, in

order to render it more majeſtick and more admirable. But this mixture ought to be ſo made, that the machines might be retrenched, without taking any thing from the action: at the ſame time that it gives the readers a leſſon of piety and virtue; and teaches them, that the moſt brave and the moſt wiſe can do nothing, and attain nothing great and glorious, without the aſſiſtance of heaven. Thus the machinery crowns the whole work, and renders it at once marvellous, probable, and moral.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

MINERVA'S DESCENT TO ITHACA.

THE Poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulyſſes in his dominions. He had now remained ſeven years in the iſland of Calypſo, when the Gods aſſembled in council propoſed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpoſe it is concluded to ſend Mercury to Calypſo, and Pallas immediately deſcends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus, in the ſhape of Mentes, king of the Taphians; in which ſhe adviſes him to take a journey in queſt of his father Ulyſſes, to Pylos and Sparta, where Neſtor and Menelaus yet reigned; then, after having viſibly diſplayed her divinity, diſappears. The ſuitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius ſings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a ſtop to the ſong. Some words ariſe between the ſuitors and Telemachus, who ſummons the council to meet the day following.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK I.

THE man, for Wiſdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, oh Muſe! reſound.
Who, when his arms had wrought the deſtin'd fall
Of ſacred Troy, and raz'd her heaven-built wall.
Wandering from clime to clime, obſervant ſtray'd,
Their manners noted, and their ſtates ſurvey'd.
On ſtormy ſeas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal ſhore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day;
The God vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah, men unbleſs'd!) to touch that natal ſhore.
Oh, ſnatch ſome portion of theſe acts from Fate,
Celeſtial Muſe! and to our world relate.
Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd;
All who the wars of ten long years ſurviv'd,
And 'ſcap'd the perils of the gulphy main.
Ulyſſes, ſole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coaſt,
Deplor'd his abſent queen, and empire loſt.
Calypſo in her caves conſtrain'd his ſtay,
With ſweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years diſcloſe
The day predeſtin'd to reward his woes.

At length his Ithaca is given by fate,
Where yet new labours his arrival wait;
At length their rage the hostile powers restrain,
All but the ruthless monarch of the main.
But now the God, remote, a heavenly guest,
In Æthiopia grac'd the genial feast
(A race divided, whom with sloping rays
The rising and descending sun surveys);
There on the world's extremest verge, rever'd
With hecatombs and prayer in pomp preferr'd,
Distant he lay: while in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus, Jove conven'd the Gods:
In assembly thus the Sire supreme addrest,
Ægysthus' fate revolving in his breast,
Whom young Orestes to the dreary coast
Of Pluto sent, a blood-polluted ghost.
Perverse mankind! whose wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decree;
All to the dooming Gods their guilt translate,
And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.
When to his lust Ægysthus gave the rein,
Did Fate, or we, th' adulterous act constrain?
[illegible] we, when [illegible] Atrides dy'd,
[illegible] traitor to [illegible] icide?
[illegible] while [illegible] remain'd
[illegible] royal b[illegible] th prof[illegible]
To [illegible] wretch, [illegible] g Orest[illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] con[illegible]

Here paus'd the God; and penſive thus replies
Minerva, graceful with her azure eyes:
O thou! from whom the whole creation ſprings,
The ſource of power on earth deriv'd to kings!
His death was equal to the direful deed;
So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed!
But grief and rage alternate wound my breaſt
For brave Ulyſſes, ſtill by Fate oppreſt.
Amidſt an iſle, around whoſe rocky ſhore
The foreſts murmur, and the ſurges roar,
The blameleſs hero from his wiſh'd-for home
A goddeſs guards in her inchanted dome:
(Atlas her ſire, to whoſe far-piercing eye
The wonders of the deep expanded lie;
Th' eternal columns which on earth he rears
End in the ſtarry vault, and prop the ſpheres.)
By his fair daughter is the chief confin'd,
Who ſoothes to dear delight his anxious mind:
Succeſsleſs all her ſoft careſſes prove,
To baniſh from his breaſt his country's love;
To ſee the ſmoke from his lov'd palace riſe,
While the dear iſle in diſtant proſpect lies,
With what contentment could he cloſe his eyes?
And will Omnipotence neglect to ſave
The ſuffering virtue of the wiſe and brave?
Muſt he, whoſe altars on the Phrygian ſhore
eq-nt rites, and pure, avow'd thy power,
vorſt of human ills to prove,
on'd to the wrath of Jove?
Daughter!

Daughter! what words have paſs'd thy lips unweigh'd?
(Reply'd the Thunderer to the martial maid)
Deem not unjuſtly by my doom oppreſt
Of human race the wiſeſt and the beſt.
Neptune, by prayer repentant rarely won,
Afflicts the chief, t' avenge his giant-ſon,
Whoſe viſual orb Ulyſſes robb'd of light!
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might!
Him young Thoöſa bore (the bright increaſe
Of Phorcys, dreaded in the ſounds and ſeas):
Whom Neptune ey'd with bloom of beauty bleſt,
And in his cave the yielding nymph compreſt.
For this, the God conſtrains the Greek to roam,
A hopeleſs exile from his native home,
From death alone exempt—but ceaſe to mourn!
Let all combine t' atchieve his wiſh'd return:
Neptune aton'd, his wrath ſhall now refrain,
Or thwart the ſynod of the Gods in vain.
Father and king ador'd! Minerva cry'd,
Since all who in th' Olympian bower reſide
Now make the wandering Greek their public care,
Let Hermes to th' Atlantick * iſle repair;
Bid him, arriv'd in bright Calypſo's court,
The ſanction of th' aſſembled powers report:
That wiſe Ulyſſes to his native land
Muſt ſpeed, obedient to their high command.
Meantime Telemachus, the blooming heir
Of ſea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:

'Tis

* Ogygia.

'Tis mine, to form his green, unpractis'd years,
In sage debates; surrounded with his peers,
To save the state; and timely to restrain
The bold intrusion of the suitor-train:
Who croud his palace, and with lawless power
His herds and flocks in feastful rites devour.
To distant Sparta, and the spacious waste
Of sandy Pyle, the royal youth shall haste.
There, warm with filial love, the cause enquire
That from his realm retards his god-like sire:
Delivering early to the voice of fame
The promise of a great, immortal name.
She said: the sandals of celestial mould,
Fledg'd with ambrosial plumes, and rich with gold,
Surround her feet; with these sublime she sails
Th' aerial space, and mounts the winged gales;
O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to soar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy javelin bore,
Ponderous and vast; which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
From high Olympus prone her flight she bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca descends.
Her lineaments divine, the grave disguise
Of Mentes' form conceal'd from human eyes
(Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land);
A glittering spear wav'd awful in her hand.
There in the portal plac'd, the heaven-born maid
Enormous riot and mis-rule survey'd.
On hides of beeves, before the palace gate,
(Sad spoils of luxury) the suitors sate.

With rival art, and ardour in their mien,
At chefs they vie, to captivate the queen;
Divining of their loves. Attending nigh,
A menial train the flowing bowl fupply:
Others, apart, the fpacious hall prepare,
And form the coftly feaft with bufy care.
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing celeftial fweet, with god-like grace
Amid the circle fhines: but hope and fear
(Painful viciffitude!) his bofom tear.
Now, imag'd in his mind, he fees reftor'd
In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord;
The proud oppreffors fly the vengeful fword.
While his fond foul thefe fancied triumphs fwell'd;
The ftranger gueft, the royal youth beheld:
Griev'd that a viſitant fo long fhould wait
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate;
Inftant he flew with hofpitable haſte,
And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd.
Stranger! whoe'er thou art, fecurely reft,
Affianc'd in my faith, a friendly gueft:
Approach the dome, the focial banquet fhare,
And then the purpofe of thy foul declare.
Thus affable and mild, the prince precedes,
And to the dome th' unknown Celeftial leads.
The fpear receiving from her hand, he plac'd
Againſt a column, fair with fculpture grac'd;
Where feemly rang'd in peaceful order ſtood
Ulyſſes' arms, now long diſus'd to blood.
He led the Goddeſs to the ſovereign ſeat,
Her feet ſupported with a ſtool of ſtate

A pur-

(A purple carpet ſpread the pavement wide);
Then drew his ſeat, familiar to her ſide;
Far from the ſuitor-train, a brutal crowd,
With inſolence, and wine, elate and loud:
Where the free gueſt, unnoted, might relate,
If haply conſcious, of his father's fate.
The golden ewer a maid obſequious brings,
Repleniſh'd from the cool, tranſlucent ſprings;
With copious water the bright vaſe ſupplies
A ſilver laver, of capacious ſize:
They waſh. The tables in fair order ſpread,
They heap the glittering canifters with bread:
Viands of various kinds allure the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!
Delicious wines th' attending herald brought;
The gold gave luſtre to the purple draught.
Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant feaſt,
In ruſh'd the ſuitors with voracious haſte:
Marſhal'd in order due, to each a ſewer
Preſents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ewer.
Luxurious then they feaſt. Obſervant round
Gay ſtripling youths the brimming goblets crown'd.
The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance,
And form to meaſur'd airs the mazy dance:
To Phemius was conſign'd the chorded lyre,
Whoſe hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
Phemius, whoſe voice divine could ſweeteſt ſing
High ſtrains, reſponſive to the vocal ſtring.
Meanwhile, in whiſpers to his heavenly gueſt
His indignation thus the prince expreſt:

Indulge

Indulge my riſing grief, whilſt theſe (my friend)
With ſong and dance the pompous revel end.
Light is the dance, and doubly ſweet the lays,
When for the dear delight another pays.
His treaſur'd ſtores theſe cormorants conſume,
Whoſe bones, defrauded of a regal tomb
And common turf, lie naked on the plain,
Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main.
Should he return, that troop ſo blithe and bold,
With purple robes inwrought, and ſtiff with gold,
Precipitant in fear would wing their flight,
And curſe their cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.
But, ah, I dream!—th' appointed hour is fled!
And hope, too long with vain deluſion fed,
Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!
With venial freedom let me now demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land:
Sincere, from whence began thy courſe, recite,
And to what ſhip I owe the friendly freight?
Now firſt to me this viſit doſt thou deign,
Or number'd in my father's ſocial train?
All who deſerv'd his choice he made his own,
And, curious much to know, he far was known.
My birth I boaſt (the blue-eyed Virgin cries)
From great Anchialus, renown'd and wiſe:
Mentes my name; I rule the Taphian race,
Whoſe bounds the deep circumfluent waves embrace:
A duteous people, and induſtrious iſle,
To naval arts inur'd, and ſtormy toil.

Freighted

Freighted with iron from my native land,
I ſteer my voyage to the Brutian ſtrand;
To gain by commerce, for the labour'd maſs,
A juſt proportion of refulgent braſs.
Far from your capital my ſhip reſides
At Reithrus, and ſecure at anchor rides;
Where waving groves on airy Neion grow,
Supremely tall, and ſhade the deeps below.
Thence to reviſit your imperial dome,
An old hereditary gueſt I come:
Your father's friend. Laertes can relate
Our faith unſpotted, and its early date;
Who, preſt with heart-corroding grief and years,
To the gay court a rural ſhade prefers,
Where, ſole of all his train, a matron ſage
Supports with homely food his drooping age,
With feeble ſteps from marſhaling his vines
Returning ſad, when toilſome day declines.
With friendly ſpeed, induc'd by erring fame,
To hail Ulyſſes' ſafe return, I came;
But ſtill the frown of ſome celeſtial Power
With envious joy retards the bliſsful hour.
Let not your ſoul be ſunk in ſad deſpair;
He lives, he breathes this heavenly vital air,
Among a ſavage race, whoſe ſhelfy bounds
With ceaſeleſs roar the foaming deep ſurrounds.
The thoughts which roll within my raviſh'd breaſt,
To me, no ſeer, th' inſpiring Gods ſuggeſt;
Nor ſkill'd, nor ſtudious, with prophetic eye
To judge the winged omens of the ſky.

Yet

Yet hear this certain ſpeech, nor deem it vain;
Though adamantine bonds the chief reſtrain,
The dire reſtraint his wiſdom will defeat,
And ſoon reſtore him to his regal ſeat.
But, generous youth! ſincere and free declare,
Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?
For ſure Ulyſſes in your look appears,
The ſame his features, if the ſame his years.
Such was that face, on which I dwelt with joy
Ere Greece aſſembled ſtemm'd the tides to Troy;
But, parting then for that detected ſhore,
Our eyes, unhappy! never greeted more.
To prove a genuine birth (the prince replies)
On female truth aſſenting faith relies;
Thus manifeſt of right, I build my claim
Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame,
Ulyſſes' ſon: but happier he, whom fate
Hath plac'd beneath the ſtorms which toſs the great!
Happier the ſon, whoſe hoary ſire is bleſt
With humble affluence, and domeſtic reſt!
Happier than I, to future empire born,
But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!
To whom, with aſpect mild, the gueſt divine:
Oh true deſcendant of a ſcepter'd line!
The Gods a glorious fate from anguiſh free
To chaſte Penelope's increaſe decree.
But ſay, yon joyful troop ſo gaily dreſt,
Is this a bridal or a friendly feaſt!
Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,
Unſeemly flown with inſolence and wine;

Unwelcome revelers, whose lawless joy
Pains the sage ear, and hurts the sober eye?
Magnificence of old (the prince replied)
Beneath our roof with virtue could reside;
Unblam'd abundance crown'd the royal board,
What time this dome rever'd her prudent lord;
Who now (so heaven decrees) is doom'd to mourn,
Bitter constraint! erroneous and forlorn.
Better the chief, on Ilion's hostile plain,
Had fall'n surrounded with his warlike train;
Or safe return'd, the race of glory past,
Now to his friends' embrace, had breath'd his last!
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes would raise
Historic marbles, to record his praise;
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissive honour grac'd his son.
Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost:
Vanish'd at once! unheard-of, and unknown!
And I his heir in misery alone.
Nor for a dear, lost father only flow
The filial tears, but woe succeeds to woe:
To tempt the spouseless queen with amorous wiles,
Resort the nobles from the neighbouring isles;
From Samos, circled with the Ionian main,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus' sylvan reign:
Ev'n with presumptuous Hope her bed t' ascend,
The lords of Ithaca their right pretend.
She seems attentive to their pleaded vows,
Her heart detesting what her ear allows.

They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My ſtores in riotous expence devour,
In feaſt and dance the mirthful months employ,
And meditate my doom, to crown their joy.
With tender pity touch'd, the Goddeſs cried:
Soon may kind heaven a ſure relief provide!
Soon may your ſire diſcharge the vengeance due,
And all your wrongs the proud oppreſſors rue!
Oh! in that portal ſhould the chief appear,
Each hand tremendous with a brazen ſpear,
In radiant panoply his limbs incas'd
(For ſo of old my father's court he grac'd,
When ſocial mirth unbent his ſerious ſoul,
O'er the full banquet, and the ſprightly bowl):
He then from Ephyré, the fair domain
Of Ilus, ſprung from Jaſon's royal ſtrain,
Meaſur'd a length of ſeas, a toilſome length, in vain.
For, voyaging to learn the direful art
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;
Obſervant of the Gods, and ſternly juſt,
Ilus refus'd t' impart the baneful truſt:
With friendlier zeal my father's ſoul was fir'd,
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon deſir'd.
Appear'd he now with ſuch heroic port,
As then conſpicuous at the Taphian court;
Soon ſhould yon boaſters ceaſe their haughty ſtrife,
Or each atone his guilty love with life.
But of his wiſh'd return the care reſign;
Be future vengeance to the powers divine.
My ſentence hear: with ſtern diſtaſte avow'd,
To their own diſtricts drive the ſuitor-crowd:

When

When next the morning warms the purple eaſt,
Convoke the peerage, and the Gods atteſt;
The ſorrows of your inmoſt ſoul relate;
And form ſure plans to ſave the ſinking ſtate.
Should ſecond love a pleaſing flame inſpire,
And the chaſte queen connubial rites require;
Diſmiſs'd with honour, let her hence repair
To great Icarius, whoſe paternal care
Will guide her paſſion, and reward the choice
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Inſtant, to foreign realms prepare to ſail,
To learn your father's fortunes: Fame may prove,
Or omen'd voice, (the meſſenger of Jove)
Propitious to the ſearch. Direct your toil
Through the wide ocean firſt to ſandy Pyle;
Of Neſtor, hoary ſage, his doom demand:
Thence ſpeed your voyage to the Spartan ſtrand;
For young Atrides to th' Achaian coaſt
Arriv'd the laſt of all the victor hoſt.
If yet Ulyſſes views the light; forbear,
Till the fleet hours reſtore the circling year.
But if his ſoul hath wing'd the deſtin'd flight,
Inhabitant of deep diſaſtrous night;
Homeward with pious ſpeed repaſs the main,
To the pale ſhade funereal rites ordain,
Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,
A hero's honours let the hero have.
With decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,
For the chaſte queen ſelect an equal lord.

Then let revenge your daring mind employ,
By fraud or force the ſuitor-train deſtroy,
And, ſtarting into manhood, ſcorn the boy.
Haſt thou not heard how young Oreſtes, fir'd
With great revenge, immortal praiſe acquir'd?
His virgin-ſword, Ægyſthus' veins imbrued;
The murderer fell, and blood aton'd for blood.
O greatly bleſs'd with every blooming grace!
With equal ſteps the paths of glory trace;
Join to that royal youth's your rival name,
And ſhine eternal in the ſphere of Fame.—
But my aſſociates now my ſtay deplore,
Impatient on the hoarſe-reſounding ſhore.
Thou, heedful of advice, ſecure proceed;
My praiſe the precept is, be thine the deed.
The counſel of my friend (the youth rejoin'd)
Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.
So fathers ſpeak (perſuaſive ſpeech and mild)
Their ſage experience to the favourite child.
But, ſince to part, for ſweet refection due
The genial viands let my train renew:
And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give.
Defer the promis'd boon, (the Goddeſs cries,
Celeſtial azure brightening in her eyes)
And let me now regain the Reithrian port:
From Temeſé return'd, your royal court
I ſhall reviſit; and that pledge receive;
And gifts, memorial of our friendſhip, leave.
Abrupt, with eagle-ſpeed ſhe cut the ſky;
Inſtant inviſible to mortal eye.

Then firſt he recogniz'd th' æthereal gueſt;
Wonder and joy alternate fire his breaſt:
Heroic thoughts, infus'd, his heart dilate;
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate,
At length, compos'd, he join'd the ſuitor-throng;
Hush'd in attention to the warbled ſong.
His tender theme the charming lyriſt choſe,
Minerva's anger, and the direful woes
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,
While ſtorms vindictive intercept the ſhore.
The thrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,
Reflecting to the queen the ſilver ſounds.
With grief renew'd the weeping fair deſcends;
Their ſovereign's ſtep a virgin train attends:
A veil, of richeſt texture wrought, ſhe wears,
And ſilent to the joyous hall repairs.
There from the portal, with her mild command,
Thus gently checks the miniſtrel's tuneful hand:
Phemius! let acts of gods, and heroes old,
What ancient bards in hall and bower have told,
Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ;
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with ſilent joy.
But, oh! forbear that dear diſaſtrous name,
To ſorrow ſacred, and ſecure of fame:
My bleeding boſom ſickens at the ſound,
And every piercing note inflicts a wound.
Why, deareſt object of my duteous love,
(Reply'd the prince) will you the bard reprove?
Oft, Jove's æthereal rays (reſiſtleſs fire)
The chanter's ſoul and raptur'd ſong inſpire;

Inſtinct divine! nor blame ſevere his choice,
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice:
For novel lays attract our raviſh'd ears;
But old, the mind with inattention hears;
Patient permit the ſadly pleaſing ſtrain;
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,
And in the public woe forget your own;
You weep not for a periſh'd lord, alone.
What Greeks, now wandering in the Stygian gloom,
With your Ulyſſes ſhar'd an equal doom!
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil
And various labours of the loom, beguile;
There rule, from palace-cares remote and free;
That care to man belongs, and moſt to me.
  Mature beyond his years the queen admires
His ſage reply, and with her train retires.
Then ſwelling ſorrows burſt their former bounds,
With echoing grief afreſh the dome reſounds;
Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
In ſlumber clos'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
  Meantime, rekindled at the royal charms,
Tumultuous love each beating boſom warms;
Intemperate rage a wordy war began;
But bold Telemachus aſſum'd the man.
Inſtant (he cry'd) your female diſcord end,
Ye deedleſs boaſters! and the ſong attend;
Obey that ſweet compulſion, nor profane
With diſſonance the ſmooth melodious ſtrain.
Pacific now prolong the jovial feaſt;
But when the dawn reveals the roſy eaſt,

I, to the peers aſſembled, ſhall propoſe
The firm reſolve, I here in few diſcloſe:
No longer live the cankers of my court;
All to your ſeveral ſtates with ſpeed reſort;
Waſte in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feaſt, and late carouſe.
But if, to honour loſt, 'tis ſtill decreed
For you my bowl ſhall flow, my flock ſhall bleed;
Judge and revenge my right, impartial Jove!—
By him and all th' immortal thrones above,
(A ſacred oath) each proud oppreſſor, ſlain,
Shall with inglorious gore this marble ſtain.

Aw'd by the prince, thus haughty, bold, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the tongue.
Silence at length the gay Antinoüs broke,
Conſtrain'd a ſmile, and thus ambiguous ſpoke:
What God to your untutor'd youth affords
This headlong torrent of amazing words?
May Jove delay thy reign, and cumber late
So bright a genius with the toils of ſtate!

Thoſe toils (Telemachus ſerene replies)
Have charms, with all their weight, t' allure the wiſe.
Faſt by the throne obſequious Fame reſides,
And wealth inceſſant rolls her golden tides.
Nor let Antinoüs rage, if ſtrong deſire
Of wealth and fame a youthful boſom fire:
Elect by Jove his delegate of ſway,
With joyous pride the ſummons I 'd obey.
Whene'er Ulyſſes roams the realm of night,
Should factious power diſpute my lineal right,

The mirthful train diſperſing quit the court,
And to their ſeveral domes to reſt reſort.
A towering ſtructure to the palace join'd;
To this his ſteps the thoughtful prince inclin'd;
In his pavilion there, to ſleep repairs;
The lighted torch, the ſage Euryclea bears;
(Daughter of Ops, the juſt Piſenor's ſon,
For twenty beeves by great Laertes won;
In roſy prime with charms attractive grac'd,
Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaſte,
With dear eſteem: too wiſe, with jealous ſtrife
To taint the joys of ſweet, connubial life.
Sole with Telemachus her ſervice ends,
A child ſhe nurs'd him, and a man attends.)
Whilſt to his couch himſelf the prince addreſt,
The duteous dame receiv'd the purple veſt:
The purple veſt with decent care diſpos'd,
The ſilver ring ſhe pull'd, the door recios'd;
The bolt, obedient to the ſilken cord,
To the ſtrong ſtaple's inmoſt depth reſtor'd,
Secur'd the valves. There wrapt in ſilent ſhade,
Penſive, the rules the Goddeſs gave, he weigh'd;
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no reſt he knows,
And in his raptur'd ſoul the viſion glows.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE COUNCIL OF ITHACA.

TELEMACHUS, in the aſſembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injuſtice done him by the ſuitors, and inſiſts upon their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exciting the people to declare againſt them. The ſuitors endeavour to juſtify their ſtay, at leaſt till he ſhall ſend the queen to the court of Icarius her father; which he refuſes. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the ſky, which an Augur expounds to the ruin of the ſuitors. Telemachus then demands a veſſel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to enquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas, in the ſhape of Mentor (an ancient friend of Ulyſſes), helps him to a ſhip, aſſiſts him in preparing neceſſaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night; which concludes the ſecond day from the opening of the Poem.

The Scene continues in the palace of Ulyſſes in Ithaca.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK II.

NOW reddening from the dawn, the morning-ray
Glow'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day.
The youthful hero, with returning light,
Roſe anxious from th' inquietudes of night.
A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
A two-edg'd falchion threaten'd by his ſide,
Embroider'd ſandals glitter'd as he trod,
And forth he mov'd, majeſtic as a God.
Then by his heralds, reſtleſs of delay,
To council calls the peers: the peers obey.
Soon as in ſolemn form th' aſſembly ſate,
From his high dome himſelf deſcends in ſtate.
Bright in his hand a ponderous javelin ſhin'd;
Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind;
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
And gazing crouds admire him as he moves.
His father's throne he fill'd: while diſtant ſtood
The hoary peers, and aged wiſdom bow'd.
'Twas ſilence all. At laſt Ægyptius ſpoke;
Ægyptius, by his age and ſorrows broke:
A length of days his ſoul with prudence crown'd,
A length of days had bent him to the ground.

His

" When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,
" Shall want in death a ſhroud to grace his ſhade."
Thus ſhe: at once the generous train complies,
Nor fraud miſtruſts in Virtue's fair diſguiſe.
The work ſhe ply'd; but, ſtudious of delay,
By night revers'd the labours of the day.
While thrice the ſun his annual journey made,
The conſcious lamp the midnight fraud ſurvey'd;
Unheard, unſeen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid unfolds th' amazing tale.
We ſaw, as unperceiv'd we took our ſtand,
The backward labours of her faithleſs hand.
Then urg'd, ſhe perfects her illuſtrious toils;
A wondrous monument of female wiles!
But you, oh peers! and thou, oh prince! give ear
(I ſpeak aloud, that every Greek may hear):
Diſmiſs the queen: and if her ſire approves,
Let him eſpouſe her to the peer ſhe loves:
Bid inſtant to prepare the bridal train,
Nor let a race of princes wait in vain.
Though with a grace divine her ſoul is bleſt,
And all Minerva breathes within her breaſt,
In wondrous arts than woman more renown'd,
And more than woman with deep wiſdom crown'd;
Though Tyro nor Mycene match her name,
Nor great Alcmena (the proud boaſts of Fame)
Yet, thus by heaven adorn'd, by heaven's decree,
She ſhines with fatal excellence to thee:
With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feaſt,
Till righteous heaven reclaim her ſtubborn breaſt.

What though from pole to pole reſounds her name,
The ſon's deſtruction waits the mother's fame:
For, till ſhe leaves thy court, it is decreed,
Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed.
While yet he ſpeaks, Telemachus replies:
Ev'n Nature ſtarts, and what ye aſk denies.
Thus, ſhall I thus repay a mother's cares,
Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?
While ſad on foreign ſhores Ulyſſes treads,
Or glides a ghoſt with unapparent ſhades;
How to Icarius in the bridal hour
Shall I, by waſte undone, refund the dower?
How from my father ſhould I vengeance dread?
How would my mother curſe my hated head?
And while in wrath to vengeful fiends ſhe cries,
How from their hell would vengeful fiends ariſe?
Abhorr'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow,
The earth's diſgrace, and human-kind my foe.
If this diſpleaſe, why urge ye here your ſtay?
Haſte from the court, ye ſpoilers, haſte away:
Waſte in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feaſt, and late carouſe.
But if, to honour loſt, 'tis ſtill decreed
For you my bowl ſhall flow, my flocks ſhall bleed;
Judge and aſſert my right, impartial Jove!
By him, and all th' immortal hoſt above,
(A ſacred oath) if heaven the power ſupply,
Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die.
With that, two eagles from a mountain's height
Jove's command direct their rapid flight;

Swift

Swift they deſcend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind,
Above th' aſſembled peers they wheel on high,
And clang their wings, and hovering beat the ſky;
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And, ſhrieking loud, denounce approaching Fate.
They cuff, they tear; their cheeks and neck they rend,
And from their plumes huge drops of blood deſcend:
Then, ſailing o'er the domes and towers, they fly
Full tow'rd the eaſt, and mount into the ſky.

The wondering rivals gaze with cares oppreſt,
And chilling horrors freeze in every breaſt.
Till, big with knowledge of approaching woes,
The prince of augurs, Halitherſes, roſe:
Preſcient he view'd th' aërial tracks, and drew
A ſure preſage from every wing that flew.

Ye ſons (he cry'd) of Ithaca, give ear,
Hear all! but chiefly you, oh rivals! hear.
Deſtruction ſure o'er all your heads impends;
Ulyſſes comes, and death his ſteps attends.
Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
We and our guilty Ithaca muſt bleed.
Why ceaſe we then the wrath of heaven to ſtay?
Be humbled all, and lead, ye Great! the way.
For, lo! my words no fancy'd woes relate:
I ſpeak from ſcience, and the voice is fate.

When great Ulyſſes ſought the Phrygian ſhores
To ſhake with war proud Ilion's lofty towers,
Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:
Heaven ſeal'd my words, and you thoſe deeds behold.

I ſee (I cry'd) his woes, a countleſs train;
I ſee his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
How twice ten years from ſhore to ſhore he roams:
Now twice ten years are paſt, and now he comes!
To whom Eurymachus—Fly, dotard, fly!
With thy wiſe dreams, and fables of the ſky.
Go prophecy at home; thy ſons adviſe:
Here thou art ſage in vain—I better read the ſkies.
Unnumber'd birds glide through th' aërial way,
Vagrants of air, and unforeboding ſtray.
Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below,
Ulyſſes lies: oh, wert thou laid as low!
Then would that buſy head no broils ſuggeſt,
Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breaſt.
From him ſome bribe thy venal tongue requires,
And intereſt, not the God, thy voice inſpires.
His guideleſs youth, if thy experienc'd age
Miſlead fallacious into idle rage,
Vengeance deſerv'd thy malice ſhall repreſs,
And but augment the wrongs thou would'ſt redreſs.
Telemachus may bid the queen repair
To great Icarius, whoſe paternal care
Will guide her paſſion, and reward her choice,
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Till ſhe retires, determin'd we remain,
And both the prince and augur threat in vain:
His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
Move not the brave, or only move their hate.
Threat on, O Prince! elude the bridal day,
Threat on, till all thy ſtores in waſte decay.

True,

True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:
But never from this nobler ſuit we ceaſe;
For wealth and beauty leſs than virtue pleaſe.

To whom the youth: Since then in vain I tell
My numerous woes, in ſilence let them dwell.
But Heaven, and all the Greeks, have heard my wrongs:
To Heaven, and all the Greeks, redreſs belongs.
Yet this I aſk, (nor be it aſk'd in vain)
A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;
The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
And ſeek my royal ſire from ſhore to ſhore:
If, or to Fame his doubtful fate be known,
Or to be learn'd from oracles alone?
If yet he lives; with patience I forbear,
Till the fleet hours reſtore the circling year:
But if already wandering in the train
Of empty ſhades; I meaſure back the main,
Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
And yield his conſort to the nuptial bed.

He ceas'd; and while abaſh'd the peers attend,
Mentor aroſe, Ulyſſes' faithful friend:
[When fierce in arms he ſought the ſcenes of war,
"My friend, (he cry'd) my palace be thy care;
"Years roll'd on years my god-like ſire decay,
"Guard thou his age, and his beheſts obey."]
Stern as he roſe, he caſt his eyes around,
That flaſh'd with rage; and as he ſpoke, he frown'd:

O never, never more! let king be juſt,
Be mild in power, or faithful to his truſt!

Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,
Oppreſs, deſtroy, and be the ſcourge of God;
Since he who like a father held his reign,
So ſoon forgot, was juſt and mild in vain!
True, while my friend is griev'd, his griefs I ſhare;
Yet now the rivals are my ſmalleſt care:
They, for the mighty miſchiefs they deviſe,
Ere long ſhall pay—their forfeit lives the price.
But againſt you, ye Greeks! ye coward train,
Gods! how my ſoul is mov'd with juſt diſdain!
Dumb ye all ſtand, and not one tongue affords
His injur'd prince the little aid of words.
While yet he ſpoke, Leocritus rejoin'd:
O pride of words, and arrogance of mind!
Would'ſt thou to riſe in arms the Greeks adviſe?
Join all your powers! in arms, ye Greeks, ariſe!
Yet would your powers in vain our ſtrength oppoſe:
The valiant few o'ermatch an hoſt of foes.
Should great Ulyſſes ſtern appear in arms,
While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms;
Though to his breaſt his ſpouſe with tranſport flies,
Torn from her breaſt, that hour, Ulyſſes dies.
But hence retreating to your domes repair;
To arm the veſſel, Mentor! be thy care,
And, Halitherſes! thine: be each his friend;
Ye lov'd the father: go, the ſon attend.
But yet, I truſt, the boaſter means to ſtay
Safe in the court, nor tempt the watery way.
Then, with a ruſhing ſound, th' aſſembly bend,
Diverſe their ſteps: the rival rout aſcend

The

The royal dome; while ſad the prince explores
The neighbouring main, and ſorrowing treads the ſhores.
There, as the waters o'er his hands he ſhed,
The royal ſuppliant to Minerva pray'd:
O Goddeſs! who deſcending from the ſkies
Vouchſaf'd thy preſence to my wondering eyes,
By whoſe commands the raging deeps I trace,
And ſeek my ſire through ſtorms and rolling ſeas!
Hear from thy heavens above, oh, warriour-maid!
Deſcend once more, propitious to my aid.
Without thy preſence, vain is thy command:
Greece, and the rival train, thy voice withſtand.
Indulgent to his prayer the Goddeſs took
Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor ſpoke:
O prince, in early youth divinely wiſe,
Born, the Ulyſſes of thy age to riſe!
If to the ſon the father's worth deſcends,
O'er the wide wave ſucceſs thy ways attends:
To tread the walks of death, he ſtood prepar'd;
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.
Were not wiſe ſons deſcendent of the wiſe,
And did not heroes from brave heroes riſe:
Vain were my hopes: few ſons attain the praiſe
Of their great ſires, and moſt their ſires diſgrace.
But ſince thy veins paternal virtue fires,
And all Penelope thy ſoul inſpires:
Go, and ſucceed! the rivals aims deſpiſe;
For never, never, wicked man was wiſe.
Blind they rejoice, though now, ev'n now they fall;
Death haſtes amain: one hour o'erwhelms them all!

And lo, with ſpeed we plough the watery way;
My power ſhall guard thee, and my hand convey:
The winged veſſel ſtudious I prepare,
Through ſeas and realms companion of thy care.
Thou to the court aſcend: and to the ſhores
(When night advances) bear the naval ſtores;
Bread, that decaying man with ſtrength ſupplies,
And generous wine, which thoughtful ſorrow flies.
Meanwhile the mariners, by my command,
Shall ſpeed aboard, a valiant choſen band.
Wide o'er the bay, by veſſel veſſel rides;
The beſt I chuſe to waft thee o'er the tides.
She ſpoke: to his high dome the prince returns,
And, as he moves, with royal anguiſh mourns.
'Twas riot all, among the lawleſs train;
Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay ſlain.
Arriv'd, his hand the gay Antinous preſt,
And, thus deriding, with a ſmile addreſt:
Grieve not, oh, daring prince! that noble heart:
Ill ſuits gay youth the ſtern heroic part.
Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy ſoul,
Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl.
Studious to eaſe thy grief, our care provides
The bark, to waft thee o'er the ſwelling tides.
Is this, returns the prince, for mirth a time?
When lawleſs gluttons riot, mirth 's a crime;
The luſcious wines, diſhonour'd, loſe their taſte;
The ſong is noiſe, and impious is the feaſt.
Suffice it to have ſpent with ſwift decay
The wealth of kings, and made my youth a prey.

But now the wiſe inſtructions of the ſage,
And manly thoughts inſpir'd by manly age,
Teach me to ſeek redreſs for all my woe;
Here, or in Pyle—in Pyle, or here, your foe.
Deny your veſſels, ye deny in vain;
A private voyager I paſs the main.
Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow;
And where on earth I live, I live your foe.
He ſpoke and frown'd, nor longer degn'd to ſtay,
Sternly his hand withdrew, and ſtrode away.
Mean time, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they feaſt,
Deriſive taunts were ſpread from gueſt to gueſt,
And each in jovial mood his mate addreſt:
Tremble ye not, oh friends! and coward-fly,
Doom'd by the ſtern Telemachus to die?
To Pyle or Sparta to demand ſupplies,
Big with revenge, the mighty warriour flies:
Or comes from Ephyré with poiſons fraught,
And kills us all in one tremendous draught?
Or who can ſay (his gameſome mate replies)
But, while the dangers of the deeps he tries,
He, like his ſire, may ſink depriv'd of breath,
And puniſh us unkindly by his death?
What mighty labours would he then create,
To ſeize his treaſures, and divide his ſtate,
The royal palace to the queen convey,
Or him ſhe bleſſes in the bridal day!
Meantime the lofty rooms the prince ſurveys,
Where lay the treaſures of th' Ithacian race:

Here

Here ruddy braſs and gold refulgent blaz'd;
There poliſh'd cheſts embroider'd veſtures grac'd;
Here jars of oil breath'd forth a rich perfume;
There caſks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome
(Pure flavorous wine, by Gods in bounty given,
And worthy to exalt the feaſts of heaven).
Untouch'd they ſtood, till, his long labours o'er,
The great Ulyſſes reach'd his native ſhore.
A double ſtrength of bars ſecur'd the gates:
Faſt by the door the wiſe Euryclea waits;
Euryclea, who, great Ops! thy lineage ſhar'd,
And watch'd all night, all day; a faithful guard.
To whom the prince: O thou, whoſe guardian care
Nurs'd the moſt wretched king that breathes the air;
Untouch'd and ſacred may theſe veſſels ſtand,
Till great Ulyſſes views his native land.
But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd;
Next theſe in worth, and firm thoſe urns be ſeal'd;
And twice ten meaſures of the choiceſt flour
Prepar'd, ere yet deſcends the evening hour.
For when the favouring ſhades of night ariſe,
And peaceful ſlumbers cloſe my mother's eyes,
Me from our coaſt ſhall ſpreading ſails convey,
To ſeek Ulyſſes through the watery way.
While yet he ſpoke, ſhe fill'd the walls with cries,
And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.
Oh whither, whither flies my ſon? ſhe cry'd,
To realms, that rocks and roaring ſeas divide?

In

In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd,
And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.
The watery way ill-fated if thou try,
All, all muſt periſh, and by fraud you die!
Then ſtay, my child! ſtorms beat, and rolls the main;
Oh, beat thoſe ſtorms, and roll the ſeas in vain!
Far hence (reply'd the prince) thy fears be driven:
Heaven calls me forth; theſe counſels are of Heaven.
But, by the powers that hate the perjur'd, ſwear,
To keep my voyage from the royal ear,
Nor uncompell'd the dangerous truth betray,
Till twice ſix times deſcends the lamp of day:
Leſt the ſad tale a mother's life impair,
And grief deſtroy what time a while would ſpare.
Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes
Atteſts th' all-ſeeing Sovereign of the ſkies.
Then ſtudious ſhe prepares the choiceſt flour.
The ſtrength of wheat, and wines an ample ſtore.
While to the rival train the prince returns,
The martial Goddeſs with impatience burns;
Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and ſize,
With ſpeed divine from ſtreet to ſtreet ſhe flies,
She bids the mariners prepar'd, to ſtand,
When night deſcends, embody'd on the ſtrand.
Then to Noëmon ſwift ſhe runs, ſhe flies,
And aſks a bark: the chief a bark ſupplies.
And now, declining with his ſloping wheels,
Down ſunk the ſun behind the weſtern hills.

The

The Goddeſs ſhov'd the veſſel from the ſhores,
And ſtow'd within its womb the naval ſtores.
Full in the openings of the ſpacious main
It rides; and now deſcends the ſailor-train.
Next, to the court, impatient of delay,
With rapid ſtep the Goddeſs urg'd her way:
There every eye with ſlumberous chains ſhe bound,
And daſh'd the flowing goblet to the ground.
Drowſy they roſe, with heavy fumes oppreſt,
Reel'd from the palace, and retir'd to reſt.
Then thus, in Mentor's reverend form array'd,
Spoke to Telemachus the martial maid.
Lo! on the ſeas, prepar'd the veſſel ſtands,
Th' impatient mariner thy ſpeed demands.
Swift as ſhe ſpoke, with rapid pace ſhe leads;
The footſteps of the Deity he treads.
Swift to the ſhore they move: along the ſtrand
The ready veſſel rides, the ſailors ready ſtand.
He bids them bring their ſtores; th' attending train
Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.
The Prince and Goddeſs to the ſtern aſcend;
To the ſtrong ſtroke at once the rowers bend.
Full from the weſt ſhe bids freſh breezes blow;
The ſable billows foam and roar below.
The chief his orders gives; th' obedient band
With due obſervance wait the chief's command;
With ſpeed the maſt they rear, with ſpeed unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind.

High

High o'er the roaring waves the ſpreading ſails
Bow the tall maſt, and ſwell before the gales;
The crooked keel the parting ſurge divides,
And to the ſtern retreating roll the tides.
And now they ſhip their oars, and crown with wine
The holy goblet to the powers divine:
Imploring all the Gods that reign above,
But chief the blue-eyed progeny of Jove.
Thus all the night they ſtem the liquid way,
And end their voyage with the morning ray.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE INTERVIEW OF TELEMACHUS AND NESTOR.

TELEMACHUS, guided by Pallas in the ſhape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Neſtor and his ſons are ſacrificing on the ſea-ſhore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occaſion of his coming; and Neſtor relates what paſt in their return from Troy, how their fleets were ſeparated, and he never ſince heard of Ulyſſes. They diſcourſe concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Oreſtes, and the injuries of the ſuitors. Neſtor adviſes him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaus. The ſacrifice ended with the night, Minerva vaniſhes from them in the form of an eagle: Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they ſacrifice a bullock to Minerva; and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Piſiſtratus.

The ſcene lies on the ſea-ſhore of Pylos.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK III.

THE ſacred ſun, above the waters rais'd,
Through heaven's eternal, brazen portals blaz'd;
And wide o'er earth diffus'd his chearing ray,
To gods and men to give the golden day.
Now on the coaſt of Pyle the veſſel falls,
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.
There, ſuppliant to the monarch of the flood,
At nine green theatres the Pylians ſtood,
Each held five hundred (a deputed train),
At each, nine oxen on the ſand lay ſlain.
They taſte the entrails, and the altars load
With ſmoking thighs, an offering to the God.
Full for the port the Ithacenſians ſtand,
And furl their ſails, and iſſue on the land.
Telemachus already preſt the ſhore;
Not firſt, the Power of Wiſdom march'd before,
And, ere the ſacrificing throng he join'd,
Admoniſh'd thus his well-attending mind:
Proceed, my ſon! this youthful ſhame expel;
An honeſt buſineſs never bluſh to tell.
To learn what fates thy wretched ſire detain,
We paſs'd the wide, immeaſurable main.
Meet then the ſenior far renown'd for ſenſe,
With reverend awe, but decent confidence:

Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies:
And sure he will: for Wisdom never lies.
  Oh, tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide,
(The youth with prudent modesty replyd)
How shall I meet, or how accost the sage,
Unskill'd in speech, nor yet mature of age?
Awful th' approach, and hard the task appears,
To question wisely men of riper years.
  To whom the martial Goddess thus rejoin'd:
Search, for some thoughts, thy own suggesting mind;
And others, dictated by heavenly power,
Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour.
For nought unprosperous shall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with heaven thy friend.
  She spoke, and led the way with swiftest speed:
As swift, the youth pursued the way she led;
And join'd the band before the sacred fire,
Where sate, encompast with his sons, the sire.
The youth of Pylos, some on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, some prepar'd the food.
In friendly throngs they gather to embrace
Their unknown guests, and at the banquet place.
Philtratus was first, to grasp their hands,
And spread soft hides upon the yellow sands;
Along the shore th' illustrious pair he led,
Where Nestor sate with youthful Thrasymed.
To each a portion of the feast he bore,
And held the golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then first approaching to the elder guest,
The latent Goddess in these words addrest:

Whoe'er

Whoe'er thou art, whom Fortune brings to keep
The rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
The firſt it fits, oh ſtranger! to prepare
Thee due libation and the ſolemn prayer:
Then give thy friend to ſhed the ſcared wine:
Though much thy younger, and his years like mine,
He too, I deem, implores the Powers divine:
For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want; a miſerable race!
He ſpake, and to her hand prefer'd the bowl:
A ſecret pleaſure touch'd Athena's ſoul,
To ſee the preference due to ſacred age
Regarded ever by the juſt and ſage.
Of Ocean's king ſhe then implores the grace:
Oh, thou! whoſe arms this ample globe embrace,
Fulfil our wiſh, and let thy glory ſhine
On Neſtor firſt, and Neſtor's royal line;
Next grant the Pylian ſtates their juſt deſires,
Pleas'd with their hecatomb's aſcending fires;
Laſt deign Telemachus and me to bleſs,
And crown our voyage with deſir'd ſucceſs.
Thus ſhe; and, having paid the rite divine,
Gave to Ulyſſes' ſon the roſy wine.
Suppliant he pray'd. And, now the victims dreſt,
They draw, divide, and celebrate the feaſt.
The banquet done, the narrative old man,
Thus mild, the pleaſing conference began:
Now, gentle gueſts! the genial banquet o'er,
It fits to aſk you, what your native ſhore,

And whence your race? on what adventure, ſay,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Relate, if buſineſs, or the thirſt of gain,
Engage your journey o'er the pathleſs main:
Where ſavage pirates ſeek through ſeas unknown
The lives of others, venturous of their own.
Urg'd by the precepts by the Goddeſs given,
And fill'd with confidence infus'd from heaven,
The youth, whom Pallas deſtin'd to be wiſe
And fam'd among the ſons of men, replies:
Inquir'ſt thou, father! from what coaſt we came?
(Oh, grace and glory of the Grecian name!)
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'er-arching ſhades and pendent woods,
Us to theſe ſhores our filial duty draws,
A private ſorrow, not a public cauſe.
My ſire I ſeek, where-e'er the voice of Fame
Has told the glories of his noble name,
The great Ulyſſes; fam'd from ſhore to ſhore
For valour much, for hardy ſuffering more.
Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall
In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.
Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone
Has Jove reſerv'd, unheard-of, and unknown;
Whether in fields by hoſtile fury ſlain,
Or ſunk by tempeſts in the gulphy main?
Of this to learn, oppreſt with tender fears,
Lo! at thy knee his ſuppliant ſon appears.
If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
Have learnt his fate, the whole dark ſtory clear:

And,

And, oh! whate'er heaven deſtin'd to betide,
Let neither flattery ſmooth, nor pity hide.
Prepar'd I ſtand: he was but born to try
The lot of man; to ſuffer and to die.
Oh then, if ever through the ten years war
The wiſe, the good Ulyſſes claim'd thy care;
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy ſword,
True in his deed, and conſtant to his word;
Far as thy mind through backward time can ſee,
Search all thy ſtores of faithful memory:
'Tis ſacred Truth I aſk, and aſk of thee.
To him experienc'd Neſtor thus rejoin'd:
O friend! what ſorrows doſt thou bring to mind?
Shall I the long, laborious ſcene review,
And open all the wounds of Greece anew?
What toils by ſea! where dark in queſt of prey
Dauntleſs we rov'd, Achilles led the way:
What toils by land! where mix'd in fatal fight
Such numbers fell, ſuch heroes ſunk to night:
There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
There wiſe Patroclus, fill an early grave:
There too my ſon—ah, once my beſt delight,
Once ſwift of foot, and terrible in fight;
In whom ſtern courage with ſoft virtue join'd,
A faultleſs body, and a blameleſs mind:
Antilochus—what more can I relate?
How trace the tedious ſeries of our fate?
Not added years on years my taſk could cloſe,
The long hiſtorian of my country's woes:
Back to thy native iſlands might'ſt thou ſail,
And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.

Nine painful years on that detested shore;
What stratagems we form'd, what toils we bore!
Still labouring on, till scarce at last we found
Great Jove propitious, and our conquest crown'd.
Far o'er the rest thy mighty father shin'd,
In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.
Art thou the son of that illustrious sire?
With joy I grasp thee, and with love admire.
So like your voices, and your words so wise,
Who finds thee younger must consult his eyes.
Thy sire and I were one; nor vary'd ought
In public sentence, or in private thought;
Alike to council or th' assembly came,
With equal souls, and sentiments the same.
But when (by Wisdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
And in their ships the conquering Greeks return'd;
'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,
And turn th' event, confounding human pride:
Some he destroy'd, some scatter'd as the dust,
(Not all were prudent, and not all were just).
Then Discord, sent by Pallas from above,
Stern daughter of the great avenger Jove,
The brother-kings inspir'd with fell debate;
Who call'd to council all th' Achaian state,
But call'd untimely (not the sacred rite
Observ'd, nor heedful of the setting light,
Nor herald sworn the session to proclaim).
Sour with debauch, a reeling tribe they came.
To these the cause of meeting they explain,
And Menelaüs moves to cross the main;

Not

Not ſo the King of Men: he will'd to ſtay
Theſe ſacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh, blind to Fate!
The Gods not lightly change their love, or hate.
With ireful taunts each other they oppoſe,
Till in loud tumult all the Greeks aroſe.
Now different counſels every breaſt divide,
Each burns with rancour to the adverſe ſide:
Th' unquiet night ſtrange projects entertain'd
(So Jove, that urg'd us to our fate, ordain'd).
We with the riſing morn our ſhips unmoor'd,
And brought our captives and our ſtores aboard;
But half the people with reſpect obey'd
The King of Men, and at his bidding ſtay'd.
Now on the wings of winds our courſe we keep
(For God had ſmooth'd the waters of the deep);
For Tenedos we ſpread our eager oars,
There land, and pay due victims to the Powers:
To bleſs our ſafe return we join in prayer;
But angry Jove diſpers'd our vows in air,
And rais'd new diſcord. Then (ſo Heaven decreed)
Ulyſſes firſt and Neſtor diſagreed:
Wiſe as he was, by various counſels ſway'd,
He there, though late, to pleaſe the monarch, ſtay'd.
But I, determin'd, ſtem the foamy floods,
Warn'd of the coming fury of the Gods.
With us, Tydides fear'd, and urg'd his haſte:
And Menelaüs came, but came the laſt.
He join'd our veſſels in the Leſbian bay,
While yet we doubted of our watery way;

If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,
(The safer road) beside the Pyrian isle;
Or the straight course to rocky Chios plow,
And anchor under Mimas' shaggy brow?
We sought direction of the Power divine:
The God propitious gave the guiding sign;
Through the mild seas he bid our navy steer,
And in Eubœa shun the woes we fear.
The whistling winds already wak'd the sky;
Before the whistling winds the vessels fly,
With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,
And reach Geresstus at the point of day.
There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune slain,
High-flaming please the monarch of the main.
The fourth day shone, when all their labours o'er
Tydides' vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore.
But I to Pylos scud before the gales,
The Gods still breathing on my swelling sails;
Separate from all, I safely landed here;
Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I sate,
And ask'd each voyager each hero's fate;
Curious to know, and willing to relate.
Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
Beneath Achilles' warlike son's command.
Those, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
And those whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
Had led, securely croft the dreadful main.
How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coast,
And how his life by fraud and force he lost,

And how the murderer paid his forfeit breath;
What lands ſo diſtant from that ſcene of death
But trembling heard the fame? and, heard, admire
How well the ſon appeas'd his ſlaughter'd ſire!
Ev'n to th' unhappy, that unjuſtly bleed,
Heaven gives poſterity, t' avenge the deed.
So fell Ægyſthus; and may'ſt thou, my friend,
(On whom the virtues of thy ſire deſcend)
Make future times thy equal act adore,
And be what brave Oreſtes was before!

The prudent youth reply'd: O thou the grace
And laſting glory of the Grecian race!
Juſt was the vengeance, and to lateſt days
Shall long poſterity reſound the praiſe.
Some God this arm with equal proweſs bleſs!
And the proud ſuitors ſhall its force confeſs:
Injurious men! who while my ſoul is ſore
Of freſh affronts, are meditating more.
But Heaven denies this honour to my hand,
Nor ſhall my father repoſſeſs the land:
The father's fortune never to return,
And the ſad ſon's to ſuffer and to mourn!

Thus he; and Neſtor took the word: My ſon,
Is it then true, as diſtant rumours run,
That crouds of rivals for thy mother's charms
Thy palace fill with inſults and alarms?
Say, is the fault, through tame ſubmiſſion, thine?
Or, leagued againſt thee, do thy people join,
Mov'd by ſome oracle, or voice divine?
And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate
An hour of vengeance for th' afflicted ſtate;

When

When great Ulyſſes ſhall ſuppreſs theſe harms,
Ulyſſes ſingly, or all Greece in arms.
But if Athena, war's triumphant maid,
The happy ſon will, as the father, aid,
(Whoſe fame and ſafety was her conſtant care
In every danger and in every war:
Never on man did heavenly favour ſhine
With rays ſo ſtrong, diſtinguiſh'd, and divine,
As thoſe with which Minerva mark'd thy ſire)
So might ſhe love thee, ſo thy ſoul inſpire!
Soon ſhould their hopes in humble duſt be laid,
And long oblivion of the bridal bed.
Ah! no ſuch hope (the prince with ſighs replies)
Can touch my breaſt; that bleſſing Heaven denies.
Ev'n by celeſtial favour were it given,
Fortune or Fate would croſs the will of Heaven.
What words are theſe, and what imprudence thine?
(Thus interpos'd the martial Maid divine)
Forgetful youth! but know, the Power above
With eaſe can ſave each object of his love;
Wide as his will extends his boundleſs grace:
Nor loſt in time, nor circumſcrib'd by place.
Happier his lot, who, many ſorrows paſt,
Long labouring gains his natal ſhore at laſt;
Than who, too ſpeedy, haſtes to end his life
By ſome ſtern ruffian, or adulterous wife.
Death only is the lot which none can miſs,
And all is poſſible to Heaven, but this.
The beſt, the deareſt favourite of the ſky
Muſt taſte that cup, for man is born to die.

Thus

Thus check'd, reply'd Ulyſſes' prudent heir:
Mentor, no more—the mournful thought forbear;
For he no more muſt draw his country's breath,
Already ſnatch'd by fate, and the black doom of death!
Paſs we to other ſubjects; and engage
On themes remote the venerable ſage
(Who thrice has ſeen the periſhable kind
Of men decay, and through three ages ſhin'd
Like Gods majeſtic, and like Gods in mind.
For much he knows, and juſt concluſions draws,
From various precedents, and various laws.
O ſon of Neleus! awful Neſtor, tell
How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell?
By what ſtrange fraud Ægyſthus wrought, relate
(By force he could not) ſuch a hero's fate?
Liv'd Menelaüs not in Greece! or where
Was then the martial brother's pious care?
Condemn'd perhaps ſome foreign ſhore to tread;
Or ſure Ægyſthus had not dar'd the deed.
To whom the full of days: Illuſtrious youth!
Attend (though partly thou haſt gueſt) the truth.
For had the martial Menelaüs found
The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground;
Nor earth had hid his carcaſe from the ſkies,
Nor Grecian virgins ſhriek'd his obſequies.
But fowls obſcene diſmember'd his remains,
And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.
While us the works of bloody Mars employ'd,
The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;
He, ſtretch'd at eaſe in Argos' calm receſs,
(Whoſe ſtately ſteeds luxuriant paſtures bleſs)

With

With flattery's insinuating art
South'd the frail queen, and poison'd all her heart.
At first, with worthy shame and decent pride,
The royal dame his lawless suit deny'd.
For Virtue's image yet possest her mind,
Taught by a master of the tuneful kind:
Atrides, parting from the Trojan war,
Consign'd the youthful consort to his care.
True to his charge, the bard preserv'd her long
In honour's limits; such the power of song.
But when the Gods these objects of their hate
Dragg'd to destruction, by the links of fate;
The bard they banish'd from his native soil,
And left all helpless in a desert isle:
There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,
Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain.
Then Virtue was no more; her guard away,
She fell, to lust a voluntary prey.
Ev'n to the temple stalk'd th' adulterous spouse,
With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
With images, with garments, and with gold;
And odorous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.
Meantime from flaming Troy we cut the way,
With Menelaüs, through the curling sea.
But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,
Crown'd with the temple of th' Athenian dame;
Atrides' pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd
(Phrontes, of all the sons of men admir'd
To steer the bounding bark with steady toil,
When the storm thickens, and the billows boil);

While

ile yet he exercis'd the ſteerman's art,
ollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
n with the rudder in his hand he fell.
pay whoſe honours to the ſhades of hell,
check'd our haſte, by pious office bound,
l laid our old companion in the ground.
l now, the rites diſcharg'd, our courſe we keep
on the gloomy boſom of the deep:
n as Malea's miſty tops ariſe,
den the Thunderer blackens all the ſkies,
l the winds whiſtle, and the ſurges roll
untains on mountains, and obſcure the pole.
: tempeſt ſcatters and divides our fleet;
t the ſtorm urges on the coaſt of Crete,
ere, winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
: ſtreams of Jardan iſſue to the main.
re ſtands a rock, high-eminent and ſteep,
oſe ſhaggy brow o'erhangs the ſhady deep,
l views Gortyna on the weſtern ſide;
this rough Auſter drove th' impetuous tide:
h broken force the billows roll'd away,
l heav'd the fleet into the neighbouring bay;
ıe ſav'd from death, they gain'd the Phæſtan ſhores,
h ſhatter'd veſſels, and diſabled oars:
five tall barks the winds and waters toſt,
from their fellows, on th' Ægyptian coaſt.
re wander'd Menelaus through foreign ſhores,
ıſſing gold, and gathering naval ſtores;
le curſt Ægyſthus the deteſted deed
'raud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.

Seven

With flattery's insinuating art
Sooth'd the frail queen, and poison'd all her heart.
At first, with worthy shame and decent pride,
The royal dame his lawless suit deny'd.
For Virtue's image yet possest her mind,
Taught by a master of the tuneful kind:
Atrides, parting from the Trojan war,
Consign'd the youthful consort to his care.
True to his charge, the bard preserv'd her long
In honour's limits; such the power of song.
But when the Gods these objects of their hate
Dragg'd to destruction, by the links of fate;
The bard they banish'd from his native soil,
And left all helpless in a desert isle:
There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,
Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain.
Then Virtue was no more; her guard away,
She fell, to lust a voluntary prey.
Ev'n to the temple stalk'd th' adulterous spouse,
With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
With images, with garments, and with gold;
And odorous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.

Meantime from flaming Troy we cut the way,
With Menelaüs, through the curling sea.
But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,
Crown'd with the temple of th' Athenian dame;
Atrides' pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd
(Phrontes, of all the sons of men admir'd
To steer the bounding bark with steady toil,
When the storm thickens, and the billows boil);

While

While yet he exercis'd the ſteerman's art,
Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
Ev'n with the rudder in his hand he fell.
To pay whoſe honours to the ſhades of hell,
We check'd our haſte, by pious office bound,
And laid our old companion in the ground.
And now, the rites diſcharg'd, our courſe we keep
Far on the gloomy boſom of the deep:
Soon as Malea's miſty tops ariſe,
Sudden the Thunderer blackens all the ſkies,
And the winds whiſtle, and the ſurges roll
Mountains on mountains, and obſcure the pole.
The tempeſt ſcatters and divides our fleet;
Part the ſtorm urges on the coaſt of Crete,
Where, winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
The ſtreams of Jardan iſſue to the main.
There ſtands a rock, high eminent and ſteep,
Whoſe ſhaggy brow o'erhangs the ſhady deep,
And views Gortyna on the weſtern ſide;
On this rough Auſter drove th' impetuous tide:
With broken force the billows roll'd away,
And heav'd the fleet into the neighbouring bay;
Thus ſav'd from death, they gain'd the Pharſian ſhores,
With ſhatter'd veſſels, and diſabled oars:
But five tall barks the winds and waters toſt,
Far from their fellows, on th' Ægyptian coaſt.
There wander'd Menelaus through foreign ſhores,
Amaſſing gold, and gathering naval ſtores;
While curſt Ægyſthus the deteſted deed
By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.

Seven

Seven years the traitor rich Mycenæ ſway'd,
And his ſtern rule the groaning land obey'd;
The eighth, from Athens, to his realm reſtor'd,
Oreſtes brandiſh'd the revenging ſword,
Slew the dire pair, and gave to funeral flame
The vile aſſaſſin, and adulterous dame.
That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs ceaſe,
Return'd Atrides to the coaſt of Greece,
And ſafe to Argos' port his navy brought,
With gifts of price and ponderous treaſure fraught.
Hence warn'd, my ſon, beware! nor idly ſtand
Too long a ſtranger to thy native land;
Leſt heedleſs abſence wear thy wealth away,
While lawleſs feaſters in thy palace ſway;
Perhaps may ſeize thy realm, and ſhare the ſpoil;
And thou return, with diſappointed toil,
From thy vain journey, to a rifled iſle.
Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more,
And ſeek Atrides on the Spartan ſhore.
He, wandering long, a wider circle made,
And many-languag'd nations has ſurvey'd;
And meaſur'd tracts unknown to other ſhips
Amid the monſtrous wonders of the deeps;
(A length of ocean and unbounded ſky,
Which ſcarce the ſea-fowl in a year o'erfly).
Go then; to Sparta take the watery way,
Thy ſhip and ſailors but for orders ſtay;
Or, if by land thou chuſe thy courſe to bend,
My ſteeds, my chariots, and my ſons, attend:
Thee to Atrides they ſhall ſafe convey,
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.

Urge

Urge him with truth to frame his free replies,
And ſure he will; for Menalaus is wiſe.
Thus while he ſpeaks, the ruddy ſun deſcends,
And twilight grey her evening ſhade extends.
Then thus the blue-ey'd Maid: O full of days!
Wiſe are thy words, and juſt are all thy ways.
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,
Sacred to Neptune and the Powers divine.
The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
And ſoft approach the balmy hours of ſleep:
Nor fits it to prolong the heavenly feaſt,
Timeleſs, indecent, but retire to reſt.
So ſpake Jove's daughter, the celeſtial Maid.
The ſober train attended and obey'd.
The ſacred heralds on their hands around
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets crown'd:
From bowl to bowl the holy beverage flows;
While to the final ſacrifice they roſe.
The tongues they caſt upon the fragrant flame,
And pour, above, the conſecrated ſtream.
And now, their thirſt by copious draughts allay'd,
The youthful hero and th' Athenian Maid
Propoſe departure from the finiſh'd rite,
And in their hollow bark to paſs the night:
But this the hoſpitable ſage deny'd.
Forbid it Jove! and all the Gods! he cry'd,
Thus from my walls the much-lov'd ſon to ſend
Of ſuch a hero, and of ſuch a friend!
Me, as ſome needy peaſant, would ye leave,
Whom Heaven denies the bleſſing to relieve?

Me

Me would you leave, who boast imperial sway.
When beds of royal state invite your stay?
No— long as life this mortal shall inspire,
[illegible] my children imitate their fire,
Here shall the wandering stranger find his home,
And hospitable rites adorn the dome.
Well hast thou spoke, (the blue-ey'd Maid replies)
Below'd old man benevolent as wise.
Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
And let thy words Telemachus persuade:
Here thy palace shall thy steps pursue;
Let the ship to give the orders due,
Prescribe directions, and confirm the crew.
For I alone sustain their naval cares,
Who boast experience from these silver hairs;
All youths the rest, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.
There in the vessel shall I pass the night;
And soon as morning paints the fields of light,
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold,
A debt, contracted in the days of old.
But this thy guest, receiv'd with friendly care,
Let thy strong coursers swift to Sparta bear;
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy son companion of his way.
Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And fears an eagle through the liquid skies.
[illegible] divine the throng'd spectators gaze,
[illegible] wonder fix'd, and still amaze.
[illegible] the reverend sage admir'd; he took
[illegible] young Telemachus, and spoke:

Oh

Oh, happy youth! and favour'd of the ſkies,
Diſtinguiſh'd care of guardian Deities!
Whoſe early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.
For, lo! none other of the court above
Than ſhe, the daughter of almighty Jove,
Pallas herſelf, the war-triumphant maid,
Confeſt is thine, as once thy father's aid.
So guide me, Goddeſs! ſo propitious ſhine
On me, my conſort, and my royal line!
A yearling bullock to thy name ſhall ſmoke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
Whoſe budding honours ductile gold adorns.
Submiſſive thus the hoary ſire preferr'd
His holy vow: the favouring Goddeſs heard.
Then, ſlowly riſing, o'er the ſandy ſpace
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,
(A long proceſſion) timely marching home
In comely order to the regal dome.
There when arriv'd, on thrones around him plac'd,
His ſons and grandſons the wide circle grac'd.
To theſe the hoſpitable ſage, in ſign
Of ſocial welcome, mix'd the racy wine
(Late from the mellowing caſk reſtor'd to light,
By ten long years refin'd, and roſy-bright).
To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And ſprinkled large libations on the ground.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy ſleep repairs.

[illegible] above the prince was laid,
[illegible] beneath the pompous colonade;
[illegible] Pinstratus lay spread,
[illegible] on a splendid bed:
[illegible] securely clos'd,
[illegible] Nestor and his queen repos'd.
[illegible] daughter of the dawn,
[illegible] purpled o'er the lawn;
[illegible] walk'd forth, and sate
[illegible] before his palace-gate:
With [illegible] smooth the lucid marble shone,
[illegible] Neleus sate, a rustic throne;
[illegible] to the infernal shade,
[illegible] Nestor [illegible], and the sceptre sway'd.
His [illegible] around him mild obeisance pay,
[illegible] take the orders of the day.
[illegible] Eneiphron and Stratius quit their bed:
Then Perseus, Aretus, and Thrasymed;
[illegible] Pinstratus arose from rest:
They [illegible], and near him plac'd the stranger-guest.
To [illegible] thus declar'd his will:
My [illegible] dictates of your sire fulfil.
To Pallas, [illegible] of Gods, prepare the feast,
Who [illegible] rites, a more than mortal guest.
[illegible], bid some swain to lead
A well-fed bullock from the grassy mead;
[illegible] the harbour where the vessels moor,
[illegible] thy friends, Telemachus! ashore
(Leave only two the galley to attend);
[illegible]her to Laerceus must we send,

Artist

Artiſt divine, whoſe ſkilful hands infold
The victim's horn with circumfufile gold.
The reſt may here the pious duty ſhare,
And bid the handmaids for the feaſt prepare,
The ſeats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
And limpid waters from the living ſpring.
He ſaid, and buſy each his care beſtow'd;
Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
Already came the Ithacenſian crew,
The dextrous ſmith the tools already drew:
His ponderous hammer, and his anvil ſound,
And the ſtrong tongs to turn the metal round.
Nor was Minerva abſent from the rite,
She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the ſight.
With reverend hand the king preſents the gold,
Which round th' intorted horns the gilder roll'd,
So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold.
Young Aretus from forth his bridal bower
Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour,
And caniſters of conſecrated flour.
Stratius and Echephron the victim led;
The ax was held by warlike Thraſymed,
In act to ſtrike: before him Perſeus ſtood,
The vaſe extending to receive the blood.
The king himſelf initiates to the Power;
Scatters with quivering hand the ſacred flour,
And the ſtream ſprinkles: from the curling brows
The hair collected in the fire he throws.
Soon as due vows on every part were paid,
And ſacred wheat upon the victim laid,

Strong Thraſymed diſcharg'd the ſpeeding blow
Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
Down ſunk the heavy beaſt: the females round,
Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a ſhrilling ſound.
Nor ſcorn'd the queen the holy choir to join
(The firſt-born ſhe, of old Clymenus' line;
In youth by Neſtor lov'd, of ſpotleſs fame,
And lov'd in age, Eurydice her name).
From earth they rear him, ſtruggling now with death;
And Neſtor's youngeſt ſtops the vents of breath.
The ſoul for ever flies: on all ſides round
Streams the black blood, and ſmokes upon the ground.
The beaſt they then divide, and diſunite
The ribs and limbs, obſervant of the rite:
On theſe, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.
The ſacred ſage before his altar ſtands,
Turns the burnt-offering with his holy hands,
And pours the wine, and bids the flames aſpire:
The youth with inſtruments ſurround the fire.
The thighs now ſacrific'd, and entrails dreſt,
Th' aſſiſtants part, transfix, and broil the reſt.
While theſe officious tend the rites divine,
The laſt fair branch of the Neſtorean line,
Sweet Polycaſte, took the pleaſing toil
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
O'er his fair limbs a flowery veſt he threw,
And iſſued, like a God, to mortal view.
His former ſeat beſide the king he found
His people's father with his peers around);

All

All plac'd at eaſe the holy banquet join,
And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.
The rage of thirſt and hunger now ſuppreſt,
The monarch turns him to his royal gueſt;
And for the promis'd journey bids prepare
The ſmooth-hair'd horſes, and the rapid car.
Obſervant of his word; the word ſcarce ſpoke,
The ſons obey, and join them to the yoke.
Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
And preſents, ſuch as ſuit the ſtate of kings.
The glittering ſeat Telemachus aſcends;
His faithful guide Piſiſtratus attends;
With haſty hand the ruling reins he drew:
He laſh'd the courſers, and the courſers flew.
Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and ſmok'd along the field.
The towers of Pylos ſink, its views decay,
Fields after fields fly back, till cloſe of day:
Then ſunk the ſun, and darken'd all the way.
To Pheræ now, Diocleus' ſtately ſeat
(Of Alpheus's race), the weary youths retreat.
His houſe affords the hoſpitable rite,
And pleas'd they ſleep (the bleſſing of the night).
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre purpled o'er the lawn;
Again they mount, their journey to renew,
And from the ſounding portico they flew.
Along the waving fields their way they hold,
The fields receding as the chariot roll'd:
Then ſlowly ſunk the ruddy globe of light,
And o'er the *ſhaded landſcape* ruſh'd the night.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE CONFERENCE WITH MENELAUS.

TELEMACHUS with Piſiſtratus arriving at Sparta, is hoſpitably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the cauſe of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befel the Greeks ſince the deſtruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return; from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulyſſes is detained in the iſland of Calypſo.

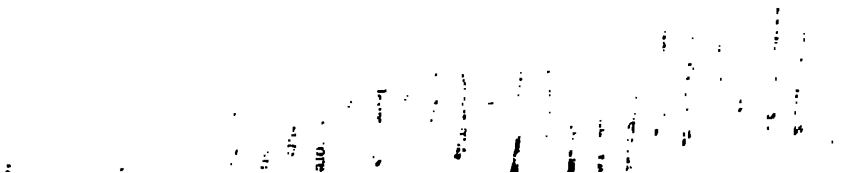
In the mean time the ſuitors conſult to deſtroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is apprized of this; but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the ſhape of her ſiſter Ipthima.

THE

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK IV.

AND now proud Sparta with their wheels reſounds,
Sparta whoſe walls a range of hills ſurrounds:
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends;
Where ſate Atrides 'midſt his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's power,
To bleſs his ſons and daughters nuptial hour.
That day, to great Achilles' ſon reſign'd,
Hermione, the faireſt of the kind,
Was ſent to crown the long-protracted joy,
Eſpous'd before the final doom of Troy:
With ſteeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
Attend the nymph to Phthia's diſtant reign.
Meanwhile at home, to Megapenthes' bed
The virgin-choir Alector's daughter led.
Brave Megapenthes, from a ſtol'n amour
To great Atrides' age his hand-maid bore:
To Helen's bed the Gods alone aſſign
Hermione, t' extend the regal line;
On whom a radiant pomp of Graces wait,
Reſembling Venus in attractive ſtate.
While this gay friendly troop the king ſurround,
With feſtival and mirth the roofs reſound:
A bard amid the joyous circle ſings
High airs, attemper'd to the vocal ſtrings;



By the dire fury of a traitreſs wife,
Ends the ſad evening of a ſtormy life:
Whence with inceſſant grief my ſoul annoy'd,
Theſe riches are poſſeſs'd, but not enjoy'd!
My wars, the copious theme of every tongue,
To you, your fathers have recorded long:
How favouring Heaven repaid my glorious toils
With a ſack'd palace, and barbaric ſpoils.
Oh! had the Gods ſo large a boon deny'd,
And life, the juſt equivalent, ſupply'd
To thoſe brave warriors, who, with glory fir'd,
Far from their country in my cauſe expir'd!
Still in ſhort intervals of pleaſing woe,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
I to the glorious dead, for ever dear!
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
But, oh! Ulyſſes—deeper than the reſt
That ſad idea wounds my anxious breaſt!
My heart bleeds freſh with agonizing pain;
The bowl and taſteful viands tempt in vain,
Nor ſleep's ſoft power can cloſe my ſtreaming eyes,
When imag'd to my ſoul his ſorrows riſe.
No peril in my cauſe he ceas'd to prove,
His labours equal'd only by my love:
And both alike to bitter fortune born,
For him to ſuffer, and for me to mourn!
Whether he wanders on ſome friendleſs coaſt,
Or glides in Stygian gloom a penſive ghoſt,
No fame reveals; but, doubtful of his doom,
His good old ſire with ſorrow to the tomb

Declines

Declines his trembling ſteps; untimely care
Withers the blooming vigour of his heir;
And the chaſte partner of his bed and throne
Waſtes all her widow'd hours in tender moan.
While thus pathetic to the prince he ſpoke,
From the brave youth the ſtreaming paſſion broke:
Studious to veil the grief, in vain repreſt,
His face he ſhrouded with his purple veſt:
The conſcious monarch pierc'd the coy diſguiſe,
And view'd his filial love with vaſt ſurprize:
Dubious to preſs the tender theme, or wait
To hear the youth enquire his father's fate.
In this ſuſpence bright Helen grac'd the room;
Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume.
So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
The ſilver-ſhafted Goddeſs of the chace!
The ſeat of majeſty Adraſte brings,
With art illuſtrious, for the pomp of kings;
To ſpread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
Of ſofteſt woof, is bright Alcippe's care.
A ſilver caniſter, divinely wrought,
In her ſoft hands the beauteous Phylo brought;
To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vaſe
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace:
For Polybus her lord (whoſe ſovereign ſway
The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey),
When to that court Atrides came, careſt
With vaſt munificence th' imperial gueſt:
Two lavers from the richeſt ore refin'd,
With ſilver tripods, the kind hoſt aſſign'd;

And

And bounteous from the royal treaſure told
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
Alcandra, conſort of his high command,
A golden diſtaff gave to Helen's hand;
And that rich vaſe, with living ſculpture wrought,
Which heap'd with wool the beauteous Phylo brought?
The ſilken fleece impurpled for the loom,
Rival'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
The ſovereign ſeat then Jove-born Helen preſs'd,
And pleaſing thus her ſcepter'd lord addreſs'd:
Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair,
Speak they their lineage, or their names declare?
Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontrol'd,
Hear me the bodings of my breaſt unfold.
With wonder wrapt, on yonder cheek I trace
The feature of the Ulyſſean race:
Diffus'd o'er each reſembling line appear,
In juſt ſimilitude, the grace and air
Of young Telemachus! the lovely boy,
Who bleſs'd Ulyſſes with a father's joy,
What time the Greeks combin'd their ſocial arms,
T' avenge the ſtain of my ill-fated charms!
Juſt is thy thought, the king aſſenting cries,
Methinks Ulyſſes ſtrikes my wondering eyes;
Full ſhines the father in the filial frame,
His port, his features, and his ſhape, the ſame;
Such quick regards his ſparkling eyes beſtow;
Such wavy ringlets o'er his ſhoulders flow!
And when he heard the long diſaſtrous ſtore
Of cares, which in my cauſe Ulyſſes bore;

Diſmay'd

Diſmay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,
Above reſtraint the tide of ſorrow roſe:
Cautious to let the guſhing grief appear,
His purple garment veil'd the falling tear.
See there conſeſt, Piſiſtratus replies,
The genuine worth of Ithacus the wiſe!
Of that heroic ſire the youth is ſprung,
But modeſt awe hath chain'd his timorous tongue,
Thy voice, O king! with pleas'd attention heard,
Is like the dictates of a God rever'd.
With him at Neſtor's high command I came,
Whoſe age I honour with a parent's name.
By adverſe deſtiny conſtrain'd to ſue
For counſel and redreſs, he ſues to you.
Whatever ill the friendleſs orphan bears,
Bereav'd of parents in his infant years,
Still muſt the wrong'd Telemachus ſuſtain,
If, hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain:
Affianc'd in your friendly power alone,
The youth would vindicate the vacant throne.
Is Sparta bleſt, and theſe deſiring eyes
View my friend's ſon? (the king exulting cries)
Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,
Whoſe ſword was ſacred to the man he lov'd:
Mirrour of conſtant faith, rever'd, and mourn'd!—
When Troy was ruin'd, had the chief return'd,
No Greek an equal ſpace had e'er poſſeſt,
Of dear affection in my grateful breaſt.
I, to confirm the mutual joys we ſhar'd,
For his abode a capital prepar'd;

Argos

Argos the ſeat of ſovereign rule I choſe;
Fair in the plan the future palace roſe,
Where my Ulyſſes and his race might reign,
And portion to his tribes the wide domain.
To them my vaſſals had reſign'd a ſoil,
With teeming plenty to reward their toil.
There with commutual zeal we both had ſtrove
In acts of dear benevolence and love:
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,
And death alone diſſolv'd the friendly band!
Some envious Power the bliſsful ſcene deſtroys;
Vaniſh'd are all the viſionary joys:
The ſoul of friendſhip to my hope is loſt,
Fated to wander from his natal coaſt!
He ceas'd; a guſt of grief began to riſe,
Faſt ſtreams a tide from beauteous Helen's eyes;
Faſt for the ſire the filial ſorrows flow;
The weeping monarch ſwells the mighty woe:
Thy cheeks, Piſiſtratus, the tears bedew,
While pictur'd to thy mind appear'd in view
Thy martial * brother: on the Phrygian plain
Extended pale, by ſwarthy Memnon ſlain!
But ſilence ſoon the ſon of Neſtor broke,
And, melting with fraternal pity, ſpoke:
Frequent, O king, was Neſtor wont to raiſe
And charm attention with thy copious praiſe:
To crown thy various gifts, the ſage aſſign'd
The glory of a firm capacious mind:

* *Antilochus.*

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

But now let each becalm his troubled breaſt,
Waſh, and partake ſerene the friendly feaſt.
To move thy ſuit, Telemachus, delay,
Till Heaven's revolving lamp reſtores the day.
He ſaid, Aſphalion ſwift the laver brings;
Alternate all partake the grateful ſprings:
Then from the rites of purity repair,
And with keen guſt the ſavory viands ſhare.
Meantime, with genial joy to warm the ſoul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inſpiring bowl:
Temper'd with drugs of ſovereign uſe, t' aſſuage
The boiling boſom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,
And dry the tearful ſluices of Deſpair:
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted mind
All ſenſe of woe delivers to the wind.
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling ſon, oppreſs'd by ruffian-force,
Fell breathleſs at his feet, a mangled corſe;
From morn to eve, impaſſive and ſerene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful ſcene.
Theſe drugs, ſo friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who ſway'd the ſceptre, where prolific Nile
With various ſimples clothes the fatten'd ſoil.
With wholeſome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom taints the plain;
From Pæon ſprung, their patron-god imparts
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.

The beverage now prepar'd t' inſpire the feaſt,
The circle thus the beauteous queen addreſt:
Thron'd in omnipotence, ſupremeſt Jove
Tempers the fates of human race above;
By the firm ſanction of his ſovereign will,
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
To feaſtful mirth be this white hour aſſign'd,
And ſweet diſcourſe, the banquet of the mind.
Myſelf, aſſiſting in the ſocial joy,
Will tell Ulyſſes' bold exploit in Troy:
Sole witneſs of the deed I now declare;
Speak you (who ſaw) his wonders in the war.
Scam'd o'er with wounds, which his own ſabre gave,
In the vile habit of a village-ſlave,
The ſoe deceiv'd, he paſs'd the tented plain,
In Troy to mingle with the hoſtile train.
In this attire ſecure from ſearching eyes,
Till haply piercing through the dark diſguiſe
The chief I challeng'd; he, whoſe practis'd wit
Knew all the ſerpent mazes of deceit,
Eludes my ſearch: but when his form I view'd
Freſh from the bath with fragrant oils renew'd,
His limbs in military purple dreſs'd;
Each brightening grace the genuine Greek confeſs'd.
A previous pledge of ſacred faith obtain'd,
Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,
To keep his ſtay conceal'd; the chief declar'd
The plans of war againſt the town prepar'd.
Exploring then the ſecrets of the ſtate,
He learn'd what heſt might urge the Dardan fate:

And,

And, safe returning to the Grecian hoſt,
Sent many a ſhade to Pluto's dreary coaſt.
Loud grief reſounded through the towers of Troy,
But my pleas'd boſom glow'd with ſecret joy:
For then, with dire remorſe and conſcious ſhame,
I view'd th' effects of that diſaſtrous flame,
Which, kindled by th' imperious queen of love,
Conſtrain'd me from my native realm to rove:
And oft in bitterneſs of ſoul deplor'd
My abſent daughter, and my dearer lord;
Admir'd among the firſt of human race,
For every gift of mind, and manly grace.
Right well, reply'd the king, your ſpeech diſplays
The matchleſs merit of the chief you praiſe:
Heroes in various climes myſelf have found,
For martial deeds, and depth of thought renown'd;
But Ithacus, unrival'd in his claim,
May boaſt a title to the loudeſt fame:
In battle calm, he guides the rapid ſtorm,
Wiſe to reſolve, and patient to perform.
What wondrous conduct in the chief appear'd,
When the vaſt fabrick of the ſteed we rear'd!
Some Dæmon, anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urg'd you with great Deïphobus to come,
T' explore the fraud; with guile oppos'd to guile,
Slow-pacing thrice around th' infidious pile;
Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
Your accent varying as their ſpouſes ſpoke:
The pleaſing ſounds each latent warrior warm'd,
But moſt Tydides' and my heart alarm'd.

To quit the ſteed we both impatient preſs,
Threatening to anſwer from the dark receſs.
Unmov'd the mind of Ithacus remain'd:
And the vain ardours of our love reſtrain'd:
But Anticlus, unable to control,
Spoke loud the language of his yearning ſoul:
Ulyſſes ſtraight, with indignation fir'd,
(For ſo the common care of Greece requir'd)
Firm to his lips his forceful hands apply'd,
Till on his tongue the fluttering murmurs dy'd.
Meantime Minerva, from the fraudful horſe,
Back to the court of Priam bent your courſe.
Inclement Fate! Telemachus replies,
Frail is the boaſted attribute of wiſe:
The leader, mingling with the vulgar hoſt,
Is in the common maſs of matter loſt!
But now let ſleep the painful waſte repair
Of ſad reflection, and corroding care.
He ceas'd; the menial fair that round her wait,
At Helen's beck prepare the room of ſtate;
Beneath an ample portico, they ſpread
The downy fleece to form the ſlumberous bed;
And o'er ſoft palls of purple grain, unfold
Rich tapeſtry, ſtiff with inwoven gold:
Then, through th' illumin'd dome, to balmy reſt
Th' obſequious herald guides each princely gueſt:
While to his regal bower the king aſcends,
And beauteous Helen on her lord attends.
Soon as the morn, in orient purple dreſt,
Unbarr'd the portal of the roſeate eaſt,

The

The monarch roſe; magnificent to view,
Th' imperial mantle o'er his veſt he threw:
The glittering zone athwart his ſhoulder caſt,
A ſtarry faulchion low-depending grac'd;
Claſp'd on his feet th' embroider'd ſandals ſhine;
And forth he moves, majeſtic and divine:
Inſtant to young Telemachus he preſs'd,
And thus benevolent his ſpeech addreſs'd:
Say, royal youth, ſincere of ſoul, report
What cauſe hath led you to the Spartan court?
Do public or domeſtic cares conſtrain
This toilſome voyage o'er the ſurgy main?
O highly-favour'd delegate of Jove!
(Replies the prince) inflam'd with filial love,
And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
A ſuppliant to your royal court I come.
Our ſovereign ſeat a lewd uſurping race
With lawleſs riot and miſrule diſgrace;
To pamper'd inſolence devoted fall
Prime of the flock, and choiceſt of the ſtall:
For wild ambition wings their bold deſire,
And all to mount th' imperial bed aſpire.
But proſtrate I implore, oh king! relate
The mournful ſeries of my father's fate:
Each known diſaſter of the man diſcloſe,
Born by his mother to a world of woes!
Recite them! nor in erring pity fear
To wound with ſtoried grief the filial ear:
If e'er Ulyſſes, to reclaim your right,
Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,

If Phrygian camps the friendly toils atteſt,
To the ſire's merit give the ſon's requeſt.
Deep from his inmoſt ſoul Atrides ſigh'd,
And thus indignant to the prince reply'd:
Heavens! would a ſoft, inglorious daſtard train
An abſent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland ſhades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair the tender fawns,
Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flowery lawns:
Meantime return'd, with dire remorſeleſs ſway
The monarch ſavage rends the trembling prey.
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Ulyſſes ſoon ſhall re-aſſert his claim.
O Jove, ſupreme, whom Gods and men revere!
And thou * to whom 'tis given to gild the ſphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial Maid!
Such to our wiſh the warriour ſoon reſtore,
As when contending on the Leſbian ſhore
His proweſs Philomelides confeſs'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bleſs'd:
Then ſoon th' invaders of his bed and throne
Their love preſumptuous ſhall with life atone.
With patient ear, O royal youth! attend
The ſtoried labours of thy father's friend:
Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,
But truth ſevere ſhall dictate to my tongue:
Learn what I heard the ſea-born ſeer relate,
Whoſe eye can pierce the dark receſs of Fate.

Long

* Apollo.

Long on th' Ægyptian coaſt by calms confin'd,
Heaven to my fleet refus'd a proſperous wind:
No vows had we preferr'd, nor victim ſlain!
For this the Gods each favouring gale reſtrain:
Jealous, to ſee their high beheſts obey'd;
Severe, if men th' eternal rights evade.
High o'er a gulfy ſea, the Pharian iſle
Fronts the deep roar of diſemboguing Nile:
Her diſtance from the ſhore, the courſe begun
At dawn, and ending with the ſetting ſun,
A galley meaſures; when the ſtiffer gales
Riſe on the poop, and fully ſtretch the ſails.
There, anchor'd veſſels ſafe in harbour lie,
Whilſt limpid ſprings the failing caſk ſupply.
And now the twentieth ſun, deſcending, laves
His glowing axle in the weſtern waves;
Still with expanded ſails we court in vain
Propitious winds, to waft us o'er the main:
And the pale mariner at once deplores
His drooping vigour, and exhauſted ſtores,
When, lo! a bright cœrulean form appears,
The fair Eidothea! to diſpel my fears;
Proteus her ſire divine. With pity preſs'd,
Me ſole the daughter of the deep addreſs'd;
What-time, with hunger pin'd, my abſent mates
Roam the wild iſle in ſearch of rural cates,
Bait the barb'd ſteel, and from the ſiſhy flood
Appeaſe th' afflictive fierce deſire of food.
Whoe'er thou art (the azure Goddeſs cries)
Thy conduct ill deſerves the praiſe of wiſe;

Is death thy choice, or misery thy boast,
That here inglorious on a barren coast
Thy brave associates droop, a meagre train
With famine pale, and ask thy care in vain?
Struck with the kind reproach, I straight reply;
Whate'er thy title in thy native sky,
A Goddess sure! for more than mortal grace
Speaks the descendant of ætherial race:
Deem not, that here of choice my fleet remains;
Some heavenly power averse my stay constrains:
O, piteous of my fate, vouchsafe to shew
(For what 's sequester'd from celestial view?)
What power becalms th' innavigable seas?
What guilt provokes him, and what vows appease?
I ceas'd, when affable the Goddess cry'd;
Observe, and in the truths I speak confide:
Th' oraculous seer frequents the Pharian coast,
From whose high bed my birth divine I boast:
Proteus, a name tremendous o'er the main,
The delegate of Neptune's watery reign.
Watch with insidious care his known abode;
There fast in chains constrain the various God:
Who bound, obedient to superior force,
Unerring will prescribe your destin'd course.
If, studious of your realms, you then demand
Their state, since last you left your natal land;
Instant the God obsequious will disclose
Bright tracks of glory, or a cloud of woes.
She ceas'd, and suppliant thus I made reply:
O Goddess! on thy aid my hopes rely;

Dictate

Dictate propitious to my duteous ear,
What arts can captivate the changeful seer?
For perilous th' assay, unheard the toil,
T' elude the prescience of a God by guile.
Thus to the Goddess mild my suit I end.
Then she: Obedient to my rule, attend:
When through the zone of Heaven the mounted sun
Hath journey'd half, and half remains to run;
The seer, while zephyrs curl the swelling deep,
Basks on the breezy shore, in grateful sleep,
His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,
The Phocæ swift surround his rocky cave,
Frequent and full; the consecrated train
Of * her, whose azure trident awes the main:
There wallowing warm, th' enormous herd exhales
An oily steam, and taints the noon-tide gales.
To that recess, commodious for surprize,
When purple light shall next suffuse the skies,
With me repair; and from thy warriour band
Three chosen chiefs of dauntless soul command:
Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil;
For strong the God, and perfected in guile.
Stretch'd on the shelly shore, he first surveys
The flouncing herd ascending from the seas;
Their number summ'd, repos'd in sleep profound
The scaly charge their guardian God surround:
So with his battening flocks the careful swain
Abides, pavilion'd on the grassy plain.
With powers united, obstinately bold
Invade him, couch'd amid the scaly fold:

Instant

* *Amphitrite.*

Inſtant he wears, elaſive of the rape,
The mimic force of every ſavage ſhape:
Or glides with liquid lapſe a murmuring ſtream,
Or, wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb.
Yet ſtill retentive, with redoubled might,
Through each vain paſſive form conſtrain his flight.
But when, his native ſhape reſum'd, he ſtands
Patient of conqueſt, and your cauſe demands;
The cauſe that urg'd the bold attempt declare,
And ſoothe the vanquiſh'd with a victor's prayer.
The bands relax'd, implore the ſeer to ſay
What godhead interdicts the watery way?
Who ſtraight, propitious, in prophetic ſtrain
Will teach you to repaſs th' unmeaſur'd main.
She ceas'd, and, bounding from the ſhelfy ſhore,
Round the deſcending nymph the waves redounding roar.

High wrapt in wonder of the future deed,
With joy impatuous, to the port I ſpeed:
The wants of nature with repaſt ſuffice,
Till night with grateful ſhade involv'd the ſkies,
And ſhed ambroſial dews. Faſt by the deep,
Along the tented ſhore, in balmy ſleep,
Our cares were loſt. When o'er the eaſtern lawn,
In ſaffron robes, the daughter of the dawn
Advanc'd her roſy ſteps: before the bay,
Due ritual honours to the Gods I pay;
Then ſeek the place the ſea-born nymph aſſign'd,
With three aſſociates of undaunted mind.

Arriv'd,

Arriv'd, to form along th' appointed ſtrand
For each a bed, ſhe ſcoops the hilly ſand:
Then, from her azure car, the finny ſpoils
Of four vaſt Phocæ takes, to veil her wiles:
Beneath the finny ſpoils, extended prone,
Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to ſhun;
New from the corſe, the ſcaly frauds diffuſe
Unſavory ſtench of oil, and brackiſh ooze;
But the bright ſea-maid's gentle power implor'd,
With nectar'd drops the ſickening ſenſe reſtor'd.
Thus till the ſun had travel'd half the ſkies,
Ambuſh'd we lie, and wait the bold empriſe:
When, thronging thick to baſk in open air,
The flocks of Ocean to the ſtrand repair:
Couch'd on the ſunny ſand, the monſters ſleep:
Then Proteus, mounting from the hoary deep,
Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit
(In order told, we make the ſum compleat).
Pleas'd with the falſe review, ſecure he lies,
And leaden ſlumbers preſs his drooping eyes.
Ruſhing impetuous forth, we ſtraight prepare
A furious onſet with the ſound of war,
And ſhouting ſeize the God: our force t' evade,
His various arts he ſoon reſumes in aid:
A lion now he curls a ſurgy mane;
Sudden, our bands a ſpotted pard reſtrain;
Then, arm'd with tuſks, and lightning in his eyes,
A boar's obſcener ſhape the God belies:
On ſpiry volumes, there, a dragon rides;
Here, from our ſtrict embrace a ſtream he glides:

[illegible] his lately growth he rears,
[illegible] vell-dissembled foliage wears.
[illegible] with operier power compress'd,
[illegible] thus the seer address'd:
[illegible] by what God inspir'd
[illegible] and what the boon desir'd?
[illegible] whose certain eye foresees
[illegible] decrees;
[illegible] various toil endur'd,
[illegible] he my fleet is moor'd:
[illegible] gales. Well-knowing! say,
[illegible] the watery way?
[illegible] will the power appease,
[illegible] prosperous voyage o'er the seas?
[illegible] with stern regard the God replies)
[illegible] ynod of the skies.
[illegible] with due devotion [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] sheering [illegible]
[illegible] here, [illegible] regal home
[illegible] room,
[illegible] Nile [illegible] source
[illegible] force,
[illegible]
[illegible] shore.
[illegible] pomp ador'd,
[illegible] return accord.
[illegible] wounded with afflictive pain,
[illegible] the main,

A ſhelfy tract and long!) O ſeer, I cry,
To the ſtern ſanction of th' offended ſky
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to ſay,
What fate propitious, or what dire diſmay,
Suſtain thoſe peers, the reliques of our hoſt,
Whom I with Neſtor on the Phrygian coaſt
Embracing left? Muſt I the warriours weep,
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monſtrous deep?
Or did the kind domeſtic friend deplore
The breathleſs heroes on their native ſhore?
Preſs not too far, reply'd the God; but ceaſe
To know, what known will violate thy peace:
Too curious of their doom! with friendly woe
Thy breaſt will heave, and tears eternal flow.
Part live! the reſt, a lamentable train!
Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremoſt in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whoſe arms with conqueſt in thy cauſe were crown'd,
Fell by diſaſtrous fate; by tempeſts toſt,
A third lives wretched on a diſtant coaſt.
By Neptune reſcued from Minerva's hate,
On Gyræ, ſafe Oïlean Ajax ſate,
His ſhip o'erwelm'd; but, frowning on the floods,
Impious he roar'd defiance to the Gods;
To his own proweſs all the glory gave,
The Power defrauding who vouchſaf'd to ſave.
This heard the raging Ruler of the main;
His ſpear, indignant for ſuch high diſdain,
He lanch'd; dividing his forky mace
ial marble baſe;
The

The rock ruſh'd ſea-ward with impetuous roar
Ingulf'd, and to th' abyſs the boaſter bore.
By Juno's guardian aid, the watery vaſt,
Secure of ſtorms, your royal brother paſt:
Till coaſting nigh the cape, where Malea ſhrouds
Her ſpiry cliffs amid ſurrounding clouds;
A whirling guſt tumultuous from the ſhore
Acroſs the deep his labouring veſſel bore.
In an ill-fated hour the coaſt he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyeſtes reign'd;
But, when his hoary honours bow'd to Fate,
Ægyſthus govern'd in paternal ſtate.
The ſurges now ſubſide, the tempeſt ends;
From his tall ſhip the King of Men deſcends:
There fondly thinks the Gods conclude his toil!
Far from his own domain ſalutes the ſoil:
With rapture oft' the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him thus exulting on the diſtant ſtrand
A ſpy diſtinguiſh'd from his airy ſtand,
To bribe whoſe vigilance, Ægyſthus told
A mighty ſum of ill-perſuading gold:
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale career;
And now, admoniſh'd by his eye, to court
With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.
Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
The miniſters of blood in dark ſurprize:
And twenty youths in radiant mail incas'd,
Cloſe ambuſh'd nigh the ſpacious hall he plac'd.

Then

Then bids prepare the hoſpitable treat:
Vain ſhews of love to veil his felon-hate!
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,
A train of courſers and triumphal cars
Magnificent he leads! the royal gueſt,
Thoughtleſs of ill, accepts the fraudful feaſt.
The troop, forth iſſuing from the dark receſs,
With homicidal rage the king oppreſs!
So, whilſt he feeds luxurious in the ſtall,
The ſovereign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,
Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:
Mix'd with the brave, the baſe invaders bleed;
Ægyſthus ſole ſurvives to boaſt the deed.
He ſaid; chill horrors ſhook my ſhivering ſoul,
Rack'd with convulſive pangs in duſt I roll;
And hate, in madneſs of extreme deſpair,
To view the ſun, or breathe the vital air.
But when, ſuperior to the rage of woe,
I ſtood reſtor'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow;
Lenient of grief, the pitying God began—
Forget the brother, and reſume the man:
To Fate's ſupreme diſpoſe the dead reſign,
That care be Fate's, a ſpeedy paſſage thine.
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death deplor'd,
But lives a victim for thy vengeful ſword;
Unleſs with filial rage Oreſtes glow,
And ſwift prevent the meditated blow;
You timely will return a welcome gueſt,
With him to ſhare the ſad funereal feaſt.

He ſaid: new thoughts my beating heart employ,
My gloomy ſoul receives a gleam of joy.
Fair hope revives; and eager I addreſt
The preſcient Godhead to reveal the reſt.
The doom decreed of thoſe diſaſtrous two
I 've heard with pain, but, oh! the tale purſue;
What third brave ſon of Mars the Fates conſtrain
To roam the howling deſart of the main:
Or, in eternal ſhade if cold he lies,
Provoke new ſorrow from theſe grateful eyes.
That chief (rejoin'd the God) his race derives
From Ithaca, and wondrous woes ſurvives;
Laertes' ſon: girt with circumfluous tides,
He ſtill calamitous conſtraint abides.
Him in Calypſo's cave of late I view'd,
When ſtreaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
But vain his prayer, his arts are vain, to move
Th' enamour'd Goddeſs, or elude her love:
His veſſel ſunk, and dear companions loſt,
He lives reluctant on a foreign coaſt.
But oh, belov'd by Heaven! reſerv'd to thee
A happier lot the ſmiling Fates decree:
Free from that law, beneath whoſe mortal ſway
Matter is chang'd, and varying forms decay;
Elyſium ſhall be thine; the bliſsful plains
Of utmoſt earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.
Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year:
Stern winter ſmiles on that auſpicious clime:
The fields are florid with unfading prime;

From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy ſnow:
But from the breezy deep the bleſt inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the weſtern gale.
This grace peculiar will the Gods afford
To thee the ſon of Jove, and beauteous Helen's lord.
He ceas'd, and, plunging in the vaſt profound,
Beneath the God the whirling billows bound.
Then ſpeeding back, involv'd in various thought,
My friends attending at the ſhore I ſought.
Arriv'd, the rage of hunger we control,
Till night with ſilent ſhade inveſts the pole;
Then loſe the cares of life in pleaſing reſt.—
Soon as the morn reveals the roſeate eaſt,
With ſails we wing the maſts, our anchors weigh,
Unmoor the fleet, and ruſh into the ſea.
Rang'd on the banks, beneath our equal oars
White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.
Then, ſteering backward from the Pharian Iſle,
We gain the ſtream of Jove-deſcended Nile:
There quit the ſhips, and on the deſtin'd ſhore
With ritual hecatombs the Gods adore:
Their wrath aton'd, to Agamemnon's name
A cenotaph I raiſe of deathleſs fame.
Theſe rites to piety and grief diſcharg'd,
The friendly Gods a ſpringing gale enlarg'd:
The fleet ſwift tilting o'er the ſurges flew,
Till Grecian cliffs appear'd, a bliſsful view!
Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate
A ſtory fruitful of diſaſtrous fate:

And now, young prince, indulge my fond request,
Be Sparta honour'd with his royal guest,
Till, from his eastern goal, the joyous sun
His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.
Meantime my train the friendly gifts prepare,
Three sprightly courſers, and a poliſh'd car:
With theſe, a goblet of capacious mould,
Figur'd with art to dignify the gold,
(Form'd for libation to the Gods) ſhall prove
A pledge and monument of ſacred love.
My quick return, young Ithacus rejoin'd,
Damps the warm wiſhes of my raptur'd mind:
Did not my fate my needful haſte conſtrain,
Charm'd by your ſpeech, ſo graceful and humane,
Loſt in delight the circling year would roll,
While deep attention fix'd my liſtening ſoul.
But now to Pyle permit my deſtin'd way,
My lov'd aſſociates chide my long delay:
In dear remembrance of your royal grace,
I take the preſent of the promis'd vaſe;
The courſers, for the champaign ſports, retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain:
Horrid with cliffs, our meagre land allows
Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browze,
But neither mead nor plain ſupplies, to feed
The ſprightly courſer, or indulge his ſpeed:
To ſea-ſurrounded realms the Gods aſſign
Small tract of fertile lawn, the leaſt to mine.
His hand the king with tender paſſion preſs'd,
And, ſmiling, thus the royal youth addreſs'd:

O early worth! a ſoul ſo wiſe, and young,
Proclaims you from the ſage Ulyſſes ſprung,
Selected from my ſtores, of matchleſs price
An urn ſhall recompence your prudent choice:
Not mean the maſſy mould of ſilver, grac'd
By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold enchas'd;
A pledge the ſcepter'd power of Sidon gave,
When to his realm I plough'd the orient wave.
Thus they alternate; while with artful care
The menial train the regal feaſt prepare:
The firſtlings of the flock are doom'd to die;
Rich fragrant wines the chearing bowl ſupply;
A female band the gift of Ceres bring;
And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.
Meanwhile, in Ithaca, the ſuitor-powers
In active games divide their jovial hours:
In areas vary'd with moſaic art,
Some whirl the diſk, and ſome the javelin dart.
Aſide, ſequeſter'd from the vaſt reſort,
Antinous ſate ſpectator of the ſport;
With great Eurymachus, of worth confeſt,
And high deſcent, ſuperior to the reſt;
Whom young Noëmon lowly thus addreſt:
My ſhip equipp'd within the neighbouring port,
The prince, departing for the Pylian court,
Requeſted for his ſpeed; but, courteous, ſay
When ſteers he home, or why this long delay?
For Elis I ſhould ſail with utmoſt ſpeed,
T' import twelve mares which there luxurious feed,

And twelve young mules, a ſtrong laborious race,
New to the plough, unpractis'd in the trace.
Unknowing of the courſe to Pyle deſign'd,
A ſudden horror ſeiz'd on either mind:
The prince in rural bower they fondly thought,
Numbering his flocks and herds, not far remote.
Relate, Antinous cries, devoid of guile,
When ſpread the prince his ſail for diſtant Pyle?
Did choſen chiefs acroſs the gulfy main
Attend his voyage, or domeſtic train?
Spontaneous did you ſpeed his ſecret courſe,
Or was the veſſel ſeiz'd by fraud or force?
With willing duty, not reluctant mind,
(Noëmon cry'd) the veſſel was reſign'd.
Who, in the balance, with the great affairs
Of courts, preſume to weigh their private cares?
With him, the peerage next in power to you:
And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,
Or ſome celeſtial in his reverend form,
Safe from the ſecret rock and adverſe ſtorm,
Pilots the courſe: for when the glimmering ray
Of yeſter dawn diſclos'd the tender day,
Mentor himſelf I ſaw, and much admir'd.—
Then ceas'd the youth, and from the court retir'd.
Confounded and appall'd, th' unfiniſh'd game
The ſuitors quit, and all to council came.
Antinous firſt th' aſſembled peers addreſt,
Rage ſparkling in his eyes, and burning in his breaſt:
O ſhame to manhood! ſhall one daring boy
The ſcheme of all our happineſs deſtroy?

Fly,

Fly unperceiv'd, ſeducing half the flower
Of nobles, and invite a foreign power?
The ponderous engine rais'd to cruſh us all,
Recoiling, on his head is ſure to fall.
Inſtant prepare me, on the neighbouring ſtrand,
With twenty choſen mates a veſſel mann'd;
For ambuſh'd cloſe beneath the Samian ſhore
His ſhip returning ſhall my ſpies explore:
He ſoon his raſhneſs ſhall with life atone,
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own.
With vaſt applauſe the ſentence all approve;
Then riſe, and to the feaſtful hall remove:
Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
Who heard the conſult of the dire divan:
Before her dome the royal matron ſtands,
And thus the meſſage of his haſte demands:
What will the ſuitors? muſt my ſervant-train
Th' allotted labours of the day refrain,
For them to form ſome exquiſite repaſt?
Heaven grant this feſtival may prove their laſt!
Or, if they ſtill muſt live, from me remove
The double plague of luxury and love!
Forbear, ye ſons of Inſolence! forbear,
In riot to conſume a wretched heir.
In the young ſoul illuſtrious thought to raiſe,
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulyſſes' praiſe?
Have not your fathers oft' my lord defin'd,
Gentle of ſpeech, beneficent of mind?
Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
Or in their tyrant-minions veſt the power:

Ulyſſes let no partial favours fall,
The people's parent, he protected all:
But abſent now, perfidious and ingrate!
His ſtores ye ravage, and uſurp his ſtate.
He thus: O were the woes you ſpeak the worſt!
They form a deed more odious and accurſt;
More dreadful than your boding ſoul divines:
But pitying Jove avert the dire deſigns!
The darling object of your royal care
Is mark'd to periſh in a deathful ſnare;
Before he anchors in his native port,
From Pyle re-ſailing and the Spartan court;
Horrid to ſpeak! in ambuſh is decreed
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!
Sudden ſhe ſunk beneath the weighty woes,
The vital ſtreams a chilling horror froze:
The big round tear ſtands trembling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents dye.
At length, in tender language, interwove
With ſighs, ſhe thus expreſs'd her anxious love:
Why raſhly would my ſon his fate explore,
Ride the wild waves, and quit the ſafer ſhore?
Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave
A blank oblivion, and untimely grave?
'Tis not, reply'd the ſage, to Medon given
To know, if ſome inhabitant of Heaven
In his young breaſt the daring thought inſpir'd;
Or if, alone with filial duty fir'd,
The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
Studious to learn his abſent father's doom.

The

The ſage retir'd: unable to control
The mighty griefs that ſwell her labouring ſoul,
Rolling convulſive on the floor, is ſeen
The piteous object of a proſtrate queen.
Words to her dumb complaint a pauſe ſupplies,
And breath, to waſte in unavailing cries.
Around their ſoveregn wept the menial fair,
To whom ſhe thus addreſs'd her deep deſpair:
Behold a wretch whom all the Gods conſign
To woe! Did ever ſorrows equal mine?
Long to my joys my deareſt lord is loſt,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boaſt:
Now from my fond embrace, by tempeſts torn,
Our other column of the ſtate is borne:
Nor took a kind adieu, nor ſought conſent!—
Unkind confederates in his dire intent!
Ill ſuits it with your ſhews of duteous zeal,
From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal:
Though at the ſolemn midnight hour he roſe,
Why did you fear to trouble my repoſe?
He either had obey'd my fond deſire,
Or ſeen his mother, pierc'd with grief, expire.
Bid Dolius quick attend, the faithful ſlave
Whom to my nuptial train Icarius gave,
To tend the fruit-groves: with inceſſant ſpeed
He ſhall this violence of death decreed
To good Laertes tell. Experienc'd age
May timely intercept the ruffian-rage.
Convene the tribes, the murderous plot reveal,
And to their power to ſave his race appeal,

Then

Then Euryclea thus: My deareſt dread!
Though to the ſword I bow this hoary head,
Or if a dungeon be the pain decreed,
I own me conſcious of th' unpleaſing deed:
Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implor'd,
With wine and viands I the veſſel ſtor'd:
A ſolemn oath, impos'd, the ſecret ſeal'd,
Till the twelfth dawn the light of heaven reveal'd.
Dreading th' effect of a fond mother's fear,
He dar'd not violate your royal ear.
But bathe, and, in imperial robes array'd,
Pay due devotions to the * martial Maid,
And reſt affianc'd in her guardian aid.
Send not to good Laertes, nor engage
In toils of ſtate the miſeries of age:
'Tis impious to ſurmiſe, the Powers divine
To ruin doom the Jove-deſcended line:
Long ſhall the race of juſt Arceſius reign,
And iſles remote enlarge his old domain.
The queen her ſpeech with calm attention hears,
Her eyes reſtrain the ſilver-ſtreaming tears:
She bathes, and, rob'd, the ſacred dome aſcends:
Her pious ſpeed a female train attends:
The ſalted cakes in caniſters are laid,
And thus the queen invokes Minerva's aid:
Daughter divine of Jove, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreaded ſhield!
If e'er Ulyſſes to thy fane preferr'd
The beſt and choiceſt of his flock and herd;
Hear,

* Minerva.

Hear, Goddeſs, hear, by thoſe oblations won;
And for the pious ſire preſerve the ſon:
His wiſh'd return with happy power befriend,
And on the ſuitors let thy wrath deſcend.
She ceas'd; ſhrill extaſies of joy declare
The favouring Goddeſs preſent to the prayer:
The ſuitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice
A ſignal of her hymenæal choice:
Whilſt one moſt jovial thus accoſts the board;
"Too late the queen ſelects a ſecond lord:
"In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
"When o'er her ſon diſaſtrous death impends."
Thus he, unſkill'd of what the Fates provide!
But with ſevere rebuke Antinous cry'd:
Theſe empty vaunts will make the voyage vain;
Alarm not with diſcourſe the menial train:
The great event with ſilent hope attend;
Our deeds alone our counſel muſt commend.
His ſpeech thus ended ſhort, he frowning roſe,
And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour choſe:
Down to the ſtrand he ſpeeds with haughty ſtrides,
Where anchor'd in the bay the veſſel rides,
Replete with mail and military ſtore,
In all her tackle trim to quit the ſhore.
The deſperate crew aſcend, unfurl the ſails
(The ſea-ward prow invites the tardy gales);
Then take repaſt, till Heſperus diſplay'd
His golden circlet in the weſtern ſhade.
Meantime the queen, without reflection due,
Heart-wounded, to the bed of ſtate withdrew;

In

In her ſad breaſt the prince's fortunes roll,
And hope and doubt alternate ſeize her ſoul.
So when the woodman's toil her cave ſurrounds,
And with the hunter's cry the grove reſounds;
With grief and rage the mother-lion ſtung,
Fearleſs herſelf, yet trembles for her young.
While penſive in the ſilent ſlumberous ſhade,
Sleep's gentle powers her drooping eyes invade;
Minerva, life-like, on imbodied air
Impreſs'd the form of Iphthima the fair
(Icarius' daughter ſhe, whoſe blooming charms
Allur'd Eumelus to her virgin-arms;
A ſcepter'd lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
Of Theſſaly, wide ſtretch'd his ample reign):
As Pallas will'd, along the ſable ſkies,
To calm the queen, the phantom-ſiſter flies.
Swift on the regal dome deſcending right,
The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.
Cloſe to her head the pleaſing viſion ſtands,
And thus performs Minerva's high commands.
O why, Penelope, this cauſeleſs fear,
To render ſleep's ſoft bleſſing unſincere?
Alike devote to ſorrow's dire extreme
The day-reflection, and the midnight dream!
Thy ſon the Gods propitious will reſtore,
And bid thee ceaſe his abſence to deplore.
To whom the queen (whilſt yet her penſive mind
Was in the ſilent gates of ſleep confin'd)
O ſiſter, to my ſoul for ever dear,
Why this firſt viſit to reprove my fear?

How

How in a realm ſo diſtant ſhould you know
From what deep ſource my deathleſs ſorrows flow?
To all my hope my royal lord is loſt,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boaſt:
And, with conſummate woe to weigh me down,
The heir of all his honours and his crown,
My darling ſon is fled! an eaſy prey
To the fierce ſtorms, or men more fierce than they:
Who, in a league of blood aſſociates ſworn,
Will intercept th' unwary youth's return.
Courage reſume, the ſhadowy form reply'd,
In the protecting care of heaven confide:
On him attends the blue-eyed martial Maid;
What earthly can implore a ſurer aid?
Me now the guardian Goddeſs deigns to ſend,
To bid thee patient his return attend.
The queen replies: If in the bleſt abodes
A Goddeſs, thou haſt commerce with the Gods;
Say, breathes my lord the bliſsful realm of light,
Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night?
Enquire not of his doom, the phantom cries,
I ſpeak not all the counſel of the ſkies:
Nor muſt indulge with vain diſcourſe, or long,
The windy ſatisfaction of the tongue.
Swift through the valves the viſionary fair
Repaſs'd, and viewleſs mix'd with common air.
The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes:
With florid joy her heart dilating glows:
The viſion, manifeſt of future fate,
Makes her with hope her ſon's arrival wait.

Mean-

Meantime the ſuitors plough the watery plain,
Telemachus in thought already ſlain!
When ſight of leſſening Ithaca was loſt,
Their ſail directed for the Samian coaſt,
A ſmall but verdant iſle appear'd in view,
And Aſteris th' advancing pilot knew:
An ample port the rocks projected form,
To break the rolling waves, and ruffling ſtorm:
That ſafe receſs they gain with happy ſpeed,
And in cloſe ambuſh wait the murderous deed.

THE

THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE DEPARTURE OF ULYSSES FROM CALYPSO.

PALLAS in a council of the Gods complains of the detention of Ulyſſes in the iſland of Calypſo; whereupon Mercury is ſent to command his removal. The ſeat of Calypſo deſcribed. She conſents with much difficulty; and Ulyſſes builds a veſſel with his own hands, on which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempeſt, in which he is ſhipwrecked, and in the laſt danger of death: till Leucothea, a Sea Goddeſs, aſſiſts him, and, after innumerable perils, he gets aſhore on Phæacia.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK V.

THE ſaffron morn, with early bluſhes ſpread,
Now roſe refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of Heaven with ſacred light.
Then met th' eternal ſynod of the ſky,
Before the God who thunders from on high,
Supreme in might, ſublime in majeſty.
Pallas, to theſe, deplores th' unequal fates
Of wiſe Ulyſſes, and his toils relates:
Her hero's danger touch'd the pitying Power,
The nymph's ſeducements, and the magic bower.
Thus ſhe began her plaint: Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the bliſsful ſeats above!
Let kings no more with gentle mercy ſway,
Or bleſs a people willing to obey,
But cruſh the nations with an iron rod,
And every monarch be the ſcourge of God:
If from your thoughts Ulyſſes you remove,
Who rul'd his ſubjects with a father's love.
Sole in an iſle, encircled by the main,
Abandon'd, baniſh'd from his native reign,
Unbleſt he ſighs, detain'd by lawleſs charms,
And preſs'd unwilling in Calypſo's arms.

Nor friends are there, nor veſſels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeaſurable way.
And now fierce traitors, ſtudious to deſtroy
His only ſon, their ambuſh'd fraud employ;
Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To ſacred Pylos and to Sparta came.
What words are theſe, (reply'd the Power who forms
The clouds of night, and darkens Heaven with ſtorms)
Is not already in thy ſoul decreed,
The chief's return ſhall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot wiſdom do? Thou may'ſt reſtore
The ſon in ſafety to his native ſhore;
While the fell foes, who late in ambuſh lay,
With fraud defeated, meaſure back their way.
Then thus to Hermes the command was given:
Hermes, thou choſen meſſenger of heaven!
Go, to the nymph be theſe our orders borne:
'Tis Jove's decree, Ulyſſes ſhall return:
The patient man ſhall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding Gods:
In twice ten days ſhall fertile Sheria find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold Phæacians there, whoſe haughty line
Is mix'd with Gods, half human, half divine,
The chief ſhall honour as ſome heavenly gueſt,
And ſwift tranſport him to his place of reſt.
His veſſels loaded with a plenteous ſtore
Of braſs, of veſtures, and refplendent ore
(A richer prize than if his joyful iſle
Receiv'd him charg'd with Ilion's noble ſpoil).

His

His friends, his country, he ſhall ſee, though late;
Such is our ſovereign will, and ſuch is fate.
He ſpoke. The God who mounts the winged winds
Faſt to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high through fields of air his flight ſuſtain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main.
He graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye:
Then ſhoots from heaven to high Pieria's ſteep,
And ſtoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So watery fowl, that ſeek their fiſhy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
Now ſailing ſmooth the level ſurface ſweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
Till now the diſtant iſland roſe in view:
Then, ſwift aſcending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot, in which the nymph he found
(The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty crown'd);
She ſate, and ſung: the rocks reſound her lays;
The cave was brighten'd with a riſing blaze:
Cedar and frankincenſe, an odorous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the iſle;
While ſhe with work and ſong the time divides,
And through the loom the golden ſhuttle guides.
Without the grot a various ſylvan ſcene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,
And nodding cypreſs form'd a fragrant ſhade;

On whoſe high branches, waving with the ſtorm,
The birds of broadeſt wing their manſion form,
The chough, the ſea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And ſcream aloft, and ſkim the deeps below.
Depending vines the ſhelving cavern ſcreen,
With purple cluſters bluſhing through the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts diſtil;
And every fountain pours a ſeveral rill,
In mazy windings wandering down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.
A ſcene, where if a God ſhould caſt his ſight,
A God might gaze, and wander with delight!
Joy touch'd the meſſenger of heaven: he ſtay'd
Entranc'd, and all the bliſsful haunt ſurvey'd.
Him, entering in the cave, Calypſo knew;
For Powers celeſtial to each other's view
Stand ſtill confeſt, though diſtant far they lie
To habitants of earth, or ſea, or ſky.
But ſad Ulyſſes, by himſelf apart,
Pour'd the big ſorrows of his ſwelling heart;
All on the lonely ſhore he ſate to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the reſtleſs deep;
Tow'rd his lov'd coaſt he roll'd his eyes in vain,
Till, dimm'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.
Now graceful ſeated on her ſhining throne,
To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun:
God of the golden wand! on what beheſt
Arriv'ſt thou here, an unexpected gueſt?
Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;
'Tis mine, with joy and duty to obey.

Till

Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taſte the dainties of my bower.
Thus having ſpoke, the nymph the table ſpread
(Ambroſial cates, with nectar roſy-red);
Hermes the hoſpitable rite partook,
Divine refection! then, recruited, ſpoke:
What mov'd this journey from my native ſky,
A Goddeſs aſks, nor can a God deny:
Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command,
Unwilling, have I trod this pleaſing land;
For who, ſelf-mov'd, with weary wing would ſweep
Such length of ocean and unmeaſur'd deep:
A world of waters! far from all the ways
Where men frequent, or ſacred altars blaze?
But to Jove's will ſubmiſſion we muſt pay;
What power ſo great, to dare to diſobey?
A man, he ſays, a man reſides with thee,
Of all his kind moſt worn with miſery:
The Greeks (whoſe arms for nine long years employ'd
Their force in Ilion, in the tenth deſtroy'd)
At length embarking in a luckleſs hour,
With conqueſt proud, incens'd Minerva's power:
Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd
With ſtorms purſued them through the liquid world.
There all his veſſels ſunk beneath the wave!
There all his dear companions found their grave!
Sav'd from the jaws of death by Heaven's decree,
The tempeſt drove him to theſe ſhores and thee.
Him, Jove now orders to his native lands
Straight to diſmiſs; ſo deſtiny commands:

Impatient fate his near return attends,
And calls him to his country and his friends.
Ev'n to her inmoſt ſoul the Goddeſs ſhook;
Then thus her anguiſh and her paſſion broke:
Ungracious Gods! with ſpite and envy curſt!
Still to your own æthereal race the worſt!
Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
And love, the only ſweet of life, deſtroy.
Did ever Goddeſs by her charms engage
A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
So when Aurora ſought Orion's love,
Her joys diſturb'd your bliſsful hours above,
Till, in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
Had pierc'd the hapleſs hunter to the heart.
So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
Saw ſtately Ceres to her paſſion yield,
Scarce could Iäſion taſte her heavenly charms,
But Jove's ſwift lightning ſcorch'd him in her arms.
And is it now my turn, ye mighty powers!
Am I the envy of your bliſsful bowers?
A man, an outcaſt to the ſtorm and wave,
It was my crime to pity, and to ſave;
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
And ſunk his brave companions in the main.
Alone, abandon'd, in mid-ocean toſt,
The ſport of winds, and driven from every coaſt,
Hither this man of miſeries I led,
Receiv'd the friendleſs, and the hungry fed;
Nay promis'd (vainly promis'd) to beſtow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.

'Tis

'Tis paſt—and Jove decrees he ſhall remove;
Gods as we are, we are but ſlaves to Jove.
Go then he may (he muſt, if He ordain,
Try all thoſe dangers, all thoſe deeps, again):
But never, never ſhall Calypſo ſend
To toils like theſe, her huſband and her friend.
What ſhips have I, what ſailors to convey,
What oars to cut the long laborious way?
Yet, I'll direct the ſafeſt means to go:
That laſt advice is all I can beſtow.
To her, the Power who bears the charming rod:
Diſmiſs the Man, nor irritate the God;
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,
For what ſo dreadful as the wrath of Jove?
Thus having ſaid, he cut the cleaving ſky,
And in a moment vaniſh'd from her eye.
The nymph, obedient to divine command,
To ſeek Ulyſſes, pac'd along the ſand.
Him penſive on the lonely beach ſhe found,
With ſtreaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native ſhore:
For now the ſoft enchantreſs pleas'd no more:
For now, reluctant, and conſtrain'd by charms,
Abſent he lay in her deſiring arms,
In ſlumber wore the heavy night away,
On rocks and ſhores conſum'd the tedious day;
There ſate all deſolate, and ſigh'd alone,
With echoing ſorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the reſtleſs main,
Till, dimm'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.

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and gently grasp'd his hand, and thus reply'd:

This

This ſhows thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought,
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wiſe!
But hear, O earth! and hear ye ſacred ſkies!
And thou, O Styx! whoſe formidable floods
Glide through the ſhades, and bind th' atteſting Gods!
No form'd deſign, no meditated end,
Lurks in the counſel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the perſuaſion, and ſincere my aim;
The ſame my practice, were my fate the ſame.
Heaven has not curſt me with a heart of ſteel,
But given the ſenſe, to pity, and to feel.
Thus having ſaid, the Goddeſs march'd before:
He trod her footſteps in the ſandy ſhore.
At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their ſtate;
He fill'd the throne where Mercury had ſate,
For him, the nymph a rich repaſt ordains,
Such as the mortal life of man ſuſtains;
Before herſelf were plac'd the cates divine,
Ambroſial banquet, and celeſtial wine.
Their hunger ſatiate, and their thirſt repreſt,
Thus ſpoke Calypſo to her god-like gueſt:
Ulyſſes! (with a ſigh ſhe thus began)
O ſprung from Gods! in Wiſdom more than man!
Is then thy home the paſſion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part?
Farewell! and ever joyful may'ſt thou be,
Nor break the tranſport with one thought of me.
But ah, Ulyſſes! wert thou given to know
What Fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;

Thy heart might ſettle in this ſcene of eaſe,
And ev'n theſe ſlighted charms might learn to pleaſe.
A willing Goddeſs and immortal life
Might baniſh from thy mind an abſent wife.
Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
Leſs ſoft my feature, leſs auguſt my frame?
Or ſhall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heavenly fair?
  Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)
Againſt Ulyſſes ſhall thy anger riſe?
Lov'd and ador'd, oh Goddeſs! as thou art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a human heart.
Though well I ſee thy graces far above
The dear, though mortal, object of my love,
Of youth eternal well the difference know,
And the ſhort date of fading charms below;
Yet every day, while abſent thus I roam,
I languiſh to return and die at home.
Whate'er the Gods ſhall deſtine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the watery war,
'Tis mine to maſter with a conſtant mind;
Enur'd to perils, to the worſt reſign'd.
By ſeas, by wars, ſo many dangers run;
Still I can ſuffer: their high will be done!
  Thus while he ſpoke, the beamy ſun deſcends,
And riſing night her friendly ſhade extends.
To the cloſe grot the lonely pair remove,
And ſlept delighted with the gifts of love.
When roſy morning call'd them from their reſt,
Ulyſſes rob'd him in the cloak and veſt.

The

The nymph's fair head a veil tranſparent grac'd,
Her ſwelling loins a radiant zone embrac'd
With flowers of gold: an under robe, unbound,
In ſnowy waves flow'd glittering on the ground.
Forth iſſuing thus, ſhe gave him firſt to wield
A weighty ax with trueſt temper ſteel'd,
And double edg'd; the handle ſmooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's eaſy grain;
And next, a wedge to drive with ſweepy ſway:
Then to the neighbouring foreſt led the way.
On the lone iſland's utmoſt verge there ſtood
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whoſe leafleſs ſummits to the ſkies aſpire,
Scorch'd by the ſun, or ſear'd by heavenly fire
(Already dry'd). Theſe pointing out to view,
The nymph juſt ſhew'd him, and with tears withdrew.
Now toils the hero; trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him, and the foreſt groan:
Sudden, full twenty on the plain are ſtrow'd,
And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.
At equal angles theſe diſpos'd to join,
He ſmooth'd and ſquar'd them, by the rule and line.
(The wimbles for the work Calypſo found)
With thoſe he pierc'd them, and with clinchers bound.
Long and capacious as a ſhipwright forms
Some bark's broad bottom to out-ride the ſtorms,
So large he built the raft: then ribb'd it ſtrong
From ſpace to ſpace, and nail'd the planks along;
Theſe form'd the ſides: the deck he faſhion'd laſt;
Then o'er the veſſel rais'd the taper maſt,

With

With croſſing ſail-yards dancing in the wind;
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd
(With yielding oſiers fenc'd, to break the force
Of ſurging waves, and ſteer the ſteady courſe).
Thy loom, Calypſo! for the future ſails
Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales.
With ſtays and cordage laſt he rigg'd the ſhip,
And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep.
Four days were paſt, and now the work complete,
Shone the fifth morn: when from her ſacred ſeat
The nymph diſmiſt him, (odorous garments given)
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of Heaven:
Then fill'd two goat-ſkins with her hands divine,
With water one, and one with ſable wine:
Of every kind, proviſions heav'd aboard;
And the full decks with copious viands ſtor'd.
The Goddeſs, laſt, a gentle breeze ſupplies,
To curl old ocean, and to warm the ſkies.
And now, rejoicing in the proſperous gales,
With beating heart, Ulyſſes ſpreads his ſails;
Plac'd at the helm he ſate, and mark'd the ſkies,
Nor clos'd in ſleep his ever-watchful eyes.
There view'd the Pleiads, and the Northern Team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the ſky
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye:
Who ſhines exalted on th' æthereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Far on the left thoſe radiant fires to keep
The nymph directed, as he ſail'd the deep.

Full

Full ſeventeen nights he cut the foamy way:
The diſtant land appear'd the following day:
Then ſwell'd to ſight Phæacia's duſky coaſt,
And woody mountains, half in vapours loſt:
That lay before him, indiſtinct and vaſt,
Like a broad ſhield amid the watery waſte.

But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solyme's aërial brow,
The King of Ocean ſaw, and ſeeing burn'd
(From Æthiopia's happy climes return'd);
The raging monarch ſhook his azure head,
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſaid:

Heavens! how uncertain are the Powers on high?
Is then revers'd the ſentence of the ſky,
In one man's favour; while a diſtant gueſt
I ſhar'd ſecure the Æthiopian feaſt?
Behold how near Phæacia's land he draws!
The land, affix'd by Fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?
No; if this ſceptre yet commands the main.

He ſpoke, and high the forky trident hurl'd
Rolls clouds on clouds, and ſtirs the watery world,
At once the face of earth and ſea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouſes all the ſtorms.
Down ruſh'd the night: eaſt, weſt, together roar;
And ſouth, and north, roll mountains to the ſhore;
Then ſhook the hero, to deſpair reſign'd,
And queſtion'd thus his yet unconquer'd mind:

Wretch that I am! what farther fates attend
This life of toils, and what my deſtin'd end?

Too

Too well, alas! the Iſland Goddeſs knew,
On the black ſea what perils ſhould enſue.
New horrors now this deſtin'd head encloſe;
Unfill'd is yet the meaſure of my woes;
With what a cloud the brows of Heaven are crown'd!
What raging winds! what roaring waters round!
'Tis Jove himſelf the ſwelling tempeſts rears;
Death, preſent death, on every ſide appears.
Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle ſlain,
Preſt, in Atrides' cauſe, the Trojan plain:
Oh! had I dy'd before that well-fought wall;
Had ſome diſtinguiſh'd day renown'd my fall
(Such as was that, when ſhowers of javelins fled
From conquering Troy around Achilles dead);
All Greece had paid me ſolemn funerals then,
And ſpread my glory with the ſons of men.
A ſhameful fate now hides my hapleſs head,
Un-wept, un-noted, and for ever dead!

A mighty wave ruſh'd o'er him as he ſpoke,
The raft it cover'd, and the maſt it broke;
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
Far on the ſwelling ſurge the chief was borne:
While by the howling tempeſt rent in twain
Flew ſail and ſail-yards rattling o'er the main.
Long preſs'd, he heav'd beneath the weighty wave
Clogg'd by the cumbrous veſt Calypſo gave:
At length, emerging from his noſtrils wide
And guſhing mouth, effus'd the briny tide,
Ev'n then not mindleſs of his laſt retreat,
He ſeiz'd the raft, and leapt into his ſeat,

Sti

Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is caft
Now to, now fro, before th' autumnal blaft;
Together clung, it rolls around the field;
So roll'd the float, and ſo its texture held:
And now the ſouth, and now the north, bear ſway,
And now the eaſt the foamy floods obey,
And now the weſt-wind whirls it o'er the ſea.
The wandering chief, with toils on toils oppreſt,
Leucothea ſaw, and pity touch'd her breaſt
(Herſelf a mortal once, of Cadmus' ſtrain,
But now an azure ſiſter of the main).
Swift as a ſea-mew ſpringing from the flood,
All radiant on the raft the Goddeſs ſtood:
Then thus addreſs'd him: Thou, whom Heaven decrees
To Neptune's wrath, ſtern tyrant of the ſeas,
(Unequal conteſt! not his rage and power,
Great as he is, ſuch virtue ſhall devour.
What I ſuggeſt, thy wiſdom will perform;
Forſake thy float, and leave it to the ſtorm;
Strip off thy garments; Neptune's fury brave
With naked ſtrength, and plunge into the wave.
To reach Phæacia all thy nerves extend,
There Fate decrees thy miſeries ſhall end.
This heavenly ſcarf beneath thy boſom bind,
And live; give all thy terrors to the wind.
Soon as thy arms the happy ſhore ſhall gain,
Return the gift, and caſt it in the main;
Obſerve my orders, and with heed obey,
Caſt it far off, and turn thy eyes away.

With that, her hand the ſacred veil beſtows,
Then down the deeps ſhe div'd from whence ſhe roſe;
A moment ſnatch'd the ſhining form away,
And all was cover'd with the curling ſea.
Struck with amaze, yet ſtill to doubt inclin'd,
He ſtands ſuſpended, and explores his mind.
What ſhall I do? Unhappy me! who knows
But other Gods intend me other woes?
Whoe'er thou art, I ſhall not blindly join
Thy pleaded reaſon, but conſult with mine:
For ſcarce in ken appears that diſtant iſle
Thy voice foretels me ſhall conclude my toil.
Thus then I judge; while yet the planks ſuſtain
The wild waves fury, here I fix'd remain:
But when their texture to the tempeſts yields,
I lanch adventurous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of Gods the ſtrength of man,
And take this method, ſince the beſt I can.
While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
The raging God a watery mountain roll'd;
Like a black ſheet the whelming billow ſpread,
Burſt o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, beams, diſparted fly: the ſcatter'd wood
Rolls diverſe, and in fragments ſtrows the flood.
So the rude Boreas, o'er the field new-ſhorn,
Toſſes and drives the ſcatter'd heaps of corn.
And now a ſingle beam the chief beſtrides;
There pois'd a while above the bounding tides,
His limbs diſcumbers of the clinging veſt,
And binds the ſacred cincture round his breaſt:

Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and ſhot the ſeas along.
All naked now, on heaving billows laid,
Stern Neptune ey'd him, and contemptuous ſaid:
Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes eſſay!
Go, wander helpleſs on the watery way:
Thus, thus find out the deſtin'd ſhore, and then
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.
Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raiſe
Shall laſt remember'd in thy beſt of days.
This ſaid, his ſea-green ſteeds divide the foam,
And reach high Ægæ and the towery dome.
Now, ſcarce withdrawn the fierce earth-ſhaking power,
Jove's daughter, Pallas, watch'd the favouring hour,
Back to their caves ſhe bade the winds to fly,
And huſh'd the bluſtering brethren of the ſky.
The drier blaſts alone of Boreas ſway,
And bear him ſoft on broken waves away;
With gentle force impelling to that ſhore,
Where Fate has deſtin'd he ſhall toil no more.
And now two nights, and now two days were paſt,
Since wide he wander'd on the watery waſte:
Heav'd on the ſurge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of death.
The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the main;
Then glaſſy ſmooth lay all the liquid plain;
The winds were huſh'd, the billows ſcarcely curl'd,
And a dead ſilence ſtill'd the watery world;
When lifted on a ridgy wave he ſpies
The land at diſtance, and with ſharpen'd eyes.

As pious children joy with vaſt delight
When a lov'd ſire revives before their ſight
(Who, lingering long has call'd on death in vain,
Fix'd by ſome dæmon to his bed of pain,
Till Heaven by miracle his life reſtore);
So joys Ulyſſes at th' appearing ſhore,
And ſees (and labours onward as he ſees)
The riſing foreſts, and the tufted trees.
And now, as near approaching as the ſound
Of human voice the liſtening ear may wound,
Amidſt the rocks he hears a hollow roar
Of murmuring ſurges breaking on the ſhore:
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To ſhield the veſſel from the rolling ſea,
But cliffs, and ſhaggy ſhores, a dreadful ſight!
All-rough with rocks, with foamy billows white.
Fear ſeiz'd his ſlacken'd limbs and beating heart;
As thus commun'd he with his ſoul apart:
Ah me! when, o'er a length of waters toſt,
Theſe eyes at laſt behold th' unhop'd-for coaſt,
No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.
Above, ſharp rocks forbid acceſs; around,
Roar the wild waves; beneath is ſea profound!
No footing ſure affords the faithleſs ſand,
To ſtem too rapid, and too deep to ſtand.
If here I enter, my efforts are vain,
Dath'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main;
Or round the iſland if my courſe I bend,
Where the ports open, or the ſhores deſcend,

Back to the ſeas the rolling ſurge may ſweep,
And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.
Or ſome enormous whale the God may ſend,
(For many ſuch on Amphitrite attend)
Too well the turns of moral chance I know,
And hate relentleſs of my heavenly foe.

While thus he thought, a monſtrous wave upbore
The chief, and daſh'd him on the craggy ſhore:
Torn was his ſkin, nor had the ribs been whole,
But inſtant Pallas enter'd in his ſoul.
Cloſe to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
And ſtuck adherent, and ſuſpended hung;
Till the huge ſurge roll'd off: then, backward ſweep
The refluent tides, and plunge him in the deep.
As when the Polypus, from forth his cave
Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave;
His ragged claws are ſtuck with ſtones and ſands:
So the rough rock had ſhagg'd Ulyſſes' hands.
And now had periſh'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
Th' unhappy man: ev'n Fate had been in vain:
But all-ſubduing Pallas lent her power,
And prudence ſav'd him in the needful hour.
Beyond the beating ſurge his courſe he bore,
(A wider circle, but in ſight of ſhore)
With longing eyes, obſerving, to ſurvey
Some ſmooth aſcent, or ſafe-ſequeſter'd bay.
Between the parting rocks at length he ſpy'd
A falling ſtream with gentler waters glide;
Where to the ſeas the ſhelving ſhore declin'd,
And form'd a bay impervious to the wind.

To this calm port the glad Ulyſſes preſt,
And hail'd the river, and its God addreſt:
Whoe'er thou art, before whoſe ſtream unknown
I bend, a ſuppliant at thy watery throne,
Hear, azure king! nor let me fly in vain
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heaven hears and pities hapleſs men like me,
For ſacred ev'n to Gods is miſery:
Let then thy waters give the weary reſt,
And ſave a ſuppliant, and a man diſtreſt.
He pray'd, and ſtraight the gentle ſtream ſubſides,
Detains the ruſhing current of his tides,
Before the wanderer ſmooths the watery way,
And ſoft receives him from the rolling ſea.
That moment, fainting as he touch'd the ſhore,
He dropt his ſinewy arms: his knees no more
Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld:
His ſwoln heart heav'd; his bloated body ſwell'd:
From mouth and noſe the briny torrent ran;
And loſt in laſſitude lay all the man,
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The ſoul ſcarce waking in the arms of death.
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief Leucothea's ſcarf unbound;
Obſervant of her word, he turn'd aſide
His head, and caſt it on the rolling tide.
Behind him far, upon the purple waves
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.
Now parting from the ſtream, Ulyſſes found
A moſſy bank, with pliant ruſhes crown'd!
The bank he preſs'd, and gently kiſs'd the ground;

Where

Where on the flowery herb as ſoft he lay,
Thus to his ſoul the ſage began to ſay:
What will ye next ordain, ye Powers on high?
And yet, ah! yet, what Fates are we to try?
Here by the ſtream, if I the night out-wear,
Thus ſpent already, how ſhall nature bear
The dews deſcending, and nocturnal air;
Or chilly vapours, breathing from the flood
When morning riſes?—If I take the wood,
And in thick ſhelter of innumerous boughs
Enjoy the comfort gentle ſleep allows;
Though fenc'd from cold, and though my toil be paſt,
What ſavage beaſts may wander in the waſte!
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
To prowling bears, or lions in the way.
Thus long debating in himſelf he ſtood:
At length he took the paſſage to the wood,
Whoſe ſhady horrors on a riſing brow
Wav'd high, and frown'd upon the ſtream below.
There grew two olives, cloſeſt of the grove,
With roots intwin'd, and branches interwove;
Alike their leaves, but not alike they ſmil'd
With ſiſter fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
Nor here the ſun's meridian rays had power,
Nor wind ſharp-piercing, nor the ruſhing ſhower;
The verdant arch ſo cloſe its texture kept:
Beneath this covert great Ulyſſes crept.
Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made
(Thick ſtrown by tempeſt through the bowery ſhade);
Where three at leaſt might winter's cold defy,
Though Boreas rag'd along th' inclement ſky.

This ſtore, with joy the patient hero found,
And, ſunk amidſt them, heap'd the leaves around.
As ſome poor peaſant, fated to reſide
Remote from neighbours in a foreſt wide,
Studious to ſave what human wants require,
In embers heap'd, preſerves the ſeeds of fire:
Hid in dry foliage thus Ulyſſes lies,
Till Pallas pour'd ſoft ſlumbers on his eyes;
And golden dreams (the gift of ſweet repoſe)
Lull'd all his cares, and baniſh'd all his woes.

THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

PALLAS, appearing in a dream to Nauſicaa (the daughter of Alcinous king of Phæacia), commands her to deſcend to the river, and waſh the robes of ſtate, in preparation to her nuptials. Nauſicaa goes with her handmaids to the river; where, while the garments are ſpread on the bank, they divert themſelves in ſports. Their voices awake Ulyſſes, who, addreſſing himſelf to the princeſs, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in what manner to apply to the king and queen of the iſland.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VI.

WHILE thus the weary wanderer ſunk to reſt,
And peaceful ſlumbers calm'd his anxious breaſt;
The Martial Maid from heaven's aerial height
Swift to Phæacia wing'd her rapid flight.
In elder times the ſoft Phæacian train
In eaſe poſſeſt the wide Hyperian plain;
Till the Cyclopean race in arms aroſe,
A lawleſs nation of gigantic foes:
Then great Nauſithous from Hyperia far,
Through ſeas retreating from the ſound of war,
The recreant nation to fair Scheria led,
Where never ſcience rear'd her laurel'd head:
There, round his tribes a ſtrength of wall he rais'd;
To heaven the glittering domes and temples blaz'd:
Juſt to his realms, he parted grounds from grounds,
And ſhar'd the lands, and gave the lands their bounds.
Now in the ſilent grave the monarch lay,
And wiſe Alcinous held the regal ſway.
To his high palace through the fields of air
The Goddeſs ſhot; Ulyſſes was her care.
There as the night in ſilence roll'd away,
A heaven of charms divine Nauſicaa lay:

Through

Through the thick gloom the ſhining portals blaze;
Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a Grace.
Light as the viewleſs air, the Warriour-Maid
Glides through the valves, and hovers round her head;
A favourite virgin's blooming form ſhe took,
From Dymas ſprung, and thus the viſion ſpoke:
Oh indolent! to waſte thy hours away!
And ſleep'ſt thou careleſs of the bridal day?
Thy ſpouſal ornament neglected lies;
Ariſe, prepare the bridal train, ariſe!
A juſt applauſe the cares of dreſs impart,
And give ſoft tranſport to a parent's heart.
Haſte, to the limpid ſtream direct thy way,
When the gay morn unveils her ſmiling ray:
Haſte to the ſtream! Companion of thy care,
Lo, I thy ſteps attend, thy labours ſhare.
Virgin, awake! the marriage-hour is nigh,
See! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs ſigh!
The royal car at early dawn obtain,
And order mules obedient to the rein;
For rough the way, and diſtant rolls the wave,
Where their fair veſts Phæacian virgins lave.
In pomp ride forth; for pomp becomes the Great,
And majeſty derives a grace from ſtate.
Then to the palaces of heaven ſhe ſails,
Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales:
The ſeat of Gods; the regions mild of peace,
Full joy, and calm eternity of eaſe.
There no rude winds preſume to ſhake the ſkies,
No rains deſcend, no ſnowy vapours riſe;

But

But on immortal thrones the bleſt repoſe:
The firmament with living ſplendours glows.
Hither the Goddeſs wing'd th' aerial way,
Through heaven's eternal gates that blaz'd with day.
Now from her roſy car Aurora ſhed
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red.
Uproſe the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the viſion of the night.
The queen ſhe ſought: the queen her hours beſtow'd
In curious works; the whirling ſpindle glow'd
With crimſon threads, while buſy damſels cull
The ſnowy fleece, or twiſt the purpled wool.
Meanwhile Phæacia's peers in council ſate;
From his high dome the king deſcends in ſtate,
Then with a filial awe the royal maid
Approach'd him paſſing, and ſubmiſſive ſaid:
Will my dread ſire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal car obtain?
Say, with thy garments ſhall I bend my way,
Where through the vales the mazy waters ſtray?
A dignity of dreſs adorns the great,
And kings draw luſtre from the robe of ſtate.
Five ſons thou haſt; three wait the bridal day,
And ſpotleſs robes become the young and gay:
So when with praiſe amid the dance they ſhine,
By theſe my cares adorn'd, that praiſe is mine.
Thus ſhe: but bluſhes ill-reſtrain'd betray
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day:
The conſcious ſire the dawning bluſh ſurvey'd,
And ſmiling thus beſpoke the blooming maid:

My

My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter aſks, we give.
Swift at the royal nod th' attending train
The car prepare, the mules inceſſant rein.
The blooming virgin with diſpatchful cares
Tunicks, and ſtoles, and robes imperial, bears.
The queen, aſſiduous, to her train aſſigns
The ſumptuous viands, and the flavorous wines.
The train prepare a cruiſe of curious mould,
A cruiſe of fragrance, form'd of burniſh'd gold;
Odour divine! whoſe ſoft refreſhing ſtreams
Sleek the ſmooth ſkin, and ſcent the ſnowy limbs.
Now mounting the gay ſeat, the ſilken reins
Shine in her hand: along the ſounding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone;
Around, a bevy of bright damſels ſhone.
They ſeek the ciſterns where Phæacian dames
Waſh their fair garments in the limpid ſtreams;
Where, gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a ſpacious baſon fills.
The mules unharneſs'd range beſide the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the veſtures in the cleanſing wave;
(The veſtures cleans'd o'erſpread the ſhelly ſand,
Their ſnowy luſtre whitens all the ſtrand:)
Then with a ſhort repaſt relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuſe ambroſial oil;
And, while the robes imbibe the ſolar ray,
O'er the green mead the ſporting virgins play

(Their

(Their ſhining veils unbound). Along the ſkies
Toſt, and retoſt, the ball inceſſant flies.
They ſport, they feaſt; Nauſicaa lifts her voice,
And, warbling ſweet, makes earth and heaven rejoice.
As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Taygetus' reſounding groves;
A ſylvan train the huntreſs queen ſurrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her ſhoulder ſounds:
Fierce in the ſport, along the mountain's brow
They bay the boar, or chace the bounding roe:
High o'er the lawn, with more majeſtic pace,
Above the nymphs ſhe treads with ſtately grace;
Diſtinguiſh'd excellence the Goddeſs proves;
Exults Latona, as the virgin moves.
With equal grace Nauſicaa trod the plain,
And ſhone tranſcendent o'er the beauteous train.
Meantime (the care and favourite of the ſkies)
Wrapt in embowering ſhade, Ulyſſes lies,
His woes forgot! but Pallas now addreſt
To break the bands of all-compoſing reſt.
Forth from her ſnowy hand Nauſicaa threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And ſwam the ſtream: loud ſhrieks the virgin train,
And the loud ſhriek redoubles from the main.
Wak'd by the ſhrilling ſound, Ulyſſes roſe,
And, to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his woes:
Ah me! on what inhoſpitable coaſt,
Or what new region, is Ulyſſes toſt:
Poſſeſt by wild barbarians fierce in arms;
Or men, whoſe boſom tender pity warms?

What

What ſounds are theſe that gather from the ſhores:
The voice of nymphs that haunt the ſylvan bowers,
The fair-hair'd Dryads of the ſhady wood;
Or azure daughters of the ſilver flood;
Or human voice? but, iſſuing from the ſhades,
Why ceaſe I ſtraight to learn what ſound invades?
Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous bends
With forceful ſtrength a branch the hero rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture ſpreads
A wreathy foliage and concealing ſhades.
As when a lion in the midnight hours,
Beat by rude blaſts, and wet with wintery ſhowers,
Deſcends terrific from the mountain's brow:
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conſcious ſtrength elate, he bends his way,
Majeſtically fierce, to ſeize his prey
(The ſteer or ſtag): or, with keen hunger bold,
Springs o'er the fence, and diſſipates the fold.
No leſs a terror, from the neighbouring groves
(Rough from the toſſing ſurge) Ulyſſes moves;
Urg'd on by want, and recent from the ſtorms;
The brackiſh ooze his manly grace deforms.
Wide o'er the ſhore with many a piercing cry
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly;
All but the nymph: the nymph ſtood fix'd alone,
By Pallas arm'd with boldneſs not her own.
Meantime in dubious thought the king awaits,
And, ſelf-conſidering, as he ſtands, debates;
Diſtant his mournful ſtory to declare,
Or proſtrate at her knee addreſs the prayer.

But

But fearful to offend, by Wiſdom ſway'd,
At aweful diſtance he accoſts the maid:
If from the ſkies a Goddeſs, or if earth
(Imperial virgin) boaſt thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend! if in that bright diſguiſe
Thou viſit earth, a daughter of the ſkies,
Hail, Dian, hail! the huntreſs of the groves
So ſhines majeſtic, and ſo ſtately moves,
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Bleſt is the father from whoſe loins you ſprung,
Bleſt is the mother at whoſe breaſt you hung,
Bleſt are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To ſuch a miracle of charms ally'd:
Joyful they ſee applauding princes gaze,
When ſtately in the dance you ſwim th' harmonious maze.
But bleſt o'er all, the youth with heavenly charms,
Who claſps the bright perfection in his arms!
Never, I never view'd till this bleſt hour
Such finiſh'd grace! I gaze, and I adore!
Thus ſeems the palm with ſtately honours crown'd
By Phœbus' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground;
The pride of Delos. (By the Delian coaſt,
I voyag'd, leader of a warriour-hoſt,
But ah, how chang'd! from thence my ſorrow flows;
O fatal voyage, ſource of all my woes!)
Raptur'd I ſtood, and, as this hour amaz'd,
With reverence at the lofty wonder gaze:
Raptur'd I ſtand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant ſo ſtately, or a nymph ſo fair.

Aw'd from acceſs, I lift my ſuppliant hands;
For miſery, O queen, before thee ſtands!
Twice ten tempeſtuous nights I roll'd, reſign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heaven bade the deep to ſpare! but Heaven, my foe,
Spares only to inflict ſome mightier woe!
Inur'd to cares, to death in all its forms;
Outcaſt I rove, familiar with the ſtorms!
Once more I view the face of human-kind:
Oh, let ſoft pity touch thy generous mind!
Unconſcious of what air I breathe, I ſtand
Naked, defenceleſs, on a foreign land.
Propitious to my wants, a veſt ſupply
To guard the wretched from th' inclement ſky:
So may the Gods, who heaven and earth control,
Crown the chaſte wiſhes of thy virtuous ſoul,
On thy ſoft hours their choiceſt bleſſings ſhed;
Bleſt with a huſband be thy bridal bed;
Bleſt be thy huſband with a blooming race,
And laſting union crown your bliſsful days.
The Gods, when they ſupremely bleſs, beſtow
Firm union on their favourites below:
Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate;
The good exult, and Heaven is in our ſtate.

To whom the nymph: O ſtranger, ceaſe thy care;
Wiſe is thy ſoul, but man is born to bear:
Jove weighs affairs of earth, in dubious ſcales,
And the good ſuffers, while the bad prevails:
Bear, with a ſoul reſign'd, the will of Jove;
Who breathes, muſt mourn: thy woes are from above.

But since thou tread'ſt our hoſpitable ſhore,
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,
To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide—
Know, the Phæacian tribes this land divide;
From great Alcinous' royal loins I ſpring,
A happy nation, and an happy king.
Then to her maids: Why, why, ye coward train,
Theſe fears, this flight? Ye fear, and fly in vain.
Dread ye a foe? diſmiſs that idle dread,
'Tis death with hoſtile ſteps theſe ſhores to tread:
Safe in the love of Heaven, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;
'Tis ours this ſon of ſorrow to relieve,
Chear the ſad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
By Jove the ſtranger and the poor are ſent;
And what to thoſe we give, to Jove is lent.
Then food ſupply, and bathe his fainting limbs
Where waving ſhades obſcure the mazy ſtreams.
Obedient to the call, the chief they guide
To the calm current of the ſecret tide;
Cloſe by the ſtream a royal dreſs they lay,
A veſt and robe, with rich embroidery gay:
Then unguents in a vaſe of gold ſupply,
That breath'd a fragrance through the balmy ſky.
To them the king: No longer I detain
Your friendly care: retire, ye virgin train!
Retire, while from my weary'd limbs I lave
The foul pollution of the briny wave:
Ye Gods! ſince this worn frame refection knew,
What ſcenes have I ſurvey'd of dreadful view!

But, nymphs, recede! ſage chaſtity denies
To raiſe the bluſh, or pain the modeſt eyes.
The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide
Active he bounds; the flaſhing waves divide:
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuſe,
And from his locks compreſs the weedy ooze;
The balmy oil, a fragrant ſhower, he ſheds;
Then, dreſt, in pomp magnificently treads.
The Warriour Goddeſs gives his frame to ſhine
With majeſty enlarg'd, and air divine:
Back from his brows a length of hair unfurls,
His hyacinthine locks deſcend in wavy curls.
As by ſome artiſt, to whom Vulcan gives
His ſkill divine, a breathing ſtatue lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And o'er the ſilver pours the fuſile gold.
So Pallas his heroic frame improves
With heavenly bloom, and like a God he moves.
A fragrance breathes around: majeſtic grace
Attends his ſteps: th' aſtoniſh'd virgins gaze.
Soft he reclines along the murmuring ſeas,
Inhaling freſhneſs from the fanning breeze.
The wondering nymph his glorious port ſurvey'd,
And to her damſels, with amazement, ſaid:
Not without care divine the ſtranger treads
This land of joy: his ſteps ſome Godhead leads:
Would Jove deſtroy him, ſure he had been driven
Far from this realm, the favourite iſle of Heaven.
Late a ſad ſpectacle of woe, he trod
The deſart ſands, and now he looks a God.

Oh,

Oh, Heaven! in my connubial hour decree
This man my ſpouſe, or ſuch a ſpouſe as he!
But haſte, the viands and the bowl provide—
The maids the viands, and the bowl ſupply'd:
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,
And with the generous vintage thirſt aſſwag'd.
Now on return her care Nauſicaa bends,
The robes reſumes, the glittering car aſcends,
Far blooming o'er the field: and as ſhe preſs'd
The ſplendid ſeat, the liſtening chief addreſs'd:
Stranger, ariſe! the ſun rolls down the day,
Lo! to the palace I direct the way:
Where in high ſtate the nobles of the land
Attend my royal ſire, a radiant band.
But hear, though Wiſdom in thy ſoul preſides,
Speaks from thy tongue, and every action guides;
Advance at diſtance, while I paſs the plain
Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain:
Alone I re-aſcend—With airy mounds
A ſtrength of wall the guarded city bounds:
The jutting land two ample bays divides;
Full through the narrow mouths deſcend the tides:
The ſpacious baſons arching rocks encloſe,
A ſure defence from every ſtorm that blows.
Cloſe to the bay great Neptune's fane adjoins;
And near, a forum flank'd with marble ſhines,
Where the bold youth, the numerous fleets to ſtore,
Shape the broad ſail, or ſmooth the taper oar:
For not the bow they bend, nor boaſt the ſkill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;

But the tall maſt above the veſſel rear,
Or teach the fluttering ſail to float in air.
They ruſh into the deep with eager joy,
Climb the ſteep ſurge, and through the tempeſt fly;
A proud, unpoliſh'd race—To me belongs
The care to ſhun the blaſt of ſlanderous tongues;
Leſt malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with vile cenſure taint my ſpotleſs name:
"What ſtranger this whom thus Nauſicaa leads?
"Heavens, with what graceful majeſty he treads!
"Perhaps a native of ſome diſtant ſhore,
"The future conſort of her bridal hour;
"Or rather ſome deſcendant of the ſkies;
"Won by her prayers, th' aërial bridegroom flies.
"Heaven on that hour his choiceſt influence ſhed,
"That gave a foreign ſpouſe to crown her bed!
"All, all the god-like worthies that adorn
"This realm, ſhe flies: Phæacia is her ſcorn."
And juſt the blame; for female innocence
Not only flies the guilt, but ſhuns th' offence:
Th' unguarded virgin, as unchaſte, I blame;
And the leaſt freedom with the ſex is ſhame,
Till our conſenting ſires a ſpouſe provide,
And public nuptials juſtify the bride.
But would'ſt thou ſoon review thy native plain,
Attend, and ſpeedy thou ſhalt paſs the main:
Nigh where a grove with verdant poplars crown'd,
To Pallas ſacred, ſhades the holy ground,
We bend our way: a bubbling fount diſtils
A lucid lake, and thence deſcends in rills;

Around

Around the grove a mead with lively green
Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous ſcene;
Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours;
And there the garden yields a waſte of flowers.
Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear
Floats a ſtrong ſhout along the waves of air.
There wait embower'd, while I aſcend alone
To great Alcinous on his royal throne.
Arriv'd, advance impatient of delay,
And to the lofty palace bend thy way:
The lofty palace overlooks the town,
From every dome by pomp ſuperior known;
A child may point the way. With earneſt gait
Seek thou the queen along the rooms of ſtate;
Her royal hand a wondrous work deſigns,
Around a circle of bright damſels ſhines,
Part twiſt the threads, and part the wool diſpoſe,
While with the purple orb the ſpindle glows.
High on a throne, amid the Scherian powers,
My royal father ſhares the genial hours:
But to the queen thy mournful tale diſcloſe,
With the prevailing eloquence of woes:
So ſhalt thou view with joy thy natal ſhore,
Though mountains riſe between, and oceans roar.
She added not, but waving as ſhe wheel'd
The ſilver ſcourge, it glitter'd o'er the field:
With ſkill the virgin guides th' embroider'd rein,
Slow rolls the car before th' attending train.
Now whirling down the heavens, the golden day
Shot through the weſtern clouds a dewy ray;

The grove they reach, where from the ſacred ſhade
To Pallas thus the penſive hero pray'd.
Daughter of Jove! whoſe arms in thunder wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield;
Forſook by thee, in vain I fought thy aid
When booming billows clos'd above my head:
Attend, unconquer'd Maid! accord my vows,
Bid the great hear, and pitying heal my woes.
This heard Minerva, but forbore to fly
(By Neptune aw'd) apparent from the ſky:
Stern God! who rag'd with vengeance unreſtrain'd,
Till great Ulyſſes hail'd his native land.

THE

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE COURT OF ALCINOUS.

THE Princeſs Nauſicaa returns to the city, and Ulyſſes ſoon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to addreſs the queen Arete. She then involves him in a miſt, which cauſes him to paſs inviſible. The palace and gardens of Alcinous deſcribed. Ulyſſes falling at the feet of the queen, the miſt diſperſes, the Phæacians admire, and receive him with reſpect. The queen enquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinous his departure from Calypſo, and his arrival on their dominions.

The ſame day continues, and the Book ends with the night.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VII.

THE patient, heavenly man thus ſuppliant pray'd;
While the ſlow mules draw on th' imperial maid:
Through the proud ſtreet ſhe moves, the public gaze:
The turning wheel before the palace ſtays.
With ready love her brothers gathering round,
Receiv'd the veſtures, and the mules unbound.
She ſeeks the bridal bower: a matron there
The riſing fire ſupplies with buſy care,
Whoſe charms in youth her father's heart inflam'd,
Now worn with age, Eurymeduſa nam'd:
The captive dame Phæacian rovers bore,
Snatch'd from Epirus, her ſweet native ſhore,
(A grateful prize) and in her bloom beſtow'd
On good Alcinous, honour'd as a God:
Nurſe of Nauſicaa from her infant years,
And tender ſecond to a mother's cares.
Now from the ſacred thicket where he lay,
To town Ulyſſes took the winding way.
Propitious Pallas, to ſecure her care,
Around him ſpread a veil of thicken'd air;
To ſhun th' encounter of the vulgar croud,
Inſulting ſtill, inquiſitive and loud.

When

When near the fam'd Phæacian walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
His ſtep a virgin met, and ſtood before:
A poliſh'd urn the ſeeming virgin bore,
And youthful ſmil'd; but in the low diſguiſe
Lay hid the Goddeſs with the azure eyes.
Show me, fair daughter, (thus the chief demands)
The houſe of him who rules theſe happy lands.
Through many woes and wanderings, lo! I come
To good Alcinous' hoſpitable dome.
Far from my native coaſt, I rove alone,
A wretched ſtranger, and of all unknown!
The Goddeſs anſwer'd, Father, I obey,
And point the wandering traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you inquire,
For faſt beſide it dwells my honour'd ſire;
But ſilent march, nor greet the common train
With queſtion needleſs, or enquiry vain,
A race of rugged mariners are theſe;
Unpoliſh'd men, and boiſterous as their ſeas:
The native iſlanders alone their care,
And hateful he who breathes a foreign air.
Theſe did the Ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main;
On canvaſs wings to cut the watery way;
No bird ſo light, no thought ſo ſwift, as they.
Thus having ſpoke, th' unknown Celeſtial leads:
The footſtep of the Deity he treads,
And ſecret moves along the crouded ſpace,
Unſeen of all the rude Phæacian race.

(So

(So Pallas order'd, Pallas to their eyes
The miſt objected, and condens'd the ſkies).
The chief with wonder ſees th' extended ſtreets,
The ſpreading harbours, and the riding fleets;
He next their princes lofty domes admires,
In ſeparate iſlands crown'd with riſing ſpires;
And deep intrenchments, and high walls of ſtone,
That gird the city like a marble zone.
At length the kingly palace-gates he view'd;
There ſtop'd the Goddeſs, and her ſpeech renew'd:
My taſk is done; the manſion you inquire
Appears before you: enter, and admire.
High thron'd, and feaſting, there thou ſhalt behold
The ſceptred rulers. Fear not, but be bold:
A decent boldneſs ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and ev'n a ſtranger recommends.
Firſt to the queen prefer a ſuppliant's claim,
Alcinous' queen, Arete is her name;
The ſame her parents, and her power the ſame.
For know, from Ocean's God Nauſithous ſprung,
And Peribæa, beautiful and young
(Eurymedon's laſt hope, who rul'd of old
The race of giants, impious, proud, and bold;
Periſh'd the nation in unrighteous war,
Periſh'd the prince, and left this only heir).
Who now, by Neptune's amorous power compreſt,
Produc'd a monarch that his people bleſt,
Father and prince of the Phæacian name;
From him Rhexenor and Alcinous came.
The firſt by Phœbus' burning arrows fir'd,
New from his nuptials, hapleſs youth! expir'd.

No

No ſon ſurviv'd: Arete heir'd his ſtate,
And her, Alcinous choſe his royal mate.
With honours yet to womankind unknown,
This queen he graces, and divides the throne:
In equal tenderneſs her ſons conſpire,
And all the children emulate their ſire.
When through the ſtreet ſhe gracious deigns to move,
(The public wonder and the public love)
The tongues of all with tranſport ſound her praiſe,
The eyes of all, as on a Goddeſs, gaze.
She feels the triumph of a generous breaſt;
To heal diviſions, to relieve th' oppreſt;
In virtue rich; in bleſſing others, bleſt.
Go then ſecure, thy humble ſuit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her.
With that the Goddeſs deign'd no longer ſtay,
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way:
Forſaking Scheria's ever-pleaſing ſhore,
The winds to Marathon the Virgin bore;
Thence, where proud Athens rears her towery head,
With opening ſtreets and ſhining ſtructures ſpread,
She paſt, delighted with the well-known ſeats;
And to Erectheus' ſacred dome retreats.
Meanwhile Ulyſſes at the palace waits,
There ſtops, and anxious with his ſoul debates,
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant ſplendors gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day,
The walls were maſſy braſs; the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the ſky:

Rich

Rich plates of gold the folding doors incaſe;
The pillars ſilver, on a brazen baſe;
Silver the lintals deep projecting o'er,
And gold, the ringlets that command the door.
Two rows of ſtately dogs, on either hand,
In ſculptur'd gold and labour'd ſilver ſtand.
Theſe Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And ſtill to live beyond the power of years.
Fair thrones within from ſpace to ſpace were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroidery blaz'd,
The work of matrons: theſe the princeſs preſt,
Day following day, a long continued feaſt.
Refulgent pedeſtals the walls ſurround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The poliſh'd ore, reflecting every ray,
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty handmaids form the houſhold train;
Some turn the mill, or ſift the golden grain;
Some ply the loom; their buſy fingers move
Like poplar-leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.
Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's iſle,
For ſailing arts and all the naval toil,
Than works of female ſkill their women's pride,
The flying ſhuttle through the threads to guide:
Pallas to theſe her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius, and induſtrious arts.
Cloſe to the gates a ſpacious garden lies,
From ſtorms defended and inclement ſkies.

Four acres was th' allotted ſpace of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclofure all around,
Tall thriving trees confeſs'd the fruitful mould;
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flouriſh round the year.
The balmy ſpirit of the weſtern gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear ſupplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs ariſe:
The ſame mild ſeaſon gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening cluſters in the ſun,
Others to tread the liquid harveſt join,
The groaning preſſes foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flower deſcry'd,
Here grapes diſcolour'd on the ſunny ſide,
And there in autumn's richeſt purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the ſcene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole proſpect crown'd;
This through the gardens leads its ſtreams around,
Viſits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town beſtows;

To

To various uſe their various ſtreams they bring,
The people one, and one ſupplies the king.
Such were the glories which the Gods ordain'd,
To grace Alcinous, and his happy land.
Ev'n from the chief who men and nations knew,
Th' unwonted ſcene ſurprize and rapture drew;
In pleaſing thought he ran the proſpect o'er,
Then haſty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace ſtand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;
Prepar'd for reſt, and offering to the * God
Who bears the virtue of the ſleepy rod.
Unſeen he glided through the joyous crowd,
With darkneſs circled, and an ambient cloud.
Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,
And proſtrate fell before th' imperial dame.
Then from around him dropt the veil of night;
Sudden he ſhines, and manifeſt to ſight,
The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppreſt;
Silent they gaze, and eye the god-like gueſt.
Daughter of great Rhexenor! (thus began,
Low at her knees the much-enduring man)
To thee, thy conſort, and this royal train,
To all that ſhare the bleſſings of your reign,
A ſuppliant bends: Oh, pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country ſend,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the Gods your better days increaſe,
And all your joys deſcend on all your race,

So

* *Mercury.*

So reign for ever on your country's breaſt,
Your people bleſſing, by your people bleſt!
Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the aſhes took his place.
Silence enſued. The eldeſt firſt began,
Echenus ſage, a venerable man!
Whoſe well-taught mind the preſent age ſurpaſt,
And join'd to that th' experience of the laſt.
Fit words attended on his weighty ſenſe,
And mild perſuaſion flow'd in eloquence.
O ſight (he cry'd) diſhoneſt and unjuſt!
A gueſt, a ſtranger, ſeated in the duſt!
To raiſe the lowly ſuppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle gueſt to grace,
And ſeat him fair in ſome diſtinguiſh'd place.
Let firſt the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way;
Then ſet the genial banquet in his view,
And give the ſtranger-gueſt a ſtranger's due.
His ſage advice the liſtening king obeys,
He ſtretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raiſe,
And from his ſeat Laodamas remov'd
(The monarch's offspring, and his beſt-belov'd);
There next his ſide the god-like hero ſate;
With ſtars of ſilver ſhone the bed of ſtate.
The golden ewer a beauteous handmaid brings,
Repleniſh'd from the cool tranſlucent ſprings,
Whoſe poliſh'd vaſe with copious ſtreams ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize.

The table next in regal order ſpread,
The glittering caniſters are heap'd with bread:
Viands of various kinds invite the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!
Thus feaſting high, Alcinous gave the ſign,
And bade the herald pour the roſy wine.
Let all around the due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way.
He ſaid. Pontonous heard the king's command;
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:
Each drinks the juice that glads the heart of man.
Alcinous then, with aſpect mild, began:
Princes and peers, attend; while we impart
To you, the thoughts of no inhuman heart.
Now pleas'd and ſatiate from the ſocial rite
Repair we to the bleſſings of the night:
But with the riſing day, aſſembled here,
Let all the elders of the land appear,
Pious obſerve our hoſpitable laws,
And Heaven propitiate in the ſtranger's cauſe:
Then, join'd in council, proper means explore
Safe to tranſport him to the wiſh'd-for ſhore
(How diſtant that, imports not us to know,
Nor weigh the labour, but relieve the woe).
Meantime, nor harm nor anguiſh let him bear:
This interval, Heaven truſts him to our care;
But to his native land our charge reſign'd,
Heaven 's his life to come, and all the woes behind.
Then muſt he ſuffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins *ev'n from the* birth are miſery and man!

But if, deſcended from th' Olympian bower,
Gracious approach us ſome immortal power;
If in that form thou com'ſt a gueſt divine:
Some high event the conſcious Gods deſign.
As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feaſt,
The ſolemn ſacrifice call'd down the gueſt;
Then manifeſt of heaven the viſion ſtood,
And to our eyes familiar was the God.
Oft with ſome favour'd traveller they ſtray,
And ſhine before him all the deſert way:
With ſocial intercourſe, and face to face,
The friends and guardians of our pious race.
So near approach we their celeſtial kind,
By juſtice, truth, and probity of mind:
As our dire neighbours of Cyclopean birth
Match in fierce wrong the Giant-ſons of earth.
Let no ſuch thought (with modeſt grace rejoin'd
The prudent Greek) poſſeſs the royal mind.
Alas! a mortal, like thyſelf, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure ſky:
In form, ah how unlike their heavenly kind!
How more inferior in the gifts of mind!
Alas, a mortal! moſt oppreſt of thoſe
Whom Fate has loaded with a weight of woes;
By a ſad train of miſeries alone
Diſtinguiſh'd long, and ſecond now to none!
By Heaven's high will compell'd from ſhore to ſhore;
With Heaven's high will prepar'd to ſuffer more.
What hiſtories of toil could I declare!
But ſtill long-wearied nature wants repair;

Spent

Spent with fatigue, and ſhrunk with pining faſt,
My craving bowels ſtill require repaſt.
Howe'er the noble, ſuffering mind, may grieve
Its load of anguiſh, and diſdain to live;
Neceſſity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is inſolent, and will be fed.
But finiſh, oh ye peers! what you propoſe,
And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes.
Pleas'd will I ſuffer all the Gods ordain,
To ſee my ſoil, my ſon, my friends, again.
That view vouchſaf'd, let inſtant death ſurprize
With ever-during ſhade theſe happy eyes!
Th' aſſembled peers with general praiſe approv'd
His pleaded reaſon, and the ſuit he mov'd.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy ſleep repairs.
Ulyſſes in the regal walls alone
Remain'd: beſide him, on a ſplendid throne,
Divine Arete and Alcinous ſhone.
The queen, on nearer view, the gueſt ſurvey'd
Rob'd in the garments her own hands had made;
Not without wonder ſeen. Then thus began,
Her words addreſſing to the god-like man:
Cam'ſt thou not hither, wondrous ſtranger! ſay,
From lands remote, and o'er a length of ſea!
Tell then whence art thou? whence that princely air?
And robes like theſe, ſo recent and ſo fair!
Hard is the taſk, o princeſs! you impoſe:
(Thus ſighing ſpoke the man of many woes)
The long, the mournful ſeries to relate
Of all my *ſorrows ſent by* Heaven and Fate!

Yet what you aſk, attend. An iſland lies
Beyond theſe tracts, and under other ſkies,
Ogygia nam'd, in Ocean's watery arms;
Where dwells Calypſo, dreadful in her charms!
Remote from Gods or men ſhe holds her reign,
Amid the terrours of the rolling main.
Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore
Unbleſt! to tread that interdicted ſhore:
When Jove tremendous in the ſable deeps
Launch'd his red lightning at our ſcatter'd ſhips:
Then, all my fleet, and all my followers loſt,
Sole on a plank, on boiling ſurges toſt,
Heaven drove my wreck th' Ogygian iſle to find,
Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the Goddeſs there with open arms,
She brib'd my ſtay with more than human charms:
Nay, promis'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe:
But all her blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
To baniſh from my breaſt my country's love.
I ſtay reluctant ſeven continued years,
And water her ambroſial couch with tears.
The eighth ſhe voluntary moves to part,
Or urg'd by Jove, or her own changeful heart.
A raft was form'd, to croſs the ſurging ſea;
Herſelf ſupply'd the ſtores and rich array;
And gave the gales to waft me on the way.
In ſeventeen days appear'd your pleaſing coaſt,
And woody mountains half in vapours loſt.
Joy touch'd my ſoul: my ſoul was joy'd in vain,
For angry Neptune rouz'd the raging main;

The

The wild winds whiſtle, and the billows roar;
The ſplitting raft the furious tempeſt tore;
And ſtorms vindictive intercept the ſhore.
Soon as their rage ſubſides, the ſeas I brave
With naked force, and ſhoot along the wave,
To reach this iſle: but there my hopes were loſt,
The ſurge impell'd me on a craggy coaſt.
I choſe the ſafer ſea, and chanc'd to find
A river's mouth impervious to the wind,
And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
Then took the ſhelter of the neighbouring wood.
'Twas night; and, cover'd in the foliage deep,
Jove plung'd my ſenſes in the death of ſleep.
All night I ſlept, oblivious of my pain:
Aurora dawn'd and Phœbus ſhin'd in vain,
Nor, till oblique he ſlop'd his evening ray,
Had Somnus dry'd the balmy dews away.
Then female voices from the ſhore I heard:
A maid amidſt them, goddeſs-like, appear'd:
To her I ſued, ſhe pity'd my diſtreſs;
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue leſs.
Who from ſuch youth could hope conſiderate care?
In youth and beauty wiſdom is but rare!
She gave me life, reliev'd with juſt ſupplies
My wants, and lent theſe robes that ſtrike your eyes.
This is the truth: and oh, ye Powers on high!
Forbid that want ſhould ſink me to a lye.
To this the king: Our daughter but expreſt
Her cares imperfect to our god-like gueſt.

Suppliant to her, ſince firſt he choſe to pray,
Why not herſelf did ſhe conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey?
Hero and king! (Ulyſſes thus reply'd)
Nor blame her faultleſs, nor ſuſpect of pride:
She bade me follow in th' attendant train;
But fear and reverence did my ſteps detain,
Left raſh ſuſpicion might alarm thy mind:
Man 's of a jealous and miſtaking kind.
Far from my ſoul (he cry'd) the Gods efface
All wrath ill-grounded, and ſuſpicion baſe!
Whate'er is honeſt, ſtranger, I approve:
And would to Phœbus, Pallas, and to Jove,
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,
Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my ſon;
In ſuch alliance could'ſt thou wiſh to join,
A palace ſtor'd with treaſures ſhould be thine.
But, if reluctant, who ſhall force thy ſtay?
Jove bids to ſet the ſtranger on his way,
And ſhips ſhall wait thee with the morning ray.
Till then, let ſlumber cloſe thy careful eyes;
The wakeful mariners ſhall watch the ſkies,
And ſeize the moment when the breezes riſe:
Then gently waft thee to the pleaſing ſhore,
Where thy ſoul reſts, and labour is no more.
Far as Eubœa though thy country lay,
Our ſhips with eaſe tranſport thee in a day.
Thither of old, earth's * giant-ſon to view,
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew:

This

* Tityus.

This land, from whence their morning courſe begun,
Saw them returning with the ſetting ſun.
Your eyes ſhall witneſs and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dextrous, and how fleet our ſail,
When juſtly tim'd with equal ſweep they row,
And ocean whitens in long tracts below.
Thus he. No word th' experienc'd man replies,
But thus to heaven (and heavenward lifts his eyes)
O, Jove! o father! what the king accords
Do thou make perfect! ſacred be his words!
Wide o'er the world Alcinous' glory ſhine!
Let fame be his, and ah! my country mine!
Mean time Arete, for the hour of reſt,
Ordains the fleecy couch, and covering veſt:
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets ſpread with buſy care.
With torches blazing in their hands they paſt,
And finiſh'd all their queen's command with haſte:
Then gave the ſignal to the willing gueſt:
He roſe with pleaſure, and retir'd to reſt,
There, ſoft-extended, to the murmuring ſound
Of the high porch, Ulyſſes ſleeps profound!
Within, releas'd from cares Alcinous lies;
And faſt beſide were clos'd Arete's eyes.

THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

ALCINOUS calls a council, in which it is reſolved to tranſport Ulyſſes into his country. After which, ſplendid entertainments are made, where the celebrated muſician and poet Demodocus plays and ſings to the gueſts. They next proceed to the games, the race, the wreſtling, diſcus, &c. where Ulyſſes caſts a prodigious length, to the admiration of all the ſpectators. They return again to the banquet, and Demodocus ſings the loves of Mars and Venus. Ulyſſes, after a compliment to the poet, deſires him to ſing the introduction of the wooden horſe into Troy; which ſubject provoking his tears, Alcinous enquires of his gueſt, his name, parentage, and fortunes.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VIII.

NOW fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy orient flames with day:
Alcinous, and the chief, with dawning light,
Roſe inſtant from the ſlumbers of the night;
Then to the council-ſeat they bend their way,
And fill the ſhining thrones along the bay.
Meanwhile Minerva, in her guardian care,
Shoots from the ſtarry vault through fields of air;
In form a herald of the king, ſhe flies
From peer to peer, and thus inceſſant cries:
Nobles and chiefs who rule Phæacia's ſtates,
The king in council your attendance waits:
A Prince of Grace Divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown ſeas arriv'd from unknown ſhores.
She ſpoke, and ſudden with tumultuous ſounds
Of thronging multitudes the ſhore rebounds:
At once the ſeats they fill: and every eye
Gaz'd, as before ſome brother of the ſky.
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more enlarg'd he moves:
She ſheds celeſtial bloom, regard to draw;
And gives a dignity of mien, to awe;

With

With ſtrength, the future prize of Fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.
Then from his glittering throne Alcinous roſe:
Attend, he cry'd, while we our will diſcloſe.
Your preſent aid this god-like ſtranger craves,
Toſt by rude tempeſt through a war of waves;
Perhaps from realms that view the riſing day,
Or nations ſubject to the weſtern ray.
Then grant, what here all ſons of woe obtain,
(For here affliction never pleads in vain:)
Be choſen youths prepar'd, expert to try
The vaſt profound, and bid the veſſel fly:
Launch the tall bark, and order every oar;
Then in our court indulge the genial hour.
Inſtant, you ſailors, to this taſk attend;
Swift to the palace, all ye peers aſcend;
Let none to ſtrangers honours due diſclaim:
Be there Demodocus, the Bard of Fame,
Taught by the Gods to pleaſe, when high he ſings
The vocal lay, reſponſive to the ſtrings.
Thus ſpoke the prince: th' attending peers obey,
In ſtate they move: Alcinous leads the way:
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies,
At once the ſailors to their charge ariſe:
They launch the veſſel, and unfurl the ſails,
And ſtretch the ſwelling canvaſs to the gales;
Then to the palace move: A gathering throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along:
Now all acceſſes to the dome are fill'd;
Eight boars, the choiceſt of the herd, are kill'd:

Two

Two beeves, twelve fatlings, from the flock they bring
To crown the feaſt; ſo wills the bounteous king.
The herald now arrives, and guides along
The ſacred maſter of celeſtial ſong:
Dear to the Muſe! who gave his days to flow
With mighty bleſſings, mix'd with mighty woe:
With clouds of darkneſs quench'd his viſual ray,
But gave him ſkill to raiſe the lofty lay.
High on a radiant throne ſublime in ſtate,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he ſate:
With ſilver ſhone the throne; his lyre well ſtrung
To rapturous ſounds, at hand Pontonous hung:
Before his ſeat a poliſh'd table ſhines,
And a full goblet foams with generous wines:
His food a herald bore: and now they fed;
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.

Then, fir'd by all the Muſe, aloud he ſings
The mighty deeds of Demi-gods and Kings:
From that fierce wrath the noble ſong aroſe,
That made Ulyſſes and Achilles foes:
How o'er the feaſt they doom the fall of Troy;
The ſtern debate Atrides hears with joy:
For Heaven foretold the conteſt, when he trod
The marble threſhold of the Delphic God,
Curious to learn the counſels of the ſky,
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.

Touch'd at the ſong, Ulyſſes ſtraight reſign'd
To ſoft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple veſt he drew,
Induſtrious to conceal the falling dew:

But when the muſic paus'd, he ceas'd to ſhed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
And, lifting to the Gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.
Tranſported with the ſong, the liſtening train
Again with loud applauſe demand the ſtrain:
Again Ulyſſes veil'd his penſive head,
Again, unmamm'd, a ſhower of ſorrow ſhed:
Conceal'd he wept: the king obſerv'd alone
The ſilent tear, and heard the ſecret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O ceaſe to ſing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute th' harmonious ſtring;
Enough the feaſt has pleas'd, enough the power
Of heavenly ſong has crown'd the genial hour!
Inceſſant in the games your ſtrength diſplay;
Conteſt, ye brave, the honours of the day:
That, pleas'd, th' admiring ſtranger may proclaim
In diſtant regions the Phæacian fame:
None wield the gauntlet with ſo dire a ſway,
Or ſwifter in the race devour the way;
None in the leap ſpring with ſo ſtrong a bound,
Or firmer, in the wreſtling, preſs the ground.
Thus ſpoke the king; th' attending peers obey:
In ſtate they move, Alcinous leads the way:
His golden lyre Demodocus unſtrung,
High on a column in the palace hung:
And, guided by a herald's guardian cares,
Majeſtic to the liſts of Fame repairs.
Now ſwarms the populace; a countleſs throng,
Youth and hoar age; and man drives man along:

The

The games begin; ambitious of the prize,
Acroneus, Thoon, and Eretmeus riſe;
The prize Ocyalus and Prymneus claim,
Anchialus and Ponteus, chiefs of Fame:
There Proreus, Neates, Eratreus appear,
And fam'd Amphialus, Polyneus' heir:
Euryalus like Mars terrific roſe,
When clad in wrath he withers hoſts of foes:
Naubolides with grace unequal'd ſhone,
Or equal'd by Laodamas alone.
With theſe came forth Ambaſineus the ſtrong;
And three brave ſons, from great Alcinous ſprung.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers ſtand,
Start from the goal, and vaniſh o'er the ſtrand:
Swift as on wings of winds upborn they fly,
And drifts of riſing duſt involve the ſky:
Before the reſt, what ſpace the hinds allow
Between the mule and ox, from plough to plough;
Clytonous ſprung: he wing'd the rapid way,
And bore th' unrival'd honours of the day.
With fierce embrace the brawny wreſtlers join;
The conqueſt, great Euryalus, is thine.
Amphialus ſprung forward with a bound,
Superior in the leap, a length of ground:
From Elatreus' ſtrong arm the diſcus flies,
And ſings with unmatch'd force along the ſkies.
And Laodam whirls high, with dreadful ſway,
The gloves of death, victorious in the fray.
While thus the peerage in the games contends,
In act to ſpeak, Laodamas aſcends;

O friends,

O friends, he cries, the ſtranger ſeems well ſkill'd
To try th' illuſtrious labours of the field:
I deem him brave: then grant the brave man's claim,
Invite the hero to his ſhare of Fame.
What nervous arms he boaſts! how firm his tread!
His limbs how turn'd! how broad his ſhoulders ſpread!
By age unbroke!—but all-conſuming care
Deſtroys, perhaps, the ſtrength that time would ſpare:
Dire is the ocean, dread in all its forms!
Man muſt decay, when man contends with ſtorms.

Well haſt thou ſpoke (Euryalus replies):
Thine is the gueſt, invite him thou to riſe.
Swift at the word advancing from the croud
He made obeiſance, and thus ſpoke aloud:

Vouchſafes the reverend ſtranger to diſplay
His manly worth, and ſhare the glorious day?
Father, ariſe! for thee thy port proclaims
Expert to conquer in the ſolemn games.
To fame ariſe! for what more fame can yield
Than the ſwift race, or conflict of the field?
Steal from corroding care one tranſient day,
To glory give the ſpace thou haſt to ſtay;
Short is the time, and, lo! ev'n now the gales
Call thee aboard, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.

To whom with ſighs Ulyſſes gave reply:
Ah! why th' ill-ſuiting paſtime muſt I try?
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free;
Ill the gay ſports with troubled hearts agree:
Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,
A much-afflicted, much-enduring man!

Who

Who ſuppliant to the king and peers implores
A ſpeedy voyage to his native ſhores.
Wide wanders, Laodam, thy erring tongue,
The ſports of glory to the brave belong,
(Retorts Euryalus): he boaſts no claim
Among the great, unlike the ſons of Fame.
A wandering merchant he frequents the main;
Some mean ſea-farer in purſuit of gain;
Studious of freight, in naval trade well ſkill'd,
But dreads th' athletic labours of the field.
Inceps'd Ulyſſes with a frown replies.
O forward to proclaim thy ſoul unwiſe!
With partial hands the Gods their gifts diſpenſe;
Some greatly think, ſome ſpeak with manly ſenſe;
Here Heaven an elegance of form denies,
But wiſdom the defect of form ſupplies:
This man with energy of thought controls,
And ſteals with modeſt violence our ſouls,
He ſpeaks reſerv'dly, but he ſpeaks with force.
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worſe;
In publick more than mortal he appears,
And, as he moves, the gazing croud reveres.
While others, beauteous as th' ætherial kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward ſhew Heaven gives thee to excell,
But Heaven denies the praiſe of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my generous ſoul reſents the wrong:
Skill'd in heroic exerciſe, I claim
A poſt of honour with the ſons of Fame;

Such was my boaſt while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care ſurrounds me, and my force decays;
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,
In ſcenes of death, by tempeſt and by war.
Yet, thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the hero.—Slander ſtings the brave.
Then, ſtriding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground.
By far more ponderous, and more huge by far,
Than what Phæacia's ſons diſcharg'd in air.
Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings,
Sonorous through the ſhaded air it ſings;
Couch'd to the earth, tempeſtuous as it flies,
The croud gaze upward while it cleaves the ſkies.
Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down ruſhing, it up-turns a hill of ground.
That inſtant Pallas, burſting from a cloud,
Fix'd a diſtinguiſh'd mark, and cry'd aloud:
Ev'n he who ſightleſs wants his viſual ray
May by his touch alone award the day:
Thy ſignal throw tranſcends the utmoſt bound
Of every champion by a length of ground:
Securely bid the ſtrongeſt of the train
Ariſe to throw: the ſtrongeſt throws in vain.
She ſpoke; and momentary mounts the ſky:
The friendly voice Ulyſſes hears with joy;
Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride)
Riſe, ye Phæacians, try your force, he cried;
If with this throw the ſtrongeſt caſter vie,
Still, further ſtill, I bid the diſcus fly,

Stand

Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
Or ye, the ſwifteſt racers of the field!
Stand forth, ye wreſtlers, who theſe paſtimes grace,
I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race!
In ſuch heroic games I yield to none,
Or yield to brave Laodamas alone:
Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?
A friend is ſacred, and I ſtile him friend.
Ungenerous were the man, and baſe of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful part;
Chiefly the man, in foreign realms confin'd,
Baſe to his friend, to his own intereſt blind:
All, all your heroes I this day defy;
Give me a man that we our might may try.
Expert in every art, I boaſt the ſkill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;
Should a whole hoſt at once diſcharge the bow,
My well-aim'd ſhaft with death prevents the foe:
Alone ſuperior in the field of Troy,
Great Philoctetes taught the ſhaft to fly.
From all the ſons of earth, unrival'd praiſe
I juſtly claim; but yield to better days,
To thoſe fam'd days when great Alcides roſe,
And Eurytus, who bade the Gods be foes:
(Vain Eurytus, whoſe art became his crime,
Swept from the earth, he periſh'd in his prime;
Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,
Who boldly durſt defy the Bowyer-God).
In fighting fields as far the ſpear I throw,
As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.

Sole in the race the conteſt I decline,
Stiff are my weary joints, and I reſign;
By ſtorms and hunger worn: age well may fail,
When ſtorms and hunger both at once aſſail.
Abaſh'd, the numbers hear the god-like man,
Till great Alcinous mildly thus began:
Well haſt thou ſpoke, and well thy generous tongue
With decent pride refutes a public wrong:
Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
Fear only fools, ſecure in men of ſenſe:
Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's claim,
And bear to heroes our heroic fame;
In diſtant realms our glorious deeds diſplay,
Repeat them frequent in the genial day;
When bleſt with eaſe thy woes and wanderings end,
Teach them thy conſort, bid thy ſons attend!
How lov'd of Jove he crown'd our ſires with praiſe,
How we their offspring dignify our race
Let other realms the deathful gauntlet weild,
Or boaſt the glories of th' athletic field;
We in the courſe unrival'd ſpeed diſplay,
Or thro' cærulean billows plough the way;
To dreſs, to dance, to ſing, our ſole delight,
The feaſt or bath by day, and love by night:
Riſe then, ye ſkill'd in meaſures; let him bear
Your fame to men that breathe a diſtant air:
And faithful ſay, to you the powers belong
To race, to ſail, to dance, to chant the ſong.
But, herald, to the palace ſwift repair,
And the ſoft lyre to grace our paſtimes bear.

Swift

Swift at the word, obedient to the king,
The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
Up roſe nine ſeniors, choſen to ſurvey
The future games, the judges of the day.
With inſtant care they mark a ſpacious round,
And level for the dance th' allotted ground;
The herald bears the lyre: intent to play,
The bard advancing meditates the lay,
Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band,
Graceful before the heavenly minſtrel ſtand:
Light-bounding from the earth, at once they riſe,
Their feet half-viewleſs quiver in the ſkies:
Ulyſſes gaz'd, aſtoniſh'd to ſurvey
The glancing ſplendours as their ſandals play.
Meantime the bard, alternate to the ſtrings,
The loves of Mars and Cytherea ſings;
How the ſtern God, enamour'd with her charms,
Claſp'd the gay panting Goddeſs in his arms,
By bribes ſeduc'd: and how the ſun, whoſe eye
Views the broad heavens, diſclos'd the lawleſs joy.
Stung to the ſoul, indignant through the ſkies
To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies:
Arriv'd, his ſinewy arms inceſſant place
Th' eternal anvil on the maſſy baſe.
A wondrous net he labours, to betray
The wanton lovers, as entwin'd they lay,
Indiſſolubly ſtrong! Then inſtant bears
To his immortal dome the finiſh'd ſnares.
Above, below, around, with art diſpread,
The ſure incloſure folds the genial bed;

Whoſe texture ev'n the ſearch of Gods deceives,
Thin as the filmy threads the ſpider weaves.
Then, as withdrawing from the ſtarry bowers,
He feigns a journey to the Lemnian ſhores,
His favourite iſle! obſervant Mars deſcries
His wiſh'd receſs, and to the Goddeſs flies;
He glows, he burns: the fair-hair'd Queen of Love
Deſcends ſmooth gliding from the courts of Jove,
Gay blooming in full charms: her hand he preſt
With eager joy, and with a ſigh addreſt:
  Come, my belov'd, and taſte the ſoft delights:
Come, to repoſe the genial bed invites:
Thy abſent ſpouſe, neglectful of thy charms,
Prefers his barbarous Sintians to thy arms!
  Then, nothing loth, th' enamour'd fair he led,
And ſunk tranſported on the conſcious bed.
Down ruſh'd the toils, inwrapping as they lay
The careleſs lovers in their wanton play:
In vain they ſtrive, th' entangling ſnares deny
(Inextricably firm) the power to fly:
Warn'd by the God who ſheds the golden day,
Stern Vulcan homeward treads the ſtarry way:
Arriv'd, he ſees, he grieves, with rage he burns:
Full horrible he roars, his voice all heaven returns:
  O Jove, he cry'd, oh all ye Powers above,
See the lewd dalliance of the Queen of Love!
Me, aukward me, ſhe ſcorns; and yields her charms
To that fair letcher, the ſtrong God of arms.
If I am lame, that ſtain my natal hour
By Fate impos'd; ſuch me my parent bore:

Why

Why was I born? See how the wanton lies!
O ſight tormenting to an huſband's eyes!
But yet I truſt, this once ev'n Mars would fly
His fair-one's arms—he thinks her, once, too nigh.
But there remain, ye guilty, in my power,
Till Jove refunds his ſhameleſs daughter's dower.
Too dear I priz'd a fair enchanting face:
Beauty unchaſte is beauty in diſgrace.

Meanwhile the Gods the dome of Vulcan throng,
Apollo comes, and Neptune comes along;
With theſe gay Hermes trod the ſtarry plain;
But modeſty withheld the Goddeſs-train.
All Heaven beholds impriſon'd as they lie,
And unextinguiſh'd laughter ſhakes the ſky.

Then mutual, thus they ſpoke: Behold on wrong
Swift vengeance waits; and art ſubdues the ſtrong!
Dwells there a God on all th' Olympian brow
More ſwift than Mars, and more than Vulcan ſlow?
Yet Vulcan conquers, and the God of arms
Muſt pay the penalty for lawleſs charms.

Thus ſerious they; but he who gilds the ſkies,
The gay Apollo, thus to Hermes cries:
Would'ſt thou enchain'd like Mars, O Hermes, lie,
And bear the ſhame, like Mars, to ſhare the joy?

O envy'd ſhame! (the ſmiling youth rejoin'd),
Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly bind;
Gaze all ye Gods, and every Goddeſs gaze,
Yet eager would I bleſs the ſweet diſgrace.

Loud laugh the reſt, ev'n Neptune laughs aloud,
Yet ſues importunate to looſe the God:

And free, he cries, O Vulcan! free from ſhame
Thy captives; I enſure the penal claim.
Will Neptune (Vulcan then) the faithleſs truſt?
He ſuffers who gives ſurety for th' unjuſt:
But ſay, if that lewd ſcandal of the ſky,
To liberty reſtor'd, perfidious fly;
Say, wilt thou bear the mulct? He inſtant cries,
The mulct I bear, if Mars perfidious flies.
To whom appeas'd: No more I urge delay;
When Neptune ſues, my part is to obey.
Then to the ſnares his force the God applies;
They burſt; and Mars to Thrace indignant flies:
To the ſoft Cyprian ſhores the Goddeſs moves,
To viſit Paphos and her blooming groves;
Where to the power an hundred altars riſe,
And breathing odours ſcent the balmy ſkies;
Conceal'd ſhe bathes in conſecrated bowers,
The Graces unguents ſhed, ambroſial ſhowers,
Unguents that charm the Gods! ſhe laſt aſſumes
Her wondrous robes; and full the Goddeſs blooms.
Thus ſung the bard: Ulyſſes hears with joy,
And loud applauſes rend the vaulted ſky.
Then to the ſports his ſons the king commands,
Each blooming youth before the monarch ſtands,
In dance unmatch'd! A wondrous ball is brought
(The work of Polypus, divinely wrought);
This youth with ſtrength enormous bids it fly,
And bending backward whirls it to the ſky;
His brother, ſpringing with an active bound,
At diſtance intercepts it from the ground:

The

The ball diſmiſs'd, in dance they ſkim the ſtrand,
Turn and return, and ſcarce imprint the ſand.
Th' aſſembly gazes with aſtoniſh'd eyes,
And ſends in ſhouts applauſes to the ſkies.
Then thus Ulyſſes: Happy king, whoſe name
The brighteſt ſhines in all the rolls of Fame:
In ſubjects happy! with ſurprize I gaze!
Thy praiſe was juſt; their ſkill tranſcends thy praiſe.
Pleas'd with his people's fame, the monarch hears,
And thus benevolent accoſts the peers:
Since Wiſdom's ſacred guidance he purſues,
Give to the ſtranger-gueſt a ſtranger's dues:
Twelve princes in our realm dominion ſhare,
O'er whom ſupreme, imperial power I bear:
Bring gold, a pledge of love; a talent bring,
A veſt, a robe, and imitate your king:
Be ſwift to give; that he this night may ſhare
The ſocial feaſt of joy, with joy ſincere.
And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong;
A generous heart repairs a ſlanderous tongue.
Th' aſſenting peers, obedient to the king,
In haſte their heralds ſend the gifts to bring.
Then thus Euryalus: O prince, whoſe ſway
Rules this beſt realm, repentant I obey!
Be his this ſword, whoſe blade of braſs diſplays
A ruddy gleam; whoſe hilt a ſilver blaze;
Whoſe ivory ſheath, inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's ſide.
He ſaid; and to his hand the ſword conſign'd;
And if, he cry'd, my words affect thy mind,

Far

Far from thy mind thoſe words, ye whirlwinds, bear,
And ſcatter them, ye ſtorms, in empty air:
Crown, O ye Heavens! with joy his peaceful hours,
And grant him to his ſpouſe and native ſhores!
And bleſt be thou, my friend, Ulyſſes cries:
Crown him with every joy, ye favouring ſkies;
To thy calm hours continued peace afford,
And never, never may'ſt thou want this ſword!
He ſaid; and o'er his ſhoulder flung the blade.
Now o'er the earth aſcends the evening ſhade:
The precious gifts th' illuſtrious heralds bear,
And to the court th' embody'd peers repair.
Before the queen Alcinous' ſons unfold
The veſts, the robes, and heaps of ſhining gold;
Then to the radiant thrones they move in ſtate:
Aloft, the king in pomp imperial ſate.
Then to the queen: O partner of our reign,
O ſole belov'd! command thy menial train
A poliſh'd cheſt and ſtately robes to bear,
And healing waters for the bath prepare:
That, bath'd, our gueſt may bid his ſorrows ceaſe,
Hear the ſweet ſong, and taſte the feaſt in peace.
A bowl that flames with gold, of wondrous frame,
Ourſelf we give, memorial of our name:
To raiſe in offerings to almighty Jove,
And every God that treads the courts above.
Inſtant the queen, obſervant of the king,
Commands her train a ſpacious vaſe to bring,
The ſpacious vaſe with ample ſtreams ſuffice,
Heap high the wood, and bid the flames ariſe.

The

The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Herſelf the cheſt prepares: in order roll'd
The robes, the veſts are rang'd, and heaps of gold:
And adding a rich dreſs inwrought with art,
A gift expreſſive of her bounteous heart,
Thus ſpoke to Ithacus: To guard with bands
Inſolvable theſe gifts, thy care demands:
Leſt, in thy ſlumbers on the watery main,
The hand of rapine make our bounty vain.
Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
Clos'd with Circæan art. A train attends
Around the bath: the bath the king aſcends
(Untaſted joy, ſince that diſaſtrous hour,
He ſail'd ill-fated from Calypſo's bower):
Where, happy as the Gods that range the ſky,
He feaſted every ſenſe, with every joy.
He bathes; the damſels, with officious toil,
Shed ſweets, ſhed unguents, in a ſhower of oil:
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he ſpreads,
And to the feaſt magnificently treads.
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Nauſicaa blooming as a Goddeſs ſtands,
With wondering eyes the hero ſhe ſurvey'd,
And graceful thus began the royal maid:
Hail, god-like ſtranger! and when Heaven reſtores
To thy fond wiſh thy long-expected ſhores,
This ever-grateful in remembrance bear,
To me thou ow'ſt, to me, the vital air.

O royal

O royal Maid! Ulyſſes ſtraight returns,
Whoſe worth the ſplendors of thy race adorns,
So may dread Jove (whoſe arm in vengeance forms
The writhen bolt, and blackens heaven with ſtorms,)
Reſtore me ſafe, through weary wanderings toſt,
To my dear country's ever-pleaſing coaſt,
As, while the ſpirit in this boſom glows,
To thee, my Goddeſs, I addreſs my vows;
My life, thy gift I boaſt! He ſaid, and ſate
Faſt by Alcinous on a throne of ſtate.
Now each partakes the feaſt, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each his portion ſhares.
The bard an herald guides: the gazing throng
Pay low obeiſance as he moves along:
Beneath a ſculptur'd arch he ſits enthron'd,
The peers encircling form an awful round.
Then, from the chine, Ulyſſes carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part;
This, let the maſter of the lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the ſpacious ſkies,
Who ſacred honours to the bard denies?
The Muſe the bard inſpires, exalts his mind;
The Muſe indulgent loves th' harmonious kind.
The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praiſe.
When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the Lyriſt wiſe Ulyſſes ſaid:
Oh more than man! thy ſoul the Muſe inſpires,
Or Phœbus animates with all his fires:

For

For who, by Phœbus uninform'd, could know
The woe of Greece, and ſing ſo well the woe?
Juſt to the tale, as preſent at the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day!
The ſong recalls paſt horrors to my eyes,
And bids proud Ilion from her aſhes riſe.
Once more harmonious ſtrike the ſounding ſtring,
Th' Epæan fabrick, fram'd by Pallas, ſing:
How ſtern Ulyſſes, furious to deſtroy,
With latent heroes ſack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of Fame,
The God himſelf inſpires thy breaſt with flame:
And mine ſhall be the taſk, henceforth to raiſe
In every land, thy monument of praiſe.

Full of the God, he rais'd his lofty ſtrain,
How the Greeks ruſh'd tumultuous to the main:
How blazing tents illumin'd half the ſkies,
While from the ſhores the winged navy flies:
How, ev'n in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
Came the ſtern Greeks by Troy's aſſiſting hands:
All Troy up-heav'd the ſteed; of differing mind,
Various the Trojans counſel'd; part confign'd
The monſter to the ſword, part ſentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;
Th' unwiſe prevail, they lodge it in the towers,
An offering ſacred to th' immortal Powers:
Th' unwiſe award to lodge it in the walls.
And by the Gods decree proud Ilion falls;
Deſtruction enters in the treacherous wood,
And vengeful ſlaughter, fierce for human blood.

He

He ſung the Greeks ſtern-iſſuing from the ſteed,
How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, Deiphobus! aſcends
The Spartan king: how Ithacus attends
(Horrid as Mars), and how with dire alarms
He fights, ſubdues: for Pallas ſtrings his arms.
Thus while he ſung, Ulyſſes' griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew:
As ſome fond matron views in mortal fight
Her huſband falling in his country's right:
Frantic through claſhing ſwords ſhe runs, ſhe flies,
As ghaſtly pale he groans, and faints, and dies;
Cloſe to his breaſt ſhe grovels on the ground,
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound;
She cries, ſhe ſhrieks; the fierce inſulting foe
Relentleſs mocks her violence of woe:
To chains condemn'd, as wildly ſhe deplores;
A widow, and a ſlave on foreign ſhores.
So from the ſluices of Ulyſſes' eyes
Faſt fell the tears, and ſighs ſucceeded ſighs:
Conceal'd he griev'd: the king obſerv'd alone
The ſilent tear, and heard the ſecret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O ceaſe to ſing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful ſtring:
To every note his tears reſponſive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe:
Thy lay too deeply moves: then ceaſe the lay,
And o'er the banquet every heart be gay:
This ſocial right demands: for him the ſails,
Floating in air, invite th' impelling gales:

His

His are the gifts of love: the wife and good
Receive the ſtranger as a brother's blood.
But, friend, diſcover faithful what I crave,
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:
Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,
Impos'd by parents in the natal hour?
(For from the natal hour diſtinctive names,
One common right, the great and lowly claims:)
Say from what city, from what regions toſt,
And what inhabitants thoſe regions boaſt?
So ſhalt thou inſtant reach the realm aſſign'd,
In wondrous ſhips ſelf-mov'd, inſtinct with mind;
No helm ſecures their courſe, no pilot guides,
Like man, intelligent, they plough the tides,
Conſcious of every coaſt, and every bay,
That lies beneath the ſun's all-ſeeing ray;
Though clouds and darkneſs veil th' encumber'd ſky,
Fearleſs through darkneſs and through clouds they fly:
Though tempeſts rage, though rolls the ſwelling main,
The ſeas may roll, the tempeſts rage in vain;
Ev'n the ſtern God, that o'er the waves preſides,
Safe as they paſs, and ſafe repaſs the tides,
With fury burns; while careleſs they convey
Promiſcuous every gueſt to every bay.
Theſe ears have heard my royal ſire diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory big with future woes,
How Neptune rag'd, and how, by his command,
Firm rooted in a ſurge a ſhip ſhould ſtand
A monument of wrath: how mound on mound
Should bury theſe proud towers beneath the ground.

But

But this the Gods may fruſtrate or fulfill,
As ſuits the purpoſe of th' Eternal Will.
But ſay through what waſte regions haſt thou ſtray'd,
What cuſtoms noted, and what coaſts ſurvey'd;
Poſſeſs'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares,
Why heav'd thy boſom, and why flow'd thy tears?
Juſt are the ways of Heaven: from Heaven proceed
The woes of man; Heaven doom'd the Greeks to bleed;
A theme of future ſong! Say then if ſlain
Some dear lov'd brother preſs'd the Phrygian plain?
Or bled ſome friend, who bore a brother's part,
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?

THE

THE
NINTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CICONS, LOTOPHAGI, AND CYCLOPS.

ULYSSES begins the relation of his adventures; how, after the deſtruction of Troy, he with his companions made an incurſion on the Cicons, by whom they were repulſed; and meeting with a ſtorm, were driven to the coaſt of the Lotophagi. From thence they ſailed to the land of the Cyclops, whoſe manners and ſituation are particularly characteriſed. The giant Polyphemus and his cave deſcribed; the uſage Ulyſſes and his companions met with there; and laſtly, the method and artifice by which he eſcaped.

THE

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK IX.

THEN thus Ulyſſes: Thou, whom firſt in ſway,
As firſt in virtue, theſe thy realms obey;
How ſweet the products of a peaceful reign!
The heaven-taught poet, and enchanting ſtrain;
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feaſt,
A land rejoicing, and a people bleſt!
How goodly ſeems it ever to employ
Man's ſocial days in union and in joy;
The plenteous board high-heap'd with cates divine,
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine!
Amid theſe joys, why ſeeks thy mind to know
Th' unhappy ſeries of a wanderer's woe;
Remembrance ſad, whoſe image to review,
Alas! muſt open all my wounds anew?
And, oh! what firſt, what laſt ſhall I relate,
Of woes unnumber'd ſent by Heaven and Fate?
Know firſt the man (though now a wretch diſtreſt)
Who hopes thee, monarch, for his future gueſt.
Behold Ulyſſes! no ignoble name,
Earth ſounds my wiſdom, and high heaven my fame.
My native ſoil is Ithaca the fair,
Where high Neritus waves his woods in air:
Dulichium, Samè, and Zacynthus crown'd
With ſhady *mountains*, ſpread their iſles around

(Theſe to the north and night's dark regions run,
Thoſe to Aurora and the riſing ſun).
Low lies our iſle, yet bleſt in fruitful ſtores;
Strong are her ſons, though rocky are her ſhores;
And none, ah! none ſo lovely to my ſight,
Of all the lands that Heaven o'erſpreads with light!
In vain Calypſo long conſtrain'd my ſtay,
With ſweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly Circe ſtrove,
And added magick, to ſecure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grot,
My country's image never was forgot,
My abſent parents roſe before my ſight,
And diſtant lay contentment and delight.
Hear then the woes which mighty Jove ordain'd
To wait my paſſage from the Trojan land.
The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' ſhore,
Beneath cold Iſmarus our veſſels bore.
We boldly landed on the hoſtile place,
And ſack'd the city, and deſtroy'd the race,
Their wives made captive, their poſſeſſions ſhar'd,
And every ſoldier found a like reward.
I then adviſ'd to fly; not ſo the reſt,
Who ſtay'd to revel, and prolong the feaſt:
The fatted ſheep and ſable bulls they ſlay,
And bowls flow round, and riot waſtes the day.
Meantime the Cicons to their holds retir'd,
Call on the Cicons with new fury fir'd;
With early morn the gather'd country ſwarms,
And all the continent is bright with arms;

Thick

Thick as the budding leaves or riſing flowers
O'erſpread the land, when Spring deſcends in ſhowers:
All expert ſoldiers, ſkill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courſer urge the war.
Now fortune changes (ſo the Fates ordain);
Our hour was come to taſte our ſhare of pain.
Cloſe at the ſhips the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning ſun increaſing bright
O'er heaven's pure azure ſpread the growing light,
Promiſcuous death the form of war confounds,
Each adverſe battle gor'd with equal wounds:
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Then conqueſt crown'd the fierce Ciconian train.
Six brave companions from each ſhip we loſt,
The reſt eſcape in haſte, and quit the coaſt.
With ſails outſpread we fly th' unequal ſtrife,
Sad for their loſs, but joyful of our life.
Yet as we fled, our fellows rites we paid,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy ſhade.
Meanwhile the God whoſe hand the thunder forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heaven with ſtorms!
Wide o'er the waſte the rage of Boreas ſweeps,
And night ruſh'd headlong on the ſhaded deeps.
Now here, now there, the giddy ſhips are borne,
And all the rattling ſhrouds in fragments torn.
We furl'd the ſail, we ply'd the labouring oar,
Took down our maſts, and row'd our ſhips to ſhore.

Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when Aurora brings,
We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings;
Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclin'd,
We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.
Then to my native country had I sail'd:
But the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd.
Strong was the tide, which, by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.
Nine days our fleet th' uncertain tempest bore
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore;
The tenth we touch'd, by various errors tost,
The land of Lotos and the flowery coast.
We climb the beach, and springs of water found,
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.
Three men were sent, deputed from the crew,
(An herald one) the dubious coast to view,
And learn what habitants possess the place.
They went, and found a hospitable race;
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast;
The trees around them, all their fruit produce;
Lotos, the name; divine, nectareous juice!
(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whoso tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home, nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends:
The three we sent, from off th' inchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:

The

The reſt in haſte forſook the pleaſing ſhore,
Or, the charm taſted, had return'd no more.
Now plac'd in order on their banks, they ſweep
The ſea's ſmooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;
With heavy hearts we labour through the tide
To coaſts unknown, and oceans yet untry'd.
The land of Cyclops firſt; a ſavage kind,
Nor tam'd by manners, nor by laws confin'd:
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and ſow;
They all their products to free nature owe.
The ſoil untill'd a ready harveſt yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,
Spontaneous wines from weighty cluſters pour,
And Jove deſcends in each prolific ſhower.
By theſe no ſtatutes and no rights are known,
No council held, no monarch fills the throne,
But high on hills, or airy cliffs they dwell,
Or deep in caves whoſe entrance leads to hell.
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
Heedleſs of others, to his own ſevere.
Oppos'd to the Cyclopean coaſts, there lay
An iſle, whoſe hills their ſubject field ſurvey;
Its name Lachæa, crown'd with many a grove,
Where ſavage goats through pathleſs thickets rove:
No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,
Or wretched hunters, through the wintery cold
Purſue their flight: but leave them ſafe to bound
From hill to hill, o'er all the deſert ground.
Nor knows the ſoil to feed the fleecy care,
Or feels the labours of the crooked ſhare;

But uninhabited, untill'd, unſown
It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.
For there no veſſel with vermillion prore,
Or bark of traffic, glides from ſhore to ſhore;
The rugged race of ſavages, unſkill'd
The ſeas to traverſe, or the ſhips to build,
Gaze on the coaſt, nor cultivate the ſoil;
Unlearn'd in all th' induſtrious arts of toil.
Yet here all products and all plants abound,
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground;
Fields waving high with heavy crops are ſeen,
And vines that flouriſh in eternal green,
Refreſhing meads along the murmuring main,
And fountains ſtreaming down the fruitful plain.
A port there is, inclos'd on either ſide,
Where ſhips may reſt, unanchor'd and unty'd;
Till the glad mariners incline to ſail,
And the ſea whitens with the riſing gale.
High at its head, from out the cavern'd rock
In living rills a guſhing fountain broke:
Around it, and above, for ever green
The buſhing alders form d a ſhady ſcene.
Hither ſome favouring God, beyond our thought,
Through all-ſurrounding ſhade our navy brought;
For gloomy night deſcended on the main,
Nor glimmer'd Phœbe in th' ethereal plain:
But all unſeen the clouded iſland lay,
And all unſeen the ſurge and rolling ſea,
Till ſafe we anchor'd in the ſhelter'd bay:
Our ſails we gather'd, caſt our cables o'er,
And ſlept ſecure along the ſandy ſhore.

Soon

Soon as again the roſy morning ſhone,
Reveal'd the landſcape and the ſcene unknown,
With wonder ſeiz'd, we view the pleaſing ground,
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
Rouz'd by the woodland nymphs, at early dawn,
The mountain goats came bounding o'er the lawn:
In haſte our fellows to the ſhips repair,
For arms and weapons of the ſylvan war;
Straight in three ſquadrons all our crew we part,
And bend the bow, or wing the miſſile dart;
The bounteous Gods afford a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each veſſel bears away:
The royal bark had ten. Our ſhips complete
We thus ſupply'd (for twelve were all the fleet).
Here, till the ſetting ſun roll'd down the light,
We ſat indulging in the genial rite:
Nor wines were wanting; thoſe from ample jars
We drain'd, the prize of our Ciconian wars.
The land of Cyclops lay in proſpect near;
The voice of goats and bleating flocks we hear,
And from their mountains riſing ſmokes appear.
Now ſunk the ſun, and darkneſs cover'd o'er
The face of things: along the ſea-beat ſhore
Satiate we ſlept: but when the ſacred dawn
Ariſing glitter'd o'er the dewy lawn,
I call'd my fellows, and theſe words addreſt:
My dear aſſociates, here indulge your reſt:
While, with my ſingle ſhip, adventurous I
Go forth, the manners of yon men to try;
Whether a race unjuſt, of barbarous might,
Rude, and unconſcious of a ſtranger's right;

Or ſuch who harbour pity in their breaſt,
Revere the Gods, and ſuccour the diſtreſt?
This ſaid, I climb'd my veſſel's lofty ſide;
My train obey'd me, and the ſhip unty'd.
In order ſeated on their banks, they ſweep
Neptune's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.
When to the neareſt verge of land we drew,
Faſt by the ſea a lonely cave we view,
High, and with darkening laurels cover'd o'er;
Where ſheep and goats lay ſlumbering round the ſhore.
Near this, a fence of marble from the rock,
Brown with o'er-arching pine and ſpreading oak.
A giant ſhepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the reſt, and ſolitary reigns,
In ſhelter thick of horrid ſhade reclin'd;
And gloomy miſchiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in ſtature, or in face;
As ſome lone mountain's monſtrous growth he ſtood,
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.
I left my veſſel at the point of land,
And cloſe to guard it, gave our crew command:
With only twelve, the boldeſt and the beſt,
I ſeek th' adventure, and forſake the reſt.
Then took a goatſkin fill'd with precious wine,
The gift of Maron of Evantheus' line
(The prieſt of Phœbus at th' Iſmarian ſhrine).
In ſacred ſhade his honour'd manſion ſtood
Amidſt Apollo's conſecrated wood;
Him, and his houſe, Heaven mov'd my mind to ſave,
And coſtly preſents in return he gave;

Seven

Seven golden talents to perfection wrought,
A silver bowl that held a copious draught,
And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,
Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine!
Which now, some ages from his race conceal'd,
The hoary sire in gratitude reveal'd;
Such was the wine: to quench whose fervent steam,
Scarce twenty measures from the living stream
To cool one cup suffic'd: the goblet crown'd
Breath'd aromatic fragrancies around.
Of this an ample vase we heav'd aboard,
And brought another with provisions stor'd.
My soul foreboded I should find the bower
Of some fell monster, fierce with barbarous power,
Some rustic wretch, who liv'd in Heaven's despight,
Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.
The cave we found, but vacant all within
(His flock the giant tended on the green):
But round the grot we gaze; and all we view,
In order rang'd, our admiration drew:
The bending shelves with loads of cheeses prest,
The folded flocks each separate from the rest
(The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,
The new-fall'n young here bleating for their dams;
The kid distinguish'd from the lambkin lies):
The cavern echoes with responsive cries.
Capacious chargers all around were laid,
Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.
With fresh provisions hence our fleet to store
My friends advise me, and to quit the shore;

Or drive a flock of ſheep and goats away,
Conſult our ſafety, and put off to ſea.
Their wholeſome counſel raſhly I declin'd,
Curious to view the man of monſtrous kind,
And try what ſocial rites a ſavage lends:
Dire rites, alas! and fatal to my friends!
Then firſt a fire we kindle, and prepare
For his return with ſacrifice and prayer.
The loaded ſhelves afford us full repaſt;
We ſit expecting. Lo! he comes at laſt.
Near half a foreſt on his back he bore,
And caſt the ponderous burden at the door.
It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
And ſought the deep receſſes of the den.
Now driv'n before him, through the arching rock,
Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th' unnumber'd flock:
Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind
(The males were penn'd in outward courts behind):
Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight
To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and clos'd the gate
(Scarce twenty-four wheel'd cars, compact and ſtrong,
The maſſy load could bear, or roll along).
He next betakes him to his evening cares,
And, ſitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;
Of half their udders eaſes firſt the dams,
Then to the mother's teats ſubmits the lambs.
Half the white ſtream to hardening cheeſe he preſt,
And high in wicker-baſkets heap'd: the reſt,
Reſerv'd in bowls, ſupply'd the nightly feaſt.

His

His labour done, he fir'd the pile, that gave
A ſudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.
We ſtand diſcover'd by the riſing fires;
Aſkance the giant glares, and thus inquires:
What are ye, gueſts; on what adventure, ſay,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Pirates perhaps, who ſeek through ſeas unknown
The lives of others, and expoſe your own?
His voice like thunder through the cavern ſounds:
My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
Appall'd at ſight of more than mortal man!
At length, with heart recover'd, I began:
From Troy's fam'd fields, ſad wanderers o'er the main,
Behold the relicks of the Grecian train!
Through various ſeas by various perils toſt,
And forc'd by ſtorms, unwilling, on your coaſt;
Far from our deſtin'd courſe and native land,
Such was our fate, and ſuch high Jove's command!
Nor what we are befits us to diſclaim,
Atrides' friends, (in arms a mighty name)
Who taught proud Troy and all her ſons to bow;
Victors of late, but humble ſuppliants now!
Low at thy knee thy ſuccour we implore;
Reſpect us, human, and relieve us, poor.
At leaſt ſome hoſpitable gift beſtow;
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe:
'Tis what the Gods require: thoſe Gods revere,
The poor and ſtranger are their conſtant care,
To Jove their cauſe, and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.

Foole

Fools that ye are! (the ſavage thus replies,
His inward fury blazing at his eyes)
Or ſtrangers, diſtant far from our abodes,
To bid me reverence or regard the Gods.
Know then, we, Cyclops, are a race above
Thoſe air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd Jove:
And learn, our power proceeds with thee and thine,
Not as he wills, but as ourſelves incline.
But anſwer, the good ſhip that brought ye o'er,
Where lies ſhe anchor'd? near or off the ſhore?
Thus he. His meditated fraud I find
(Vers'd in the turns of various human-kind);
And, cautious, thus: Againſt a dreadful rock,
Faſt by your ſhore the gallant veſſel broke,
Scarce with theſe few I 'ſcap'd; of all my train,
Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the main;
The ſcatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.
He anſwer'd with his deed. His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band;
And daſh'd like dogs againſt the ſtoney floor:
The pavement ſwims with brains and mingled gore.
Torn limb from limb, he ſpreads his horrid feaſt,
And fierce devours it like a mountain-beaſt:
He ſucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, fleſh, nor ſolid bone remains.
We ſee the death from which we cannot move,
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.
His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant ſwill'd;
Then ſtretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,
Lay ſenſeleſs, and ſupine, amidſt the flock.

To ſeize the time, and with a ſudden wound
To fix the ſlumbering monſter to the ground,
My ſoul impels me; and in act I ſtand
To draw the ſword; but wiſdom held my hand.
A deed ſo raſh had finiſh'd all our fate,
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Could roll the rock. In hopeleſs grief we lay,
And ſigh, expecting the return of day,
Now did the roſy-finger'd morn ariſe,
And ſhed her ſacred light along the ſkies.
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,
And to the mother's teats ſubmits the lambs.
The taſk thus finiſh'd of his morning hours,
Two more he ſnatches, murders, and devours.
Then pleas'd, and whiſtling, drives his flock before:
Removes the rocky mountain from the door,
And ſhuts again: with equal eaſe diſpos'd,
As a light quiver's lid is op'd and clos'd.
His giant voice the echoing region fills:
His flocks, obedient, ſpread o'er all the hills.
Thus left behind, ev'n in the laſt deſpair
I thought, deviſ'd, and Pallas heard my prayer.
Revenge, and doubt, and caution, work'd my breaſt;
But this of many counſels ſeem'd the beſt:
The monſter's club within the cave I ſpy'd,
A tree of ſtatelieſt growth, and yet undry'd,
Green from the wood; of height and bulk ſo vaſt,
The largeſt ſhip might claim it for a maſt.
This ſhorten'd of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to ſhape it and to plane;

The

The narrower end I ſharpen'd to a ſpire;
Whoſe point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the duſt that ſtrow'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Propos'd, who firſt the venturous deed ſhould try,
In the broad orbit of his monſtrous eye
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,
When ſlumber next ſhould tame the man of blood.
Juſt as I wiſh'd, the lots were caſt on four:
Myſelf the fifth. We ſtand, and wait the hour.
He comes with evening: all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock:
Not one, or male or female ſtay'd behind
(So fortune chanc'd, or ſo ſome God deſign'd);
Then heaving high the ſtone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.
Firſt down he ſits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next ſeiz'd two wretches more, and headlong caſt,
Brain'd on the rock; his ſecond dire repaſt.
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er;
Cyclop! ſince human fleſh has been thy feaſt,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digeſt;
Know hence what treaſures in our ſhip we loſt,
And what rich liquors other climates boaſt.
We to thy ſhore the precious freight ſhall bear,
If home thou ſend us, and vouchſafe to ſpare.
But oh! thus furious, thirſting thus for gore,
The ſons of men ſhall ne'er approach thy ſhore,
And never ſhalt thou taſte this nectar more.

He

He heard, he took, and, pouring down his throat
Delighted, ſwill'd the large luxurious draught.
More! give me more, he cry'd: the boon be thine,
Whoe'er thou art that bear'ſt celeſtial wine!
Declare thy name; not mortal is this juice,
Such as th' unbleſt Cyclopean climes produce
(Though ſure our vine the largeſt cluſter yields,
And Jove's ſcorn'd thunder ſerves to drench our fields);
But this deſcended from the bleſt abodes,
A rill of nectar, ſtreaming from the Gods.
He ſaid, and greedy graſp'd the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his ſoul.
His ſenſe lay cover'd with the dozy fume;
While thus my fraudful ſpeech I reaſſume:
Thy promis'd boon, O Cyclop! now I claim,
And plead my title; Noman is my name.
By that diſtinguiſh'd from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.
The giant then: Our promis'd grace receive,
The hoſpitable boon we mean to give:
When all thy wretched crew have felt my power,
Noman ſhall be the laſt I will devour.
He ſaid: then, nodding with the fumes of wine,
Dropp'd his huge head, and ſnoring lay ſupine.
His neck obliquely o'er his ſhoulders hung,
Preſs'd with the weight of ſleep that tames the ſtrong!
There belch'd the mingled ſtreams of wine and blood;
And human fleſh, his indigeſted food.
Sudden I ſtir the embers, and inſpire
With animating breath the ſeeds of fire;

Each drooping ſpirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.
The ſtake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and ſparkled fiery red.
Then forth the vengeful inſtrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urg'd by ſome preſent God, they ſwift let fall
The pointed torment on his viſual ball.
Myſelf above them from a riſing ground
Guide the ſharp ſtake, and twirl it round and round.
As when a ſhipwright ſtands his workmen o'er,
Who ply the wimble, ſome huge beam to bore;
Urg'd on all hands, it nimbly ſpins about,
The grain deep-piercing till it ſcoops it out:
In his broad eye ſo whirls the fiery wood;
From the pierc'd pupil ſpouts the boiling blood;
Sing'd are his brows; the ſcorching lids grow black;
The jelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.
And as when armourers temper in the ford
The keen-edg'd pole-ax, or the ſhining ſword,
The red-hot metal hiſſes in the lake,
Thus in his eye-ball hiſs'd the plunging ſtake.
He ſends a dreadful groan: the rocks around
Through all their inmoſt winding caves reſound.
Scar'd we receded. Forth, with frantic hand,
He tore, and daſh'd on earth the gory brand:
Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-ey'd race repair,
From rifted rocks and mountains bleak in air.

All

All haſte aſſembled, at his well-known roar,
Enquire the cauſe, and croud the cavern-door.
What hurts thee, Polypheme? what ſtrange affright
Thus breaks our ſlumbers, and diſturbs the night?
Does any mortal, in th' unguarded hour
Of ſleep, oppreſs thee, or by fraud or power?
Or thieves inſidious the fair flock ſurprize?
Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies:
Friends, Noman kills me; Noman, in the hour
Of ſleep, oppreſſes me with fraudful power.
"If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
"Inflict diſeaſe, it fits thee to reſign:
"To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray,"
The brethren cry'd, and inſtant ſtrode away.
Joy touch'd my ſecret ſoul and conſcious heart,
Pleas'd with th' effect of conduct and of art.
Meantime the Cyclop, raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and ſearches round and round:
At laſt, the ſtone removing from the gate,
With hands extended in the midſt he ſate:
And ſearch'd each paſſing ſheep, and felt it o'er,
Secure to ſeize us ere we reach'd the door
(Such as his ſhallow wit he deem'd was mine):
But ſecret I revolv'd the deep deſign;
'Twas for our lives my labouring boſom wrought;
Each ſcheme I turn'd, and ſharpen'd every thought;
This way and that I caſt to ſave my friends,
Till one reſolve my varying counſel ends.
Strong were the rams, with native purple fair,
Well fed, and largeſt of the fleecy care.

Theſe three and three, with ozier bands we ty'd
(The twining bands the Cyclops bed ſupply'd)
The midmoſt bore a man; the outward two
Secur'd each ſide: ſo bound we all the crew.
One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;
In his deep fleece my graſping hands I lock,
And faſt beneath, in woolly curls inwove,
I cling implicit, and confide in Jove.
When roſy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,
He drove to paſture all the luſty males:
The ewes ſtill folded, with diſtended thighs
Unmilk'd, lay bleating in diſtreſsful cries.
But heedleſs of thoſe cares, with anguiſh ſtung,
He felt their fleeces as they paſs'd along,
(Fool that he was) and let them ſafely go,
All unſuſpecting of their freight below.
The maſter ram at laſt approach'd the gate,
Charg'd with his wool, and with Ulyſſes' fate.
Him while he paſt the monſter blind beſpoke:
What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
Firſt thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,
Firſt to the field and river's bank to lead,
And firſt with ſtately ſtep at evening hour
Thy fleecy fellows uſher to their bower.
Now far the laſt, with penſive pace and ſlow
Thou mov'ſt, as conſcious of thy maſter's woe!
Seeſt thou theſe lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train!)
Oh! didſt thou feel for thy afflicted lord,
And would but Fate the power of ſpeech afford,

Soon

Soon might'ſt thou tell me, where in ſecret here
The daſtard lurks, all trembling with his fear:
Swung round and round, and daſh'd from rock to rock,
His batter'd brains ſhould on the pavement ſmoke.
No eaſe, no pleaſure, my ſad heart receives,
While ſuch a monſter as vile Noman lives.

The giant ſpoke, and through the hollow rock
Diſmiſs'd the ram, the father of the flock.
No ſooner freed, and through th' encloſure paſt,
Firſt I releaſe myſelf, my fellows laſt:
Fat ſheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
And reach our veſſel on the winding ſhore.
With joy the ſailors view their friends return'd,
And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd.
Big tears of tranſport ſtand in every eye:
I check their fondneſs, and command to fly.
Aboard in haſte they heave the wealthy ſheep,
And ſnatch their oars, and ruſh into the deep.

Now off at ſea, and from the ſhallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear:
With taunts the diſtant giant I accoſt:
Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious hoſt!
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble ſlave,
Thou meditat'ſt thy meal in yonder cave;
But one, the vengeance fated from above
Doom'd to inflict; the inſtrument of Jove.
Thy barbarous breach of hoſpitable bands,
The God, the God revenges by my hands.

The words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke:
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock,

High o'er the billows flew the maſſy load,
And near the ſhip came thundering on the flood.
It almoſt bruſh'd the helm, and fell before:
The whole ſea ſhook, and refluent beat the ſhore.
The long concuſſion on the heaving tide
Roll'd back the veſſel to the iſland's ſide:
Again I ſhov'd her off, our fate to fly,
Each nerve we ſtretch, and every oar we ply.
Juſt 'ſcap'd impending death, when now again
We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,
Once more I raiſe my voice; my friends afraid
With mild entreaties my deſign diſſuade.
What boots the god-leſs giant to provoke,
Whoſe arm may ſink us at a ſingle ſtroke?
Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old ocean ſhook, and back his ſurges flew,
Thy ſounding voice directs his aim again;
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'ſcap'd in vain.
But I, of mind elate, and ſcorning fear,
Thus with new taunts inſult the monſter's ear.
Cyclop! if any, pitying thy diſgrace,
Aſk who diſfigur'd thus that eye-leſs face?
Say 'twas Ulyſſes, 'twas his deed, declare,
Laertes' ſon, of Ithaca the fair;
Ulyſſes, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whoſe arm Troy tumbled to the ground.
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſavage with a roar replies:
O heavens! O faith of ancient prophecies!
This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold,
(*The mighty ſeer* who on theſe hills grew old;

Skill'd

Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
Long ſince he menac'd, ſuch was Fate's command;
And nam'd Ulyſſes as the deſtin'd hand.
I deem'd ſome god-like giant to behold,
Or lofty hero, haughty, brave, and bold;
Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean deſign,
Who not by ſtrength ſubdued me, but by wine.
But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray
Great Neptune's bleſſing on the watery way:
For his I am, and I the lineage own:
Th' immortal father no leſs boaſts the ſon.
His power can heal me, and re-light my eye:
And only his, of all the Gods on high.
Oh! could this arm (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
From that vaſt bulk diſlodge thy bloody mind,
And ſend thee howling to the realms of night!
As ſure, as Neptune cannot give thee ſight.
Thus I: while raging he repeats his cries,
With hands uplifted to the ſtarry ſkies:
Hear me, O Neptune! thou whoſe arms are hurl'd
From ſhore to ſhore, and gird the ſolid world.
If thine I am, nor thou my birth diſown,
And if th' unhappy Cyclop be thy ſon;
Let not Ulyſſes breathe his native air,
Laertes' ſon, of Ithaca the fair.
If to review his country be his fate,
Be it through toils and ſufferings long and late;
His loſt companions let him firſt deplore;
Some veſſel, not his own, tranſport him o'er;
And when *at home from foreign ſufferings freed*,
More near and deep, domeſtic woes ſucceed!

With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
And angry Neptune heard th' unrighteous prayer.
A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round: it ſung acroſs the main:
It fell, and bruſh'd the ſtern: the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the ſhore.
With all our force we kept aloof to ſea,
And gain'd the iſland where our veſſels lay.
Our fight the whole collected navy chear'd,
Who, waiting long, by turns had hop'd and fear'd.
There diſembarking on the green ſea-ſide,
We land our cattle, and the ſpoil divide:
Of theſe due ſhares to every ſailor fall;
The maſter ram was voted mine by all:
And him (the guardian of Ulyſſes' fate)
With pious mind to Heaven I conſecrate.
But the great God, whoſe thunder rends the ſkies,
Averſe, beholds the ſmoking ſacrifice;
And ſees me wandering ſtill from coaſt to coaſt;
And all my veſſels, all my people, loſt!
While thoughtleſs we indulge the genial rite,
As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite;
Till evening Phœbus roll'd away the light:
Stretch'd on the ſhore in careleſs eaſe we reſt,
Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the eaſt.
Then from their anchors all our ſhips unbind,
And mount the decks, and call the willing wind.
Now, rang'd in order on our banks, we ſweep
With haſty ſtrokes the hoarſe refounding deep;
Blind to the future, penſive with our fears,
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears.

THE

THE TENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

ADVENTURES WITH ÆOLUS, THE LESTRIGONS, AND CIRCE.

ULYSSES arrives at the iſland of Æolus, who gives him proſperous winds, and incloſes the adverſe ones in a bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they ſail to the Leſtrigons, where they loſe eleven ſhips, and, with one only remaining, proceed to the iſland of Circe. Eurylochus is ſent firſt with ſome companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are transformed into ſwine. Ulyſſes then undertakes the adventure, and, by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the enchantreſs, and procures the reſtoration of his men. After a year's ſtay with her, he prepares at her inſtigation for his voyage to the infernal ſhades.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK X.

AT length we reach'd Æolia's ſea-girt ſhore
Where great Hippotades the ſceptre bore,
A floating iſle! High-rais'd by toil divine,
Strong walls of braſs the rocky coaſt confine.
Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,
And ſix fair daughters, grac'd the royal bed:
Theſe ſons their ſiſters wed, and all remain
Their parents pride, and pleaſure of their reign.
All day they feaſt, all day the bowls flow round,
And joy and muſick through the iſle reſound:
At night each pair on ſplendid carpets lay,
And crown'd with love the pleaſures of the day.
This happy port affords our wandering fleet
A month's reception, and a ſafe retreat.
Full oft the monarch urg'd me to relate
The fall of Ilion, and the Grecian fate;
Full oft I told: at length for parting mov'd;
The king with mighty gifts my ſuit approv'd.
The adverſe winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compreſs'd their force, and lock'd each ſtruggling blaſt:
For him the mighty Sire of Gods aſſign'd
The tempeſt's Lord, the tyrant of the wind;

His

His word alone the liſtening ſtorms obey,
To ſmooth the deep, or ſwell the foamy ſea.
Theſe in my hollow ſhip the monarch hung,
Securely fetter'd by a ſilver thong;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the ſwelling ſails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails!
Nine proſperous days we ply'd the labouring oar;
The tenth preſents our welcome native ſhore:
The hills diſplay the beacon's friendly light,
And riſing mountains gain upon our ſight.
Then firſt my eyes, by watchful toils oppreſt,
Comply'd to take the balmy gifts of reſt;
Then firſt my hands did from the rudder part
(So much the love of home poſſeſs'd my heart);
When, lo! on board a fond debate aroſe;
What rare device thoſe veſſels might encloſe?
What ſum, what prize from Æolus I brought?
Whilſt to his neighbour each expreſs'd his thought:
Say, whence, ye Gods, contending nations ſtrive
Who moſt ſhall pleaſe, who moſt our hero give?
Long have his coffers groan'd with Trojan ſpoils;
Whilſt we, the wretched partners of his toils,
Reproach'd by want, our fruitleſs labours mourn,
And only rich in barren fame return.
Now Æolus, ye ſee, augments his ſtore:
But come, my friends, theſe myſtic gifts explore.
They ſaid: and (oh curs'd fate) the thongs unbound:
The guſhing tempeſt ſweeps the ocean round;
Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurried navy flew,
The ocean widen'd, and the ſhores withdrew.

Rous'd

Rouz'd from my fatal ſleep, I long debate
If ſtill to live, or deſperate plunge to Fate:
Thus, doubting, proſtrate on the deck I lay,
Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.
Meanwhile our veſſels plough the liquid plain,
And ſoon the known Æolian coaſt regain,
Our groans the rocks remurmur'd to the main.
We leap'd on ſhore, and with a ſcanty feaſt
Our thirſt and hunger haſtily repreſs'd;
That done, two choſen heralds ſtraight attend
Our ſecond progreſs to my royal friend:
And him amidſt his jovial ſons we found;
The banquet ſteaming, and the goblets crown'd:
There humbly ſtopp'd with conſcious ſhame and awe,
Nor nearer than the gate preſum'd to draw.
But ſoon his ſons their well-known gueſt deſcry'd,
And ſtarting from their couches loudly cry'd:
Ulyſſes here! what dæmon could'ſt thou meet
To thwart thy paſſage, and repel thy fleet?
Waſt thou not furniſh'd by our choiceſt care
For Greece, for home, and all thy ſoul held dear?
Thus they; in ſilence long my fate I mourn'd,
At length theſe words with accent low return'd:
Me, lock'd in ſleep, my faithleſs crew bereft
Of all the bleſſings of your god-like gift!
But grant, oh grant our loſs we may retrieve:
A favour you, and you alone can give.
Thus I with art to move their pity try'd,
And touch'd the youths; but their ſtern ſire reply'd:
Vile wretch, be gone! this inſtant I command
Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallow'd land.

His baneful ſuit pollutes theſe bleſs'd abodes,
Whoſe fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.
Thus fierce he ſaid: we ſighing went our way,
And with deſponding hearts put off to ſea.
The ſailors, ſpent with toils, their folly mourn,
But mourn in vain; no proſpect of return,
Six days and nights a doubtful courſe we ſteer,
The next proud Lamos' ſtately towers appear,
And Læſtrigonia's gates ariſe diſtinct in air.
The ſhepherd, quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to ſucceed his cares, the watchful ſwain;
But he that ſcorns the chains of ſleep to wear,
And adds the herdſman's to the ſhepherd's care,
So near the paſtures, and ſo ſhort the way,
His double toils may claim a double pay,
And join the labours of the night and day.
Within a long receſs a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the ſkies;
The jutting ſhores that ſwell on either ſide
Contract its mouth, and break the ruſhing tide.
Our eager ſailors ſeize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For here retir'd the ſinking billows ſleep,
And ſmiling calmneſs ſilver'd o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refus'd to moor,
And fix'd, without, my halſers to the ſhore.
From thence we climb'd a point, whoſe airy brow
Commands the proſpect of the plains below:
No tracts of beaſts, or ſigns of men, we found,
But ſmoky volumes rolling from the ground.

Two

Two with our herald thither we command,
With ſpeed to learn what men poſſeſs'd the land.
They went, and kept the wheel's ſmooth beaten road
Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
When lo! they met, beſide a cryſtal ſpring,
The daughter of Antiphates the king;
She to Artacia's ſilver ſtreams came down
(Artacia's ſtreams alone ſupply the town):
The damſel they approach, and aſk'd what race
The people were? who monarch of the place?
With joy the maid th' unwary ſtrangers heard,
And ſhew'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
They went; but, as they entering ſaw the queen
Of ſize enormous, and terrific mein
(Not yielding to ſome bulky mountain's height),
A ſudden horrour ſtruck their aking ſight.
Swift at her call her huſband ſcour'd away
To wreak his hunger on the deſtin'd prey;
One for his food the raging glutton ſlew,
But two ruſh'd out, and to the navy flew.
Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monſter flies,
And fills the city with his hideous cries;
A ghaſtly band of giants hear the roar,
And, pouring down the mountains, croud the ſhore.
Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
And daſh the ruins on the ſhips below:
The crackling veſſels burſt; hoarſe groans ariſe,
And mingled horrours echo to the ſkies;
The men, like fiſh, they ſtuck upon the flood,
And cramm'd their filthy throats with human food.

While

Whilſt thus their fury rages at the bay,
My ſword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh;
And charg'd my men, as they from Fate would fly,
Each nerve to ſtrain, each bending oar to ply.
The ſailors watch the word, their oars they ſeize,
And ſweep with equal ſtrokes the ſmoky ſeas:
Clear of the rocks th' impatient veſſel flies;
Whilſt in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.
With earneſt haſte my frighted ſailors preſs,
While kindling tranſports glow'd at our ſucceſs;
But the ſad fate that did our friends deſtroy
Cool'd every breaſt, and damp'd the riſing joy.
Now dropp'd our anchors in the Æean bay,
Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the Day;
Her mother Perſe, of old Ocean's ſtrain,
Thus from the Sun deſcended and the Main
(From the ſame lineage ſtern Æætes came
The far-fam'd brother of th' enchantreſs dame);
Goddeſs, and queen, to whom the powers belong
Of dreadful magic, and commanding ſong.
Some God directing to this peaceful bay
Silent we came, and melancholy lay,
Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights roll'd on,
And now the third ſucceeding morning ſhone.
I climb'd a cliff, with ſpear and ſword in hand,
Whoſe ridge o'erlook'd a ſhady length of land:
To learn if aught of mortal works appear,
Or chearful voice of mortal ſtrike the ear?
From the high point I mark'd, in diſtant view,
A ſtream of curling ſmoke aſcending blue,

And

And ſpiry tops, the tufted trees above,
Of Circe's palace boſom'd in the grove.
Thither to haſte, the region to explore,
Was firſt my thought: but ſpeeding back to ſhore
I deem'd it beſt to viſit firſt my crew,
And ſend out ſpies the dubious coaſt to view.
As down the hill I ſolitary go,
Some Power divine, who pities human woe,
Sent a tall ſtag, deſcending from the wood,
To cool his fervour in the cryſtal flood;
Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
Stretch'd forth, and panting in the ſunny ray.
I launch'd my ſpear, and with a ſudden wound
Tranſpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground.
He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries:
Through the wide wound the vital ſpirit flies.
I drew, and caſting on the river's ſide
The bloody ſpear, his gather'd feet I-ty'd
With twining oziers which the bank ſupplied.
An ell in length the pliant whiſp I weav'd
And the huge body on my ſhoulders heav'd:
Then, leaning on the ſpear with both my hands,
Up-bore my load, and preſs'd the ſinking ſands
With weighty ſteps, till at the ſhip I threw
The welcome burden, and beſpoke my crew:
Chear up, my friends! it is not yet our fate
To glide with ghoſts through Pluto's gloomy gate.
Food in the deſert land, behold! is given;
Live, and enjoy the providence of Heaven.
The joyful crew ſurvey his mighty ſize,
And on the future banquet feaſt their eyes,

As huge in length extended lay the beast;
Then waſh their hands, and haſten to the feaſt.
There, till the ſetting ſun roll'd down the light,
They ſate indulging in the genial rite.
When evening roſe, and darkneſs cover'd o'er
The face of things, we ſlept along the ſhore.
But when the roſy morning warm'd the eaſt,
My men I ſummon'd, and theſe words addreſt:
Followers and friends; attend what I propoſe:
Ye ſad companions of Ulyſſes' woes!
We know not here what land before us lies,
Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
Or where the ſun ſhall ſet, or where ſhall riſe.
Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
If any counſel, any hope remain.
Alas! from yonder promontory's brow,
I view'd the coaſt, a region flat and low;
An iſle incircled with the boundleſs flood;
A length of thickets, and entangled wood.
Some ſmoke I ſaw amid the foreſts riſe,
And all around it only ſeas and ſkies!
With broken hearts my ſad companions ſtood,
Mindful of Cyclops and his human food,
And horrid Læſtrigons, the men of blood.
Preſaging tears apace began to rain;
But tears in mortal miſeries are vain.
In equal parts I ſtraight divide my band,
And name a chief each party to command;
I led the one, and of the other ſide
Appointed brave Eurylochus the guide.

Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,
And Fortune casts Eurylochus to go:
He march'd, with twice eleven in his train:
Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.
The palace in a woody vale they found,
High rais'd of stone; a shaded space around:
Where mountain wolves and bridled lions roam,
(By magick tam'd) familiar to the dome.
With gentle blandishment our men they meet,
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet.
As from some feast a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive
(Such as the good man ever us'd to give).
Domestic thus the grisly beasts drew near;
They gaze with wonder, not unmix'd with fear.
Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,
And heard a voice resounding through the wood:
Plac'd at her loom within, the Goddess sung;
The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung.
O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,
Immortal labour! worthy hands divine.
Polites to the rest the question mov'd
(A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd):
"What voice celestial, chanting to the loom
(Or Nymph, or Goddess) echoes from the room?
Say, shall we seek access? With that they call;
And wide unfold the portals of the hall.
The Goddess, rising, asks her guests to stay,
Who blindly follow where she leads the way.

Eurylochus alone of all the band,
Suſpecting, fraud more prudently remain'd.
On thrones around with downy coverings grac'd,
With ſemblance fair, th' unhappy men ſhe plac'd.
Milk newly preſs'd, the ſacred flour of wheat,
And honey freſh, and Pramnian wines the treat:
But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
With drugs of force to darken all the ſoul:
Soon in the luſcious feaſt themſelves they loſt,
And drank oblivion of their native coaſt.
Inſtant her circling wand the Goddeſs waves,
To hogs transforms them, and the ſty receives.
No more was ſeen the human form divine;
Head, face, and members, briſtle into ſwine:
Still curſt with ſenſe, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.
Meanwhile the Goddeſs in diſdain beſtows
The maſt and acorn, brutal food! and ſtrows
The fruits of cornel, as their feaſt, around;
Now prone and groveling on unſavory ground.
Eurylochus, with penſive ſteps and ſlow,
Aghaſt returns; the meſſenger of woe,
And bitter fate. To ſpeak he made eſſay,
In vain eſſay'd, nor would his tongue obey,
His ſwelling heart deny'd the words their way:
But ſpeaking tears the want of words ſupply,
And the full ſoul burſts copious from his eye.
Affrighted, anxious for our fellows' fates,
We preſs to hear what ſadly he relates:
We went, Ulyſſes! (ſuch was thy command)
Through the lone thicket and the deſert land.

A palace

A palace in a woody vale we found
Brown with dark foreſts, and with ſhades around.
A voice celeſtial echo'd from the dome,
Of Nymph, or Goddeſs, chanting to the loom.
Acceſs we ſought, nor was acceſs denied:
Radiant ſhe came; the portal's open'd wide:
The Goddeſs mild invites the gueſts to ſtay:
They blindly follow where ſhe leads the way.
I only wait behind, of all the train;
I waited long, and eyed the doors in vain:
The reſt are vaniſh'd, none repaſs'd the gate;
And not a man appears to tell their fate.
I heard, and inſtant o'er my ſhoulders flung
The belt in which my weighty faulchion hung
(A beamy blade); then ſeiz'd the bended bow,
And bade him guide the way, reſolv'd to go.
He, proſtrate falling, with both hands embrac'd
My knees, and, weeping, thus his ſuit addreſs'd:
O king, belov'd of Jove! thy ſervant ſpare,
And ah, thyſelf, the raſh attempt forbear!
Never, alas! thou never ſhalt return,
Or ſee the wretched for whoſe loſs we mourn.
With what remains from certain ruin fly,
And ſave the few not fated yet to die.
I anſwer'd ſtern: Inglorious then remain,
Here feaſt and loiter, and deſert thy train.
Alone, unfriended, will I tempt my way;
The laws of Fate compel, and I obey.
This ſaid, and ſcornful turning from the ſhore
My haughty ſtep, I ſtalk'd the valley o'er.

Till now approaching nigh the magic bower;
Where dwelt th' enchantreſs ſkill'd in herbs of power,
A form divine forth iſſued from the wood
(Immortal Hermes with the golden rod)
In human ſemblance. On his bloomy face
Youth ſmil'd celeſtial, with each opening grace.
He ſeiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began:
Ah! whither roam'ſt thou, much-enduring man?
Oh blind to fate! what led thy ſteps to rove
The horrid mazes of this magic grove!
Each friend you ſeek in yon encloſure lies,
All loſt their form, and habitants of ſties.
Think'ſt thou by wit to model their eſcape?
Sooner ſhalt thou, a ſtranger to thy ſhape,
Fall prone their equal: firſt thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the Gods beſtow.
The plant I give, through all the direful bower
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes
The bowl ſhall ſparkle, and the banquet riſe;
Take this, nor from the faithleſs feaſt abſtain,
For temper'd drugs and poiſons ſhall be vain.
Soon as ſhe ſtrikes her wand, and gives the word,
Draw forth and brandiſh thy refulgent ſword,
And menace death: thoſe menaces ſhall move
Her alter'd mind to blandiſhment and love.
Nor ſhun the bleſſing profer'd to thy arms,
Aſcend her bed, and taſte celeſtial charms:
So ſhall thy tedious toils a reſpite find,
And thy loſt friends return to human-kind.

But

But ſwear her firſt by thoſe dread oaths that tie
The Powers below, the Bleſſed in the ſky;
Leſt to thee naked ſecret fraud be meant,
Or magic bind thee cold and impotent.
Thus while he ſpoke, the ſovereign plant he drew
Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,
And ſhew'd its nature and its wondrous power:
Black was the root, but milky-white the flower;
Moly the name, to mortals hard to find,
But all is eaſy to th' ætherial kind.
This Hermes gave; then, gliding off the glade,
Shot to Olympus from the woodland ſhade.
While, full of thought, revolving fates to come,
I ſpeed my paſſage to th' enchanted dome;
Arriv'd, before the lofty gates I ſtay'd;
The lofty gates the Goddeſs wide diſplay'd:
She leads before, and to the feaſt invites:
I follow ſadly to the magic rites.
Radiant with ſtarry ſtuds, a ſilver ſeat
Receiv'd my limbs; a footſtool eas'd my feet.
She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of ſoul;
The poiſon mantled in the golden bowl.
I took, and quaff'd it, confident in Heaven:
Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was given.
Hence to thy fellows! (dreadful ſhe began)
Go, be a beaſt!—I heard, and yet was man.
Then ſudden whirling, like a waving flame,
My beamy faulchion, I aſſault the dame.
Struck with unuſual fear, ſhe trembling cries,
She faints, ſhe falls; ſhe lifts her weeping eyes.

What art thou? ſay! from whence, from whom you came?
Oh more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing ſtrength, theſe poiſons to ſuſtain!
Nor mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.
Or art thou he? the man to come (foretold
By Hermes powerful with the wand of gold)
The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean round;
The man for wiſdom's various arts renown'd,
Ulyſſes? oh! thy threatening fury ceaſe,
Sheath thy bright ſword, and join our hands in peace;
Let mutual joys our mutual truſt combine,
And love, and love-born confidence, be thine.
And how, dread Circe! (furious I rejoin)
Can love, and love-born confidence, be mine!
Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
Transform'd to beaſts, with accents not their own.
Oh thou of fraudful heart! ſhall I be led
To ſhare thy feaſt-rites, or aſcend thy bed:
That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent,
And magick bind me, cold and impotent!
Celeſtial as thou art, yet ſtand denied;
Or ſwear that oath by which the Gods are tied,
Swear, in thy ſoul no latent frauds remain,
Swear by the vow which never can be vain.
The Goddeſs ſwore: then ſeiz'd my hand, and led
To the ſweet tranſports of the genial bed.
Miniſtrant to their queen, with buſy care
Four faithful handmaids the ſoft rites prepare;
Nymphs ſprung from fountains, or from ſhady woods,
Or the fair offspring of the ſacred floods.

One

One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whoſe purple luſtre glow'd againſt the view:
White linen lay beneath. Another plac'd
The ſilver ſtands with golden flaſkets grac'd:
With dulcet beverage this the beaker crown'd,
Fair in the midſt, with gilded cups around:
That in the tripod o'er the kindled pile
The water pours; the bubbling waters boil:
An ample vaſe receives the ſmoking wave;
And, in the bath prepar'd, my limbs I lave:
Reviving ſweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful ſenſe of toil away.
A veſt and tunick o'er me next ſhe threw,
Freſh from the bath, and dropping balmy dew;
Then led and plac'd me on the ſovereign ſeat,
With carpets ſpread; a footſtool at my feet.
The golden ewer a nymph obſequious brings,
Repleniſh'd from the cool tranſlucent ſprings:
With copious water the bright vaſe ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize.
I waſh'd. The table in fair order ſpread,
They heap the glittering caniſters with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!
Circe in vain invites the feaſt to ſhare;
Abſent I ponder, and abſorb in care:
While ſcenes of woe roſe anxious in my breaſt,
The queen beheld me, and thoſe words addreſt:
Why ſits Ulyſſes ſilent and apart,
Some hoard of grief cloſe-harbour'd at his heart?

Untouch'd

Untouch'd before thee ſtand the cates divine,
And unregarded laughs the roſy wine.
Can yet a doubt or any dread remain,
When ſworn that oath which never can be vain?
I anſwer'd: Goddeſs! human is thy breaſt,
By juſtice ſway'd, by tender pity preſt:
Ill fits it me, whoſe friends are ſunk to beaſts,
To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feaſts.
Me would'ſt thou pleaſe? for them thy cares employ,
And them to me reſtore, and me to joy.
With that ſhe parted; in her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magic wand.
Then, haſtening to the ſties, ſet wide the door,
Urg'd forth, and drove the briſtly herd before;
Unweildy, out they ruſh'd with general cry,
Enormous beaſts diſhoneſt to the eye.
Now touch'd by counter-charms, they change again,
And ſtand majeſtic, and recall'd to men.
Thoſe hairs, of late that briſtled every part,
Fall off; miraculous effect of art!
Till all the form in full proportion riſe,
More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.
They ſaw, they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their maſter in a long embrace:
Sad, pleaſing ſight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
And ſobs of joy re-echoed through the bower:
Ev'n Circe wept, her adamantine heart
Felt pity enter, and ſuſtain'd her part.
Son of Laertes! (then the queen began)
Oh much-enduring, much-experienc'd man!

Haſte

Haſte to thy veſſel on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Unload thy treaſures, and the galley moor:
Then bring thy friends, ſecure from future harms,
And in our grottoes ſtow thy ſpoils and arms.
She ſaid: Obedient to her high command,
I quit the place, and haſten to the ſtrand.
My ſad companions on the beach I found,
Their wiſtful eyes in floods of ſorrow drown'd.
As from freſh paſtures and the dewy field
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
The lowing herds return; around them throng
With leaps and bounds their late-impriſon'd young,
Ruſh to their mothers with unruly joy,
And echoing hills return the tender cry:
So round me preſs'd, exulting at my ſight,
With cries and agonies of wild delight,
The weeping ſailors; nor leſs fierce their joy
Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.
Ah, maſter! ever honour'd, ever dear!
(Theſe tender words on every ſide I hear)
What other joy can equal thy return?
Not that lov'd country for whoſe ſight we mourn,
The ſoil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath:
But, ah! relate our loſt companions death.
I anſwer'd chearful: Haſte, your galley moor,
And bring our treaſures and our arms aſhore:
Thoſe in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
Then riſe, and follow where I lead the way.
Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come
To taſte the joys of Circe's ſacred dome.

With

With ready ſpeed the joyful crew obey:
Alone Eurylochus perſuades their ſtay.
Whither (he cry'd) ah! whither will ye run?
Seek ye to meet thoſe evils ye ſhould ſhun?
Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
In ſwine to grovel, or in lions roar,
Or wolf-like howl away the midnight hour
In dreadful watch around the magic bower?
Remember Cyclops, and his bloody deed;
The leader's raſhneſs made the ſoldiers bleed.
I heard incens'd, and firſt reſolv'd to ſpeed
My flying falchion at the rebel's head.
Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
This hand had ſtretch'd him breathleſs on the ground.
But all at once my interpoſing train
For mercy pleaded, nor could plead in vain.
Leave here the man who dares his prince deſert,
Leave to repentance and his own ſad heart,
To guard the ſhip. Seek we the ſacred ſhades
Of Circe's palace, where Ulyſſes leads.
This with one voice declar'd, the riſing train
Left the black veſſel by the murmuring main.
Shame touch'd Eurylochus's alter'd breaſt,
He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the reſt.
Meanwhile the Goddeſs, with indulgent cares
And ſocial joys, the late transform'd repairs;
The bath, the feaſt, their fainting ſoul renews;
Rich in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews:
Brightening with joy their eager eyes behold
Each other's face, and each his ſtory told;

Then guſhing tears the narrative confound,
And with their ſobs the vaulted roofs reſound.
When huſh'd their paſſion, thus the Goddeſs cries:
Ulyſſes, taught by labours to be wiſe,
Let this ſhort memory of grief ſuffice.
To me are known the various woes ye bore,
In ſtorms by ſea, in perils on the ſhore;
Forget whatever was in Fortune's power,
And ſhare the pleaſures of this genial hour.
Such be your minds as ere ye left your coaſt,
Or learn'd to ſorrow for a country loſt.
Exiles and wanderers now, where-e'er ye go
Too faithful memory renews your woe;
The cauſe remov'd, habitual griefs remain,
And the ſoul ſaddens by the uſe of pain.
Her kind entreaty mov'd the general breaſt;
Tir'd with long toil, we willing ſunk to reſt.
We ply'd the banquet, and the bowl we crown'd,
Till the full circle of the year came round.
But when the ſeaſons, following in their train,
Brought back the months, the days, and hours again;
As from a lethargy at once they riſe,
And urge their chief with animating cries:
Is this, Ulyſſes, our inglorious lot?
And is the name of Ithaca forgot?
Shall never the dear land in proſpect riſe,
Or the lov'd palace glitter in our eyes?
Melting I heard; yet till the ſun's decline
Prolong'd the feaſt, and quaff'd the roſy wine:
But when the ſhades came on at evening hour,
And all lay ſlumbering in the duſky bower;

I came

I came a ſuppliant to fair Circe's bed,
The tender moment ſeiz'd, and thus I ſaid:
Be mindful, Goddeſs, of thy promiſe made;
Muſt ſad Ulyſſes ever be delay'd?
Around their lord my ſad companions mourn,
Each breaſt beats homeward, anxious to return:
If but a moment parted from thy eyes,
Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies.
Go then, (ſhe cry'd) ah, go! yet think, not I,
Not Circe, but the Fates, your wiſh deny.
Ah, hope not yet to breathe thy native air!
Far other journey firſt demands thy care;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
And view the realms of darkneſs and of death.
There ſeek the Theban bard, depriv'd of ſight;
Within, irradiate with prophetic light;
To whom Perſephone, entire and whole,
Gave to retain th' unſeparated ſoul:
The reſt are forms, of empty æther made;
Impaſſive ſemblance, and a flitting ſhade.
Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:
Penſive I ſate; my tears bedew'd the bed;
To hate the light and life my ſoul begun,
And ſaw that all was grief beneath the ſun.
Compos'd at length, the guſhing tears ſuppreſt,
And my toſt limbs now weary'd into reſt:
How ſhall I tread (I cry'd) ah, Circe! ſay,
The dark deſcent, and who ſhall guide the way?
Can living eyes behold the realms below?
What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?

Thy

Thy fated road (the magic power reply'd)
Divine Ulyſſes! aſks no mortal guide.
Rear but the maſt, the ſpacious ſail diſplay,
The northern winds ſhall wing thee on thy way.
Soon ſhalt thou reach old Ocean's utmoſt ends,
Where to the main the ſhelving ſhore deſcends;
The barren trees of Proſerpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods:
There fix thy veſſel in the lonely bay,
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:
Where Phlegeton's loud torrents, ruſhing down,
Hiſs in the flaming gulf of Acheron;
And where, ſlow-rolling from the Stygian bed,
Cocytus' lamentable waters ſpread:
Where the dark rock o'erhangs th' infernal lake,
And mingling ſtreams eternal murmurs make.
Firſt draw thy falchion, and on every ſide
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide:
To all the ſhades around libations pour,
And o'er th' ingredients ſtrow the hallow'd flour:
New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring;
And living water from the cryſtal ſpring.
Then the wan ſhades and feeble ghoſts implore,
With promis'd offerings on thy native ſhore;
A barren cow, the ſtateliеſt of the iſle,
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pile:
Theſe to the reſt; but to the ſeer muſt bleed
A ſable ram, the pride of all thy breed.
Theſe ſolemn vows and holy offerings paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead;

Be next thy care the ſable ſheep to place
Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their face:
But from th' infernal rite thine eye withdraw,
And back to Ocean glance with reverend awe.
Sudden ſhall ſkim along the duſky glades
Thin airy ſhoals, and viſionary ſhades.
Then give command the ſacrifice to haſte,
Let the ſlay'd victims in the flame be caſt,
And ſacred vows and myſtic ſong apply'd
To griſly Pluto and his gloomy bride.
Wide o'er the pool, thy falchion wav'd around
Shall drive the ſpectres from forbidden ground:
The ſacred draught ſhall all the dead forbear,
Till awful from the ſhades ariſe the ſeer.
Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate, diſplay,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy day.
So ſpeaking, from the ruddy orient ſhone
The morn, conſpicuous on her golden throne.
The Goddeſs with a radiant tunic dreſs'd
My limbs, and o'er me caſt a ſilken veſt.
Long flowing robes of pureſt white array
The nymph, that added luſtre to the day:
A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waſte was circled with a zone of gold.
Forth iſſuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouze man by man, and animate my crew.
Riſe, riſe, my mates! 'tis Circe gives command:
Our journey calls us; haſte, and quit the land.
All riſe and follow, yet depart not all,
For Fate decreed one wretched man to fall.

A youth

A youth there was, Elpenor was he nam'd,
Not much for ſenſe, nor much for courage fam'd:
The youngeſt of our band, a vulgar ſoul,
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careleſs, on a turret's height
With ſleep repair'd the long debauch of night:
The ſudden tumult ſtirr'd him where he lay,
And down he haſten'd, but forgot the way;
Full endlong from the roof the ſleeper fell,
And ſnapp'd the ſpinal joint, and wak'd in hell.
The reſt crowd round me with an eager look;
I met them with a ſigh, and thus beſpoke:
Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
Your hopes already touch your native ſhore:
Alas! far otherwiſe the nymph declares,
Far other journey firſt demands our cares;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
The dreary realms of darkneſs and of death:
To ſeek Tireſias' awful ſhade below,
And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.
My ſad companions heard in deep deſpair;
Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair;
To earth they fell; the tears began to rain;
But tears in mortal miſeries are vain.
Sadly they far'd along the ſea-beat ſhore;
Still heav'd their hearts, and ſtill their eyes ran o'er.
The ready victims at our bark we found,
The ſable ewe and ram, together bound,

For ſwift as thought the Goddeſs had been there,
And thence had glided, viewleſs as the air:
The paths of Gods what mortal can ſurvey?
Who eyes their motion? who ſhall trace their way?

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

ULYSSES continues his narration, How he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his deſcent, and the apparition of the ſhades: his converſation with Elpenor; and with Tireſias, who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the ſtate of his family. He ſees the ſhades of the ancient heroines, afterwards of the heroes, and converſes in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a ſullen diſtance, and diſdains to anſwer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Syſiphus, Hercules; till he is deterred from further curioſity by the apparition of horrid Spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.

THE

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XI.

NOW to the ſhores we bend, a mournful train,
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main:
At once the maſt we rear, at once unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind:
Then pale and penſive ſtand, with cares oppreſt,
And ſolemn horror ſaddens every breaſt.
A freſhening breeze the *Magic Power ſupplied,
While the wing'd veſſel flew along the tide;
Our oars we ſhipp'd: all day the ſwelling ſails
Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales.
Nor ſunk the ſun from his aërial height,
And o'er the ſhaded billows ruſh'd the night:
When, lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmoſt bounds,
Where rocks control his waves with ever-during mounds.
There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The duſky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
The ſun ne'er views th' uncomfortable ſeats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats:
Unhappy race! whom endleſs night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in ſhades.

* Circe.

The ſhip we moor on theſe obſcure abodes;
Diſbark the ſheep, an offering to the Gods;
And, hell-ward bending, o'er the beach deſcry
The doleſome paſſage to th' infernal ſky.
The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean Power,
Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.

Here open'd hell, all hell I here implor'd,
And from the ſcabbard drew the ſhining ſword;
And, trenching the black earth on every ſide,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,
Then living waters from the cryſtal ſpring;
O'er theſe was ſtrew'd the conſecrated flour,
And on the ſurface ſtone the holy ſtore.

Now the wan ſhades we hail, th' infernal Gods,
To ſpeed our courſe, and waft us o'er the floods:
So ſhall a barren heifer from the ſtall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;
So in our palace, at our ſafe return,
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the pile ſhall burn;
So ſhall a ram the largeſt of the breed,
Black as theſe regions, to Tireſias bleed.

Thus ſolemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead,
Then dy'd the ſheep; a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the caverns ſmok'd with ſtreaming blood.
When, lo! appear'd along the duſky coaſts,
Thin, airy ſhoals of viſionary ghoſts;
Fair, penſive youths, and ſoft enamour'd maids;
And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled ſhades;

Ghaſtly

Ghaſtly with wounds the forms of warriors ſlain
Stalk'd with majeſtic port, a martial train:
Theſe and a thouſand more ſwarm'd o'er the ground,
And all the dire aſſembly ſhriek'd around.
Aſtoniſh'd at the ſight, aghaſt I ſtood,
And a cold fear ran ſhivering through my blood;
Straight I command the ſacrifice to haſte,
Straight the flay'd victims to the flames are caſt,
And mutter'd vows, and myſtic ſong applied
To griſly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.

Now ſwift I wav'd my faulchion o'er the blood;
Back ſtarted the pale throngs, and trembling ſtood.
Round the black trench the gore untaſted flows,
Till awful from the ſhades Tireſias roſe.

There wandering through the gloom I firſt ſurvey'd,
New to the realms of death, Elpenor's ſhade:
His cold remains all naked to the ſky
On diſtant ſhores unwept, unburied lie.
Sad at the ſight I ſtand, deep fix'd in woe,
And ere I ſpoke the tears began to flow:

Oh ſay what angry power, Elpenor, led
To glide in ſhades, and wander with the dead?
How could thy ſoul, by realms and ſeas diſjoin'd,
Out-fly the nimble ſail, and leave the lagging wind?

The ghoſt replied: To hell my doom I owe,
Dæmons accurſt, dire miniſters of woe!
My feet, through wine unfaithful to their weight,
Betray'd me tumbling from a towery height,
Staggering I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
Lux'd the neck-joint—my ſoul deſcends to hell.

But lend me aid, I now conjure thee lend,
By the ſoft tie and ſacred name of friend!
By thy fond conſort! by thy father's cares!
By lov'd Telemachus's blooming years!
For well I know that ſoon the heavenly Powers
Will give thee back to day, and Circe's ſhores:
There pious on my cold remains attend,
There call to mind thy poor departed friend.
The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
And the poſſeſſion of a peaceful grave.
But if, unheard, in vain compaſſion plead,
Revere the Gods, the Gods avenge the dead!
A tomb along the watery margin raiſe,
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
To ſhew poſterity Elpenor was.
There high in air, memorial of my name,
Fix the ſmooth oar, and bid me live to fame.
To whom with tears; Theſe rites, O mournful ſhade,
Due to thy ghoſt, ſhall to thy ghoſt be paid.
Still as I ſpoke, the phantom ſeem'd to moan,
Tear follow'd tear, and groan ſucceeded groan.
But, as my waving ſword the blood ſurrounds,
The ſhade withdrew, and mutter'd empty ſounds.
There as the wondrous viſions I ſurvey'd,
All pale aſcends my royal mother's ſhade:
A queen, to Troy ſhe ſaw our legions paſs;
Now a thin form is all Anticlea was!
Struck at the ſight, I melt with filial woe,
And down my cheek the pious ſorrows flow,

Yet

Yet as I ſhook my faulchion o'er the blood,
Regardleſs of her ſon the parent ſtood.
When lo! the mighty Theban I behold;
To guide his ſteps, he bore a ſtaff of gold;
Awful he trod! majeſtic was his look!
And from his holy lips theſe accents broke:
Why, mortal, wandereſt thou from chearful day,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
What angry Gods to theſe dark regions led
Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?
But ſheath thy poinard, while my tongue relates
Heaven's ſtedfaſt purpoſe, and thy future fates.
While yet he ſpoke, the Prophet I obey'd,
And in the ſcabbard plung'd the glittering blade:
Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then expreſt
Dark things to come, the counſels of his breaſt:
Weary of light, Ulyſſes here explores,
A proſperous voyage to his native ſhores;
But know—by me unerring Fates diſcloſe
New trains of dangers, and new ſcenes of woes;
I ſee! I ſee, thy bark by Neptune toſt,
For injur'd Cyclops, and his eye-ball loſt!
Yet to thy woes the Gods decree an end,
If Heaven thou pleaſe, and how to pleaſe attend!
Where on Trinacrian rocks the ocean roars,
Graze numerous herds along the verdant ſhores;
Though hunger preſs, yet fly the dangerous prey,
The herds are ſacred to the God of Day,
Who all ſurveys with his extenſive eye
Above, below, on earth, and in the ſky!

Rob

Rob not the God; and ſo propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy ſails:
But, if his herds ye ſeize, beneath the waves
I ſee thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!
The direful wreck Ulyſſes ſcarce ſurvives!
Ulyſſes at his country ſcarce arrives!
Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours end,
New foes ariſe, domeſtic ills attend!
There foul adulterers to thy bride reſort,
And lordly gluttons riot in thy court!
But vengeance haſtes amain! Theſe eyes behold
The deathful ſcene, princes on princes roll'd!
That done, a people far from ſea explore,
Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar,
Or ſaw gay veſſel ſkim the watery plain,
A painted wonder flying on the main!
Bear on thy back an oar: with ſtrange amaze
A ſhepherd meeting thee, the oar ſurveys,
And names a van: there fix it on the plain,
To calm the God that holds the watery reign;
A three-fold offering to his altar bring,
A bull, a ram, a boar; and hail the Ocean-King.
But, home return'd, to each æthereal power
Slay the due victim in the genial hour:
So peaceful ſhalt thou end thy bliſsful days,
And ſteal thyſelf from life by ſlow decays:
Unknown to pain, in age reſign thy breath,
When late ſtern Neptune points the ſhaft with death:
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt,
Thy people bleſſing, by thy people bleſt!

Unerring truths, O man, my lips relate;
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.
To whom unmov'd: If this the Gods prepare;
What Heaven ordains, the wise with courage bear.
But say, why yonder on the lonely strands,
Unmindful of her son, Anticlea stands?
Why to the ground she bends her downcast eye?
Why is she silent, while her son is nigh?
The latent cause, O sacred seer, reveal!
Nor this, replies the seer, will I conceal.
Know, to the spectres, that thy beverage taste,
The scenes of life recur, and actions past:
They, seal'd with truth, return the sure reply;
The rest, repell'd, a train oblivious fly.
The phantom-prophet ceas'd, and sunk from sight
To the black palace of eternal night.
Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,
When near Anticlea mov'd, and drank the blood.
Straight all the mother in her soul awakes,
And, owning her Ulysses, thus she speaks:
Com'st thou, my son, alive, to realms beneath,
The doleſome realms of darkness and of death:
Com'st thou alive from pure, æthereal day?
Dire is the region, dismal is the way!
Here lakes profound, there floods oppose their waves,
There the wide sea with all his billows raves!
Or (since to dust proud Troy submits her towers)
Com'st thou a wanderer from the Phrygian shores?
Or say, since honour call'd thee to the field,
Hast thou thy Ithaca, thy bride beheld?

Source

Source of my life, I cry'd, from earth I fly,
To ſeek Tireſias in the nether ſky,
To learn my doom; for, toſt from woe to woe,
In every land Ulyſſes finds a foe:
Nor have theſe eyes beheld my native ſhores,
Since in the duſt proud Troy ſubmits her towers.
But, when thy ſoul from her ſweet manſion fled,
Say what diſtemper gave thee to the dead?
Has life's fair lamp declin'd by ſlow decays,
Or ſwift expir'd it in a ſudden blaze?
Say if my ſire, good old Laertes, lives?
If yet Telemachus, my ſon, ſurvives?
Say by his rule is my dominion aw'd,
Or cruſh'd by traitors with an iron rod?
Say if my ſpouſe maintains her royal truſt;
Though tempted, chaſte, and obſtinately juſt!
Or if no more her abſent lord ſhe wails,
But the falſe woman o'er the wife prevails?
Thus I, and thus the parent-ſhade returns:
Thee, ever thee, thy faithful conſort mourns:
Whether the night deſcends, or day prevails,
Thee ſhe by night, and thee by day bewails,
Thee in Telemachus thy realm obeys;
In ſacred groves celeſtial rites he pays,
And ſhares the banquet in ſuperior ſtate,
Grac'd with ſuch honours as become the great.
Thy ſire in ſolitude foments his care:
The court is joyleſs, for thou art not there!
No coſtly carpets raiſe his hoary head,
No rich embroidery ſhines to grace his bed;

Ev'n

Ev'n when keen winter freezes in the ſkies,
Rank'd with his ſlaves, on earth the monarch lies:
Deep are his ſighs, his viſage pale, his dreſs
The garb of woe and habit of diſtreſs.
And when the autumn takes his annual round,
The leafy honours ſcattering on the ground;
Regardleſs of his years, abroad he lies,
His bed the leaves, his canopy the ſkies.
Thus cares on cares his painful days conſume,
And bow his age with ſorrow to the tomb!
For thee, my ſon, I wept my life away;
For thee through hell's eternal dungeons ſtray:
Nor came my fate by lingering pains and ſlow,
Nor bent the ſilver-ſhafted Queen her bow;
No dire diſeaſe bereav'd me of my breath;
Thou, thou, my ſon, wert my diſeaſe and death;
Unkindly with my love my ſon conſpir'd,
For thee I liv'd, for abſent thee expir'd.
Thrice in my arms I ſtrove her ſhade to bind,
Thrice through my arms ſhe ſlipp'd like empty wind,
Or dreams, the vain illuſions of the mind.
Wild with deſpair, I ſhed a copious tide
Of flowing tears, and thus with ſighs reply'd:
Fly'ſt thou, lov'd ſhade, while I thus fondly mourn?
Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!
Is it, ye powers that ſmile at human harms!
Too great a bliſs to weep within her arms?
Or has hell's Queen an empty image ſent,
That wretched I might ev'n my joys lament?
O ſon of woe, the penſive ſhade rejoin'd,
Oh *moſt inur'd to grief* of all mankind!

'Tis

'Tis not the Queen of hell who thee deceives:
All, all are ſuch, when life the body leaves;
No more the ſubſtance of the man remains,
Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins:
Theſe the funereal flames in atoms bear,
To wander with the wind in empty air;
While the impaſſive ſoul reluctant flies,
Like a vain dream, to theſe infernal ſkies.
But from the dark dominions ſpeed thy way,
And climb the ſteep aſcent to upper day;
To thy chaſte bride the wondrous ſtory tell,
The woes, the horrors, and the laws of hell.

Thus while ſhe ſpoke, in ſwarms hell's Empreſs brings
Daughters and wives of heroes and of kings;
Thick and more thick they gather round the blood,
Ghoſt throng'd on ghoſt (a dire aſſembly) ſtood!
Dauntleſs my ſword I ſeize: the airy crew,
Swift as it flaſh'd along the gloom, withdrew:
Then ſhade to ſhade in mutual forms ſucceeds,
Her race recounts, and their illuſtrious deeds.

Tyro began, whom great Salmoneus bred;
The royal partner of fam'd Cretheus' bed.
For fair Enipeus, as from fruitful urns
He pours his watery ſtore, the virgin burns;
Smooth flows the gentle ſtream with wanton pride,
And in ſoft mazes rolls a ſilver tide.
As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,
The monarch of the deep beholds and loves!
In her Enipeus' form and borrow'd charms,
The amorous God deſcends into her arms:

Around,

Around, a ſpacious arch of waves he throws,
And high in air the liquid mountain roſe;
Thus in ſurrounding floods conceal'd he proves
The pleaſing tranſport, and compleats his loves.
Then, ſoftly ſighing, he the fair addreſs'd,
And as he ſpoke her tender hand he preſs'd:
Hail, happy nymph! no vulgar births are ow'd
To the prolific raptures of a God:
Lo! when nine times the moon renews her horn,
Two brother heroes ſhall from thee be born;
Thy early care the future worthies claim,
To point them to the arduous paths of fame;
But in thy breaſt th' important truth conceal,
Nor dare the ſecret of a God reveal:
For know, thou Neptune view'ſt! and at my nod
Earth trembles, and the waves confeſs their God.
He added not, but mounting ſpurn'd the plain,
Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.
Now in the time's full proceſs forth ſhe brings
Jove's dread vice-gerents, in two future kings;
O'er proud Iolcos Pelias ſtretch'd his reign,
And god-like Neleus rul'd the Pylian plain:
Then, fruitful, to her Cretheus' royal bed
She gallant Pheres and fam'd Æſon bred:
From the ſame fountain Amythaon roſe,
Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble ſhout of foes.
There mov'd Antiope with haughty charms,
Who bleſt th' Almighty Thunderer in her arms:
Hence ſprung Amphion, hence brave Zethus came,
Founders of Thebes, and men of mighty name;

Though

Though bold in open field, they yet ſurround
The town with walls, and mound inject on mound;
Here ramparts ſtood, there towers roſe high in air,
And here through ſeven wide portals ruſh'd the war.
There with ſoft ſtep the fair Alcmena trod,
Who bore Alcides to the Thundering God:
And Megara, who charm'd the ſon of Jove,
And ſoften'd his ſtern ſoul to tender love.
Sullen and ſour with diſcontented mien
Jocaſta frown'd, th' inceſtuous Theban queen;
With her own ſon ſhe join'd in nuptial bands,
Though father's blood imbrued his murderous hands:
The Gods and men the dire offence deteſt,
The Gods with all their furies rend his breaſt:
In lofty Thebes he wore th' imperial crown,
A pompous wretch! accurs'd upon a throne.
The wife ſelf-murder'd from a beam depends;
And her foul ſoul to blackeſt hell deſcends;
Thence to her ſon the choiceſt plagues ſhe brings,
And his fiends haunt him with a thouſand ſtings.
And now the beauteous Chloris I deſcry,
A lovely ſhade, Amphion's youngeſt joy!
With gifts unnumber'd Neleus ſought her arms,
Nor paid too dearly for unequal'd charms;
Great in Orchomenos, in Pylos great,
He ſway'd the ſceptre with imperial ſtate.
Three gallant ſons the joyful monarch told,
Sage Neſtor, Periclimenus the bold,
And Chromius laſt; but of the ſofter race,
One nymph alone, a miracle of grace.

Kings

Kings on their thrones for lovely Pero burn;
The ſire denies, and kings rejected mourn.
To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,
Whoſe arm ſhould raviſh from Phylacian fields
The herds of Iphyclus, detain'd in wrong;
Wild, furious herds, unconquerably ſtrong!
This dares a ſeer, but nought the ſeer prevails,
In beauty's cauſe illuſtriouſly he fails;
Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains
In painful dungeons, and coercive chains;
The foe at laſt, from durance where he lay,
His art revering, gave him back to day;
Won by prophetic knowledge, to fulfill
The ſtedfaſt purpoſe of th' Almighty will.
With graceful port advancing now I ſpy'd
Leda the fair, the God-like Tyndar's bride:
Hence Pollux ſprung, who wields with furious ſway
The deathful gauntlet matchleſs in the fray;
And Caſtor glorious on th' embattled plain
Curbs the proud ſteed, reluctant to the rein:
By turns they viſit this æthereal ſky,
And live alternate, and alternate die:
In hell beneath, on earth, in heaven above,
Reign the Twin-gods, the favourite ſons of Jove.
There Ephimedia trod the gloomy plain,
Who charm'd the Monarch of the boundleſs main;
Hence Ephialtes, hence ſtern Otus ſprung,
More fierce than giants, more than giants ſtrong;
The earth o'erburthen'd groan'd beneath their weight,
None but Orion e'er ſurpaſs'd their height:

The wonderous youths had ſcarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their towering head,
And full nine cubits broad their ſhoulders ſpread.
Proud of their ſtrength and more than mortal ſize,
The Gods they challenge, and affect the ſkies;
Heav'd on Olympus tottering Oſſa ſtood;
On Oſſa, Pelion nods with all his wood:
Such were they youths! had they to manhood grown,
Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne.
But, ere the harveſt of the beard began
To briſtle on the chin, and promiſe man,
His ſhafts Apollo aim'd; at once they found,
And ſtretch the giant-monſters o'er the ground.
There mournful Phædra with ſad Procris moves,
Both beauteous ſhades, both hapleſs in their loves;
And near them walk'd, with ſolemn pace and ſlow,
Sad Ariadne, partner of their woe;
The royal Minos Ariadne bred,
She Theſeus lov'd; from Crete with Theſeus fled;
Swift to the Dian iſle the hero flies,
And tow'rds his Athens bears the lovely prize;
There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
The Goddeſs aims her ſhaft, the nymph expires.
There Clymenè and Mera I behold;
There Eriphylè weeps, who looſely ſold
Her lord, her honour, for the luſt of gold.
But ſhould I all recount, the night would fail,
Unequal to the melancholy tale:
And all-compoſing reſt my nature craves,
Here in the court, or yonder on the waves;

In

In you I truſt, and in the heavenly powers,
To land Ulyſſes on his native ſhores.
He ceas'd: but left ſo charming on their ear
His voice, that liſtening ſtill they ſeem'd to hear.
Till, riſing up, Aretè ſilence broke,
Stretch'd-out her ſnowy hand, and thus ſhe ſpoke:
What wondrous man Heaven ſends us in our gueſt!
Through all his woes the hero ſhines confeſt;
His comely port, his ample frame, expreſs
A manly air, majeſtic in diſtreſs.
He, as my gueſt, is my peculiar care,
You ſhare the pleaſure, then in bounty ſhare;
To worth in miſery a reverence pay,
And with a generous hand reward his ſtay;
For, ſince kind Heaven with wealth our realm has bleſt,
Give it to Heaven, by aiding the diſtreſt.
Then ſage Echeneus whoſe, grave reverend brow
The hand of time had ſilver'd o'er with ſnow,
Mature in wiſdom roſe: Your words, he cries,
Demand obedience, for your words are wiſe.
But let our king direct the glorious way
To generous act; our part is to obey.
While life informs theſe limbs, (the king reply'd)
Well to deſerve, be all my cares employ'd:
But here this night the royal gueſt detain,
Till the ſun flames along th' æthereal plain:
Be it my taſk to ſend with ample ſtores
The ſtranger from our hoſpitable ſhores:
Tread you my ſteps! 'Tis mine to lead the race,
The firſt in glory as the firſt in place.

To whom the prince: This night with joy I ſtay,
O, monarch great in virtue as in ſway!
If thou the circling year my ſtay control,
To raiſe a bounty noble as thy ſoul;
The circling year I wait, with ampler ſtores
And fitter pomp to hail my native ſhores:
Then by my realms due homage would be paid;
For wealthy kings are loyally obey'd!
O king! for ſuch thou art, and ſure thy blood
Through veins (he cry'd) of royal fathers flow'd;
Unlike thoſe vagrants who on falſehood live,
Skill'd in ſmooth tales, and artful to deceive;
Thy better ſoul abhors the liar's part,
Wiſe is thy voice, and noble is thy heart.
Thy words like muſic every breaſt control,
Steal through the ear, and win upon the ſoul;
Soft, as ſome ſong divine, thy ſtory flows,
Nor better could the Muſe record thy woes.
But ſay, upon the dark and diſmal coaſt,
Saw'ſt thou the worthies of the Grecian hoſt?
The god-like leaders who, in battle ſlain,
Fell before Troy, and nobly preſt the plain?
And, lo! a length of night behind remains,
The evening ſtars ſtill mount th' æthereal plains.
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
Thy woes on earth, the wondrous ſcenes in hell,
Till in the vault of heaven the ſtars decay,
And the ſky reddens with the riſing day.
O worthy of the power the Gods aſſign'd,
(*Ulyſſes thus* replies) a king in mind!

Since yet the early hour of night allows
Time for diſcourſe, and time for ſoft repoſe,
If ſcenes of miſery can entertain,
Woes I unfold, of woes a diſmal train.
Prepare to hear of murther and of blood;
Of God-like heroes who uninjur'd ſtood
Amidſt a war of ſpears in foreign lands,
Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.
Now ſummon'd Proſerpine to hell's black hall
The heroine ſhades; they vanquiſh'd at her call.
When, lo! advanc'd the forms of heroes ſlain
By ſtern Ægyſthus, a majeſtic train;
And high above the reſt, Atrides preſt the plain.
He quaff'd the gore: and ſtraight his ſoldier knew,
And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
His arms he ſtretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,
Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:
His ſubſtance vaniſh'd, and his ſtrength decay'd,
Now all Atrides is an empty ſhade.
Mov'd at the ſight, I for a ſpace reſign'd
To ſoft affliction all my manly mind;
At laſt with tears—O what relentleſs doom,
Imperial phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
Say while the ſea, and while the tempeſt raves,
Has Fate oppreſs'd thee in the roaring waves,
Or nobly ſeiz'd thee in the dire alarms
Of war and ſlaughter, and the claſh of arms?
The ghoſt returns: O chief of human-kind
For active courage and a patient mind;
Nor while the ſea, nor while the tempeſt raves,
Has Fate oppreſs'd me on the roaring waves!

Nor nobly ſeiz'd me in the dire alarms
Of war and ſlaughter, and the claſh of arms.
Stabb'd by a murderous hand Atrides dy'd,
A foul adulterer, and a faithleſs bride;
Ev'n in my mirth and at the friendly feaſt,
O'er the full bowl, the traitor ſtabb'd his gueſt;
Thus by the gory arm of ſlaughter falls
The ſtately ox, and bleeds within the ſtalls.
But not with me the direful murther ends,
Theſe, theſe expir'd! their crime, they were my friends:
Thick as the boars, which ſome luxurious lord
Kills for the feaſt, to crown the nuptial board.
When war has thunder'd with its loudeſt ſtorms,
Death thou haſt ſeen in all her ghaſtly forms;
In duel met her, on the lifted ground,
When hand to hand they wound return for wound;
But never have thy eyes aſtoniſh'd view'd
So vile a deed, ſo dire a ſcene of blood.
Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
Glows in our veins, and opens every ſoul,
We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is dy'd,
And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tide—
Her breaſt all gore, with lamentable cries,
The bleeding innocent Caſſandra dies!
Then though pale death froze cold in every vein,
My ſword I ſtrive to wield, but ſtrive in vain;
Nor did my traitreſs wife theſe eye-lids cloſe,
Or decently in death my limbs compoſe.
O woman, woman, when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend:

And

And ſuch was mine! who baſely plung'd her ſword
Through the fond boſom where ſhe reign'd ador'd!
Alas! I hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome,
To meet ſoft quiet and repoſe at home;
Deluſive Hope! O wife, thy deeds diſgrace
The perjur'd ſex, and blacken all the race;
And ſhould poſterity one virtuous find,
Name Clytemneſtra, they will curſe the kind.
O injur'd ſhade, I cry'd, what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman roſe!
By woman here thou tread'ſt this mournful ſtrand,
And Greece by woman lies a deſert land.
Warn'd by my ills beware, the ſhade replies,
Nor truſt the ſex that is ſo rarely wiſe;
When earneſt to explore thy ſecret breaſt,
Unfold ſome trifle, but conceal the reſt.
But in thy conſort ceaſe to fear a foe,
For thee ſhe feels ſincerity of woe:
When Troy firſt bled beneath the Grecian arms,
She ſhone unrival'd with a blaze of charms;
Thy infant ſon her fragrant boſom preſs'd,
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breaſt;
But now the years a numerous train have ran;
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man;
Thy eyes ſhall ſee him burn with noble fire,
The fire ſhall bleſs his ſon, the ſon his ſire:
But my Oreſtes never met theſe eyes,
Without one look the murther'd father dies;
Then from a wretched friend this wiſdom learn,
Ev'n to thy queen diſguiſ'ſt, unknown, return;

For ſince of womankind ſo few are juſt,
Think all are falſe, nor ev'n the faithful truſt.
But ſay, reſides my ſon in royal port,
In rich Orchomenos, or Sparta's court?
Or ſay in Pyle? for yet he views the light,
Nor glides a phantom through the realms of night.
Then I: Thy ſuit is vain, nor can I ſay
If yet he breathes in realms of chearful day;
Or pale or wan beholds theſe nether ſkies:
Truth I revere: for Wiſdom never lies.
Thus in a tide of tears our ſorrows flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe;
Till ſide by ſide along the dreary coaſt
Advanc'd Achilles' and Patroclus' ghoſt,
A friendly pair! near theſe the * Pylian ſtray'd,
And towering Ajax, an illuſtrious ſhade!
War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
None but Pelides brighter ſhone in arms.
Through the thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,
And as he ſpeaks the tears deſcend in dew.
Com'ſt thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
Where the wan ſpectres walk eternal rounds;
Nor fear'ſt the dark and diſmal waſte to tread,
Throng'd with pale ghoſts familiar with the dead?
To whom with ſighs: I paſs theſe dreadful gates
To ſeek the Theban, and conſult the Fates:
For ſtill, diſtreſt, I rove from coaſt to coaſt,
Loſt to my friends, and to my country loſt.
But ſure the eye of Time beholds no name
So bleſt as thine in all the rolls of fame;

Alive

* Antilochus.

Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian Gods,
And dead, thou rul'ſt a king in theſe abodes.
Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom,
Nor think vain words (he cried) can eaſe my doom.
Rather I chuſe laboriouſly to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A ſlave to ſome poor hind that toils for bread;
Than reign the ſceptred monarch of the dead.
But ſay, if in my ſteps my ſon proceeds,
And emulates his god-like father's deeds?
If at the claſh of arms, and ſhout of foes,
Swells his bold heart, his boſom nobly glows?
Say, if my ſire, the reverend Peleus, reigns,
Great in his Pthia, and his throne maintains:
Or, weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
To fix the ſceptre ſtedfaſt in his hands?
Oh might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
And death releaſe me from the ſilent urn!
This arm, that thunder'd o'er the Phrygian plain,
And ſwell'd the ground with mountains of the ſlain,
Should vindicate my injur'd father's fame,
Cruſh the proud rebel, and aſſert his claim.
Illuſtrious ſhade, (I cried) of Peleus' fates
No circumſtance the voice of Fame relates:
But hear with pleas'd attention the renown,
The wars and wiſdom of thy gallant ſon:
With me from Scyros to the field of fame
Radiant in arms the blooming hero came.
When Greece aſſembled all her hundred ſtates,
To ripen counſels, and decide debates;

Heavens!

Heavens! how he charm'd us with a flow of ſenſe,
And won the heart with manly eloquence!
He firſt was ſeen of all the peers to riſe,
The third in wiſdom where they all were wiſe;
But when, to try the fortune of the day,
Hoſt mov'd tow'rd hoſt in terrible array,
Before the van, impatient for the fight,
With martial port he ſtrode, and ſtern delight;
Heaps ſtrew'd on heaps, beneath his faulchion groan'd,
And monuments of dead deform'd the ground.
The time would fail, ſhould I in order tell
What foes were vanquiſh'd, and what numbers fell:
How, loſt through love, Eurypylus was ſlain,
And round him bled his bold Cetæan train.
To Troy no hero came of nobler line;
Or if of nobler, Memnon, it was thine.
When Ilion in the horſe receiv'd her doom,
And unſeen armies ambuſh'd in its womb;
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on Troy to pour th' impriſon'd war:
Then when the boldeſt boſom beat with fear,
When the ſtern eyes of heroes dropp'd a tear;
Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Fluſh'd in his cheek, or ſallied in his blood;
Indignant in the dark receſs he ſtands,
Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
He graſp'd his ſword, and ſhook his glittering ſpear.
And when the Gods our arms with conqueſt crown'd,
When Troy's proud bulwarks ſmok'd upon the ground,

Greece

Greece to reward her ſoldier's gallant toils
Heap'd high his navy with unnumber'd ſpoils.
Thus great in glory from the din of war
Safe he return'd, without one hoſtile ſcar;
Though ſpears in iron tempeſts rain'd around,
Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltleſs of a wound.
While yet I ſpoke, the ſhade with tranſport glow'd,
Roſe in his majeſty, and nobler trod;
With haughty ſtalk he ſought the diſtant glades
Of warrior kings, and join'd th' illuſtrious ſhades.
Now without number ghoſt by ghoſt aroſe,
All wailing with unutterable woes.
Alone, apart, in diſcontented mood,
A gloomy ſhade, the ſullen Ajax ſtood;
For ever ſad with proud diſdain he pin'd,
And the loſt arms for ever ſtung his mind;
Though on the conteſt Thetis gave the laws,
And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cauſe.
O why was I victorious in the ſtrife;
O dear-bought honour with ſo brave a life!
With him the ſtrength of war, the ſoldiers pride,
Our ſecond hope to great Achilles died!
Touch'd at the ſight, from tears I ſcarce refrain,
And tender ſorrow thrills in every vein;
Penſive and ſad I ſtand, at length accoſt
With accents mild th' inexorable ghoſt.
Still burns thy rage? and can brave ſouls relent
Ev'n after death? Relent, great ſhade, relent!
Periſh thoſe arms which by the Gods decree
Accurs'd our army with the loſs of thee!

With

With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapleſs fates;
And ſhook aſtoniſh'd through her hundred ſtates;
Not more, when great Achilles preſs'd the ground,
And breath'd his manly ſpirit through the wound.
Oh, deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
Jove hated Greece, and puniſh'd Greece in thee!
Turn then, oh! peaceful turn, thy wrath control,
And calm the raging tempeſt of thy ſoul.

While yet I ſpeak, the ſhade diſdains to ſtay,
In ſilence turns, and ſullen ſtalks away.
Touch'd at his ſour retreat, through deepeſt night,
Through hell's black bounds I had purſued his flight,
And forc'd the ſtubborn ſpectre to reply;
But wondrous viſions drew my curious eye.
High on a throne, tremendous to behold,
Stern Minos waves a mace of burniſh'd gold;
Around ten thouſand thouſand ſpectres ſtand
Through the wide dome of Dis, a trembling band.
Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,
Abſolves the juſt, and dooms the guilty ſouls.
There huge Orion, of portentous ſize,
Swift through the gloom a giant-hunger flies;
A ponderous mace of braſs with direful ſway
Aloft he whirls, to cruſh the ſavage prey;
Stern beaſts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now griſly forms, ſhoot o'er the lawns of hell.
There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erſpreads nine acres of infernal ground;
Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,

Inceſſant

Inceſſant gore the liver in his breaſt,
Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immortal feaſt.
For as o'er Panope's enamel'd plains,
Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,
With haughty love th' audacious monſter ſtrove
To force the Goddeſs, and to rival Jove.
There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans (with groans all hell reſounds)
Ev'n in the circling floods refreſhment craves,
And pines with thirſt amidſt a ſea of waves:
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treacherous water flies.
Above, beneath, around his hapleſs head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage ſpread;
There figs ſky-died, a purple hue diſcloſe,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
There dangling pears exalted ſcents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold;
The fruit he ſtrives to ſeize: but blaſts ariſe,
Toſs it on high, and whirl it to the ſkies.
I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd ſurvey'd
A mournful viſion! the Siſyphian ſhade;
With many a weary ſtep, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round ſtone;
The huge round ſtone, reſulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and ſmokes along the ground.
Again the reſtleſs orb his toil renews,
Duſt mounts in clouds, and ſweat deſcends in dews.
Now I the ſtrength of Hercules behold,
A towering ſpectre of gigantic mould,

A ſhadowy

A ſhadowy form! for high in heaven's abodes
Himſelf reſides, a God among the Gods;
There, in the bright aſſemblies of the ſkies,
He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.
Here hovering ghoſts, like fowl, his ſhade ſurround,
And clang their pinions with terrific ſound;
Gloomy as night he ſtands, in act to throw
Th' aërial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breaſt a wondrous zone is roll'd,
Where woodland monſters grin in fretted gold,
There ſullen lions ſternly ſeem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the tuſky boar,
There war and havock and deſtruction ſtood,
And vengeful murther red with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures ſhine,
Inimitably wrought with ſkill divine.
The mighty ghoſt advanc'd with awful look,
And, turning his grim viſage, ſternly ſpoke:
O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!
O taught to bear the wrongs of baſe mankind!
Such, ſuch was I! ſtill toſt from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air!
Ev'n I, who from the Lord of Thunders roſe,
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
To a baſe monarch ſtill a ſlave confin'd,
(The hardeſt bondage to a generous mind!)
Down to theſe worlds I trod the diſmal way,
And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day;
Ev'n hell I conquer'd, through the friendly aid
Of Maia's offspring and the Martial Maid.

Thus

Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to ſtay,
But, turning, ſtalk'd with giant-ſtrides away.
Curious to view the kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that live in endleſs praiſe,
Reſolv'd I ſtand; and haply had ſurvey'd
The god-like Theſeus, and Perithous' ſhade;
But ſwarms of ſpectres roſe from deepeſt hell,
With bloodleſs viſage, and with hideous yell,
They ſcream, they ſhriek; ſad groans and diſmal ſounds
Stun my ſcar'd ears, and pierce hell's utmoſt bounds.
No more my heart the diſmal din ſuſtains,
And my cold blood hangs ſhivering in my veins;
Leſt Gorgon, riſing from th' infernal lakes,
With horrors arm'd, and curls of hiſſing ſnakes,
Should fix me, ſtiffen'd at the monſtrous ſight,
A ſtony image, in eternal night!
Straight from the direful coaſt to purer air
I ſpeed my flight, and to my mates repair.
My mates aſcend the ſhip; they ſtrike their oars;
The mountains leſſen, and retreat the ſhores;
Swift o'er the waves we fly; the freſhening gales
Sing through the ſhrouds, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.

THE

THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE SIRENS, SCYLLA, AND CHARYBDIS.

HE relates, how after his return from the ſhades, he was ſent by Circe on his voyage, by the coaſt of the Sirens, and by the Strait of Scylla and Charybdis: the manner in which he eſcaped thoſe dangers: how, being caſt on the iſland Trinacria, his companions deſtroyed the oxen of the Sun: the vengeance that followed; how all periſhed by ſhipwreck except himſelf, who, ſwimming on the maſt of the ſhip, arrived on the iſland of Calypſo. With which his relation concludes.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XII.

THUS o'er the rolling ſurge the veſſel flies,
Till from the waves th' Ææan hills ariſe.
Here the gay morn reſides in radiant bowers,
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;
Here Phœbus riſing in th' ætherial way,
Through heaven's bright portals pours the beamy day.
At once we fix our halſers on the land,
At once deſcend, and preſs the deſert ſand;
There, worn and waſted, loſe our cares in ſleep,
To the hoarſe murmurs of the rolling deep.
Soon as the morn reſtor'd the day, we pay'd
Sepulchral honours to Elpenor's ſhade.
Now by the ax the ruſhing foreſt bends,
And the huge pile along the ſhore aſcends.
Around we ſtand a melancholy train,
And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.
Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes ſpread,
The hungry flame devours the ſilent dead.
A riſing tomb, the ſilent dead to grace,
Faſt by the roarings of the main we place;
The riſing tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it roſe the tapering oar.

Meantime the * Goddeſs our return ſurvey'd
From the pale ghoſts, and hell's tremendous ſhade.
Swift ſhe deſcends: a train of nymphs divine
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
In act to ſpeak the * Power of Magick ſtands,
And graceful thus accoſts the liſtening bands:
O ſons of woe! decreed by adverſe fates
Alive to paſs through hell's eternal gates!
All, ſoon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
More wretched you! twice number'd with the dead!
This day adjourn your cares; exalt your ſouls,
Indulge the taſte, and drain the ſparkling bowls:
And when the morn unveils her ſaffron ray,
Spread your broad ſails, and plough the liquid way;
Lo! I this night, your faithful guide, explain
Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.
The Goddeſs ſpoke; in feaſts we waſte the day,
Till Phœbus downward plung'd his burning ray;
Then ſable night aſcends, and balmy reſt
Seals every eye, and calms the troubled breaſt.
Then curious ſhe commands me to relate
The dreadful ſcenes of Pluto's dreary ſtate:
She ſat in ſilence while the tale I tell,
The wondrous viſions, and the laws of hell.
Then thus: The lot of man the Gods diſpoſe;
Theſe ills are paſt: now hear thy future woes.
O prince, attend! ſome favouring Power be kind,
And print th' important ſtory on thy mind!
Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plough the ſeas;
Their ſong is death, and makes deſtruction pleaſe.

Unbleſt

Unbleſt the man, whom muſic wins to ſtay
Nigh the curſt ſhore, and liſten to the lay;
No more that wretch ſhall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they ſport; and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful ſhore.
Fly ſwift the dangerous coaſt; let every ear
Be ſtop'd againſt the ſong! 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the maſt with chains thyſelf be bound,
Nor truſt thy virtue to th' enchanting ſound.
If, mad with tranſport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter ſtrain'd, and added band to band.
Theſe ſeas o'erpaſs'd, be wiſe! but I refrain
To mark diſtinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors riſe! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various paſſage through the tide.
High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thundering roll below;
Through the vaſt waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd Erratick by the Gods above.
No bird of air, no dove of ſwifteſt wing,
That bears ambroſia to th' ætherial King,
Shuns the dire rocks: in vain ſhe cuts the ſkies,
The dire rocks meet, and cruſh her as ſhe flies;
Not the fleet bark, when proſperous breezes play,
Ploughs o'er that roaring ſurge its deſperate way;
O'erwhelm'd it ſinks: while round a ſmoke expires,
And the waves flaſhing ſeem to burn with fires.

Scarce the fam'd Argo paſs'd theſe raging floods,
The ſacred Argo, fill'd with demigods!
Ev'n ſhe had ſunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet ſail, and puſh'd her o'er the tide.
High in the air the rock its ſummit ſhrouds,
In brooding tempeſts, and in rolling clouds;
Loud ſtorms around and miſts eternal riſe,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the ſkies.
When all the broad expanſion bright with day
Glows with th' autumnal or the ſummer ray,
The ſummer and the autumn glow in vain,
The ſky for ever lours, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the ſtep of man it ſtands,
Though borne by twenty feet, though arm'd with twenty hands;
Smooth as the poliſh of the mirrour riſe
The ſlippery ſides, and ſhoot into the ſkies.
Full in the centre of this rock diſplay'd,
A yawning cavern caſts a dreadful ſhade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.
Wide to the weſt the horrid gulf extends,
And the dire paſſage down to hell deſcends.
O fly the dreadful ſight! expand thy ſails,
Ply the ſtrong oar, and catch the nimble gales;
Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous peſt! abhorr'd by men and gods!
Hideous her voice, and with leſs terrors roar
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiend diſpreads;
Six horrid necks ſhe rears, and ſix terrific heads;

Her

Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;
Jaggy they ſtand, the gaping den of death;
Her parts obſcene the raging billows hide;
Her boſom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
When ſtung with hunger ſhe embroils the flood,
The ſea-dog and the dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
And all the monſters of the watery way;
The ſwifteſt racer of the azure plain
Here fills her ſails and ſpreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla riſes, in her fury roars,
At once ſix mouths expands, at once ſix men devours.
Cloſe-by, a rock of leſs enormous height
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dangerous ſtreight;
Full on its crown a fig's green branches riſe,
And ſhoot a leafy foreſt to the ſkies;
Beneath, Charybdis holds her boiſtering reign
'Midſt roaring whirlpools, and abſorbs the main;
Thrice in her gulfs the boiling ſeas ſubſide,
Thrice in dire thunders ſhe refunds the tide.
Oh, if thy veſſel plough the direful waves
When ſeas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye periſh all! though he who rules the main
Lend his ſtrong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah, ſhun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly,
'Tis better ſix to loſe, than all to die.
Then: O nymph propitious to my prayer,
Goddeſs divine! my guardian power, declare,
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or, if I riſe in arms, can Scylla bleed?

Then she: O worn by toils, O broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
And never, never be to Heaven resign'd?
How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?
Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!
Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold!
She mocks the weak attempts of human might.
Oh fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight,
If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,
Again the fury vindicates her prey,
Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away.
From her foul womb Crataeis gave to air
This dreadful pest! To her direct thy prayer,
To curb the monster in her dire abodes,
And guard thee through the tumult of the floods.
Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your way,
Where graze thy herds, illustrious Source of Day!
Seven herds, seven flocks, enrich the sacred plains;
Each herd, each flock, full fifty heads contains;
The wondrous kind a length of age survey,
By breed increase not, nor by death decay.
Two sister Goddesses possess the plain,
The constant guardians of the woolly train;
Lampetie fair, and Phaethusa young,
From Phœbus and the bright Neæra sprung:
Here, watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bowers
And flowery meads they waste the joyous hours.
Rob not the God! and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;

But

But if thy impious hands the flocks deſtroy,
The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die!
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy loſt)
Through tedious toils to view thy native coaſt.
She ceas'd: and now aroſe the morning ray;
Swift to her dome the Goddeſs held her way.
Then to my mates I meaſur'd back the plain,
Climb'd the tall bark, and ruſh'd into the main;
Then bending to the ſtroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breaſts, and ſwift the galley flew.
Up-ſprung a briſker breeze; with freſhening gales,
The friendly Goddeſs ſtretch'd the ſwelling ſails;
We drop our oars; at eaſe the pilot guides;
The veſſel light along the level glides.
When, riſing ſad and ſlow, with penſive look,
Thus to the melancholy train I ſpoke:
O friends, Oh ever partners of my woes,
Attend while I what Heaven foredooms diſcloſe,
Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all! on you it lies
To live, or periſh! to be ſafe, be wiſe!
In flowery meads the ſportive Sirens play,
Touch the ſoft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The Gods allow to hear the dangerous ſound.
Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,
Be every fetter ſtrain'd, be added band to band.
While yet I ſpeak, the winged galley flies,
And, lo! the Siren ſhores like miſts ariſe.
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,
And waves below, at once forgot to move!

Some

Some dæmon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the deeps
Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to sleep.
Now every sail we furl, each oar employ;
Lash'd by the strokes, the foamy waters fly.
The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd:
Th' aerial region now grew warm with day,
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray:
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from access of phrensy lock'd the brain.
Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.
Then, bending to the stroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.
While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren quire descries;
Celestial music warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song.
Oh stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay!
Oh cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Atchiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies.
Oh stay and learn new wisdom from the wise!
Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the main;
My soul takes wing to meet the heavenly strain;

I give

I give the ſign, and ſtruggle to be free;
Swift row my mates, and ſhoot along the ſea;
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
Till, dying off, the diſtant ſounds decay:
Then, ſcudding ſwiftly from the dangerous ground,
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.
Now all at once tremendous ſcenes unfold;
Thunder'd the deeps, the ſmoking billows roll'd!
Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,
All trembling, deafen'd, and aghaſt we ſtood!
No more the veſſel plough'd the dreadful wave,
Fear ſeiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave;
Each dropp'd his oar: but ſwift from man to man
With looks ſerene I turn'd, and thus began:
O friends! Oh often tried in adverſe ſtorms!
With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!
Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,
Yet ſafe return'd—Ulyſſes led the way.
Learn courage hence! and in my care confide:
Lo! ſtill the ſame Ulyſſes is your guide!
Attend my words! your oars inceſſant ply;
Strain every nerve, and bid the veſſel fly.
If from yon juſtling rocks and wavy war
Jove ſafety grants; he grants it to your care.
And thou whoſe guiding hand directs our way,
Pilot, attentive liſten and obey!
Bear wide thy courſe, nor plough thoſe angry waves
Where rolls yon ſmoke, yon tumbling ocean raves;
Steer by the higher rock; left whirl'd around
We ſink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.

While

While yet I ſpeak, at once their oars they ſeize,
Stretch to the ſtroke, and bruſh the working ſeas.
Cautious the name of Scylla I ſuppreſt;
That dreadful ſound had chill'd the boldeſt breaſt.
Meantime, forgetful of the voice divine,
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour ſhine;
High on the deck I take my dangerous ſtand,
Two glittering javelins lighten in my hand;
Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing ſpear I ſtay,
Till the fell fiend ariſe to ſeize her prey.
Around the dungeon, ſtudious to behold
The hideous peſt, my labouring eyes I roll'd;
In vain! the diſmal dungeon dark as night
Veils the dire monſter, and confounds the ſight.
Now through the rocks, appall'd with deep diſmay,
We bend our courſe, and ſtem the deſperate way;
Dire Scylla there a ſcene of horror forms,
And here Charybdis fills the deep with ſtorms.
When the tide ruſhes from her rumbling caves
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
They toſs, they foam, a wild confuſion raiſe,
Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze;
Eternal miſts obſcure th' aërial plain,
And high above the rock ſhe ſpouts the main!
When in her gulphs the ruſhing ſea ſubſides,
She drains the ocean with the refluent tides:
The rock rebellows with a thundering ſound;
Deep, wondrous deep below, appears the ground.
Struck with deſpair, with trembling hearts we view'd
The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood;

When

When, lo! fierce Scylla ſtoop'd to ſeize her prey,
Stretch'd her dire jaws, and ſwept ſix men away;
Chiefs of renown! loud-echoing ſhrieks ariſe:
I turn and view them quivering in the ſkies;
They call, and aid with out-ſtretch'd arms implore:
In vain they call! thoſe arms are ſtretch'd no more.
As, from ſome rock that overhangs the flood,
The ſilent fiſher calls th' inſidious food,
With fraudful care he waits the finny prize,
And ſudden lifts it quivering to the ſkies:
So the foul monſter lifts her prey on high,
So pant the wretches, ſtruggling in the ſky;
In the wide dungeon ſhe devours her food,
And the fleſh trembles while ſhe churns the blood.
Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd;
Never, I never, ſcene ſo dire ſurvey'd;
My ſhivering blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow;
Aghaſt I ſtood, a monument of woe!
Now from the rocks the rapid veſſel flies,
And the hoarſe din like diſtant thunder dies;
To Sol's bright iſle our voyage we purſue,
And now the glittering mountains riſe to view.
There ſacred to the radiant God of day,
Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiſcuous ſtray;
Then ſuddenly was heard along the main
To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train,
Straight to my anxious thoughts the ſound convey'd
The words of Circe and the Theban ſhade;
Warn'd by their awful voice theſe ſhores to ſhun,
With cautious fears oppreſt, I thus begun:

O friends!

O friends! Oh ever exercis'd in care!
Hear Heaven's commands, and reverence what ye hear!
To fly these shores the prescient Theban shade
And Circe warns! O be their voice obey'd:
Some mighty woe relentless Heaven foreboden:
Fly the dire regions, and revere the Gods!
While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran
Through every breast, and spread from man to man,
Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began:
O cruel thou! some fury sure has steel'd
That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!
From sleep deberr'd, we sink from woes to woes:
And cruel enviest thou a short repose?
Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,
The sun descending, and so near the shore?
And, lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,
And doubles all the terrors of the main.
Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,
Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies;
Oh! should the fierce south-west his rage display,
And toss with rising storms the watery way,
Though Gods descend from heaven's aërial plain
To lend us aid, the Gods descend in vain:
Then while the night displays her awful shade,
Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd!
Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray
Sheds her bright beam, pursue the destin'd way.
A sudden joy in every bosom rose:
So will'd some dæmon, minister of woes!
To whom with grief—Oh! swift to be undone,
Constrain'd I act what wisdom bids me shun.

But

But yonder herds and yonder flocks forbear;
Atteſt the heavens, and call the Gods to hear:
Content an innocent repaſt diſplay,
By Circe given, and fly the dangerous prey.
Thus I: and while to ſhore the veſſel flies,
With hands uplifted they atteſt the ſkies;
Then, where a fountain's gurgling waters play,
They ruſh to land, and end in feaſts the day:
They feed; they quaff; and now (their hunger fled)
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.
Nor ceaſe the tears, till each in ſlumber ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human cares.
Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
And ſetting ſtars roll'd down the azure plain:
When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds riſe,
And clouds and double darkneſs veil the ſkies;
The moon, the ſtars, the bright ætherial hoſt
Seem as extinct, and all their ſplendors loſt;
The furious tempeſt roars with dreadful ſound:
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
All night it rag'd: when morning roſe, to land
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the ſtrand,
Where in a beauteous grotto's cool receſs
Dance the green Nereids of the neighbouring ſeas.
There while the wild winds whiſtled o'er the main,
Thus careful I addreſt the liſtening train:
O friends, be wiſe, nor dare the flocks deſtroy
Of theſe fair paſtures: if ye touch, ye die.
Warn'd by the high command of Heaven, be aw'd;
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the God!

That

That God who ſpreads the radiant beams of light,
And views wide earth and heaven's unmeaſur'd height.
And now the moon had run her monthly round,
The ſouth-eaſt bluſtering with a dreadful ſound;
Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train
Low through the grove, or range the flowery plain:
Then fail'd our food; then fiſh we make our prey,
Or fowl that ſcreaming haunt the watery way.
Till now, from ſea or flood no ſuccour found,
Famine and meagre want befieg'd us round.
Penſive and pale from grove to grove I ſtray'd,
From the loud ſtorms to find a ſylvan ſhade;
There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
And Heaven and Heaven's immortal thrones adore,
To calm the roarings of the ſtormy main,
And grant me peaceful to my realms again.
Then o'er my eyes the Gods ſoft ſlumber ſhed,
While thus Eurylochus ariſing ſaid:
O friends, a thouſand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
But dreadful moſt, when by a ſlow decay
Pale hunger waſtes the manly ſtrength away.
Why ceaſe ye then t' implore the Powers above,
And offer hecatombs to thundering Jove?
Why ſeize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
Ariſe unanimous; ariſe and ſlay!
And, if the Gods ordain a ſafe return,
To Phœbus ſhrines ſhall riſe, and altars burn.
But, ſhould the Powers that o'er mankind preſide
Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,

Better to ruſh at once to ſhades below,
Than linger life away, and nouriſh woe!
Thus he: the beeves around ſecurely ſtray,
When ſwift to ruin they invade the prey;
They ſeize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,
The barley fail'd, and for libations wine.
Swift from the oak they ſtrip the ſhady pride;
And verdant leaves the flowery cake ſupply'd.
With prayer they now addreſs th' ætherial train,
Slay the ſelected beeves, and flay the ſlain:
The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art,
Strew'd o'er with morſels cut from every part.
Water, inſtead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails dreſt,
They roaſt the fragments, and prepare the feaſt.
'Twas then ſoft ſlumber fled my troubled brain;
Back to the bark I ſpeed along the main.
When, lo! an odour from the feaſt exhales,
Spreads o'er the coaſt, and ſcents the tainted gales;
A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood,
And thus obteſting Heaven I mourn'd aloud:
O Sire of men and gods, immortal Jove!
Oh, all ye bliſsful Powers that reign above!
Why were my cares beguil'd in ſhort repoſe?
O fatal ſlumber paid with laſting woes!
A deed ſo dreadful all the Gods alarms,
Vengeance is on the wing, and Heaven in arms!
Meantime Lampetie mounts th' aërial way,
And kindles into rage the God of Day:

Vengeance, ye powers, (he cries) and thou whose hand
Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writhen brand!
Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,
When through the ports of Heaven I pour the day.
Or deep in Ocean plunge the burning ray.
Vengeance, ye Gods! or I the skies forego,
And bear the lamp of heaven to shades below.

To whom the Thundering Power; O Source of Day!
Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way,
Still may thy beams through heaven's bright portals rise,
The joy of earth, and glory of the skies;
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To dash th' offenders in the whelming tide.

To fair Calypso, from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the Gods.

Meantime from man to man my tongue exclaims,
My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.
In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,
Beeves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.

Now Heaven gave signs of wrath; along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd.
Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;
The seventh arose, and now the Sire of Gods
Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the toiling floods:
With speed the bark we climb; the spacious sails
Loos'd from the yards invite th' impelling gales.
Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,
And all above is sky, and ocean all around!

When

When, lo! a murky cloud the Thunderer forms
Full o'er our heads, and blackens heaven with ſtorms.
Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now outflies
The gloomy Weſt, and whiſtles in the ſkies.
The mountain-billows roar! the furious blaſt
Howls o'er the ſhroud, and rends it from the maſt:
The maſt gives way, and, crackling as it bends,
Tears up the deck; then all at once deſcends;
The pilot by the tumbling ruin ſlain,
Daſh'd from the helm, falls headlong in the main.
Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll,
And forky lightnings flaſh from pole to pole.
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames:
Full on the bark it fell; now high, now low,
Toſs'd and retoſs'd, it reel'd beneath the blow;
At once into the main the crew it ſhook:
Sulphureous odours roſe, and ſmouldering ſmoke.
Like fowl that haunt the floods, they ſink, they riſe,
Now loſt, now ſeen, with ſhrieks and dreadful cries;
And ſtrive to gain the bark; but Jove denies.
Firm at the helm I ſtand, when fierce the main
Ruſh'd with dire noiſe, and daſh'd the ſides in twain;
Again impetuous drove the furious blaſt,
Snapt the ſtrong helm, and bore to ſea the maſt.
Firm to the maſt with cords the helm I bind,
And ride aloft, to Providence reſign'd,
Through tumbling billows, and a war of wind.
Now ſunk the Weſt, and now a Southern breeze
More dreadful than the tempeſt, laſh'd the ſeas;

For on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves,
And dire Charybdis rolls her thundering waves.
All night I drove; and at the dawn of day,
Faſt by the rocks beheld the deſperate way:
Juſt when the ſea within her gulfs ſubſides,
And in the roaring whirlpools ruſh the tides.
Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
The lofty fig-tree ſeiz'd, and clung around,
So to the beam the bat tenacious clings,
And pendent round it claſps his leathern wings.
High in the air the tree its boughs diſplay'd,
And o'er the dungeon caſt a dreadful ſhade,
All unſuſtain'd between the wave and ſky,
Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly,
What-time the judge forſakes the noiſy bar
To take repaſt, and ſtills the wordy war;
Charybdis rumbling from her inmoſt caves,
The maſt refunded on her refluent waves.
Swift from the tree, the floating maſt to gain,
Sudden I dropp'd amidſt the flaſhing main;
Once more undaunted on the ruin rode,
And oar'd with labouring arms along the flood.
Unſeen I paſs'd by Scylla's dire abodes:
So Jove decreed (dread Sire of men and gods).
Then nine long days I plough'd the calmer ſeas,
Heav'd by the ſurge, and wafted by the breeze.
Weary and wet th' Ogygian ſhores I gain,
When the tenth ſun deſcended to the main.
There, in Calypſo's ever-fragrant bowers,
Refreſh'd I lay, and joy beguil'd the hours.

My

My following fates to thee, O King, are known,
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough: in misery can words avail?
And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?

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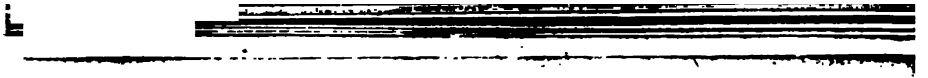

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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M DCC LXXIX.

POPE'S HOMER.

THE ODYSSEY.

VOLUME II.

ARGUMENT.

THE ARRIVAL OF ULYSSES IN ITHACA.

ULYSSES takes his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ſhip arrives at Ithaca; where the ſailors, as Ulyſſes is yet ſleeping, lay him on the ſhore with all his treaſures. On their return, Neptune changes their ſhip into a rock. In the mean time Ulyſſes, awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reaſon of a miſt which Pallas had caſt round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; till the Goddeſs, appearing to him in the form of a ſhepherd, diſcovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned ſtory of his adventures, upon which ſhe manifeſts herſelf, and they conſult together of the meaſures to be taken to deſtroy the ſuitors. To conceal his return, and diſguiſe his perſon the more effectually, ſhe changes him into the figure of an old beggar.

THE

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XIII.

HE ceas'd; but left ſo pleaſing on their ear
His voice, that liſtening ſtill they ſeem'd to hear.
A pauſe of ſilence huſh'd the ſhady rooms:
The grateful conference then the king reſumes:
Whatever toils the great Ulyſſes paſt,
Beneath this happy roof they end at laſt;
No longer now from ſhore to ſhore to roam,
Smooth ſeas and gentle winds invite him home.
But hear me, princes! whom theſe walls incloſe,
For whom my chanter ſings, and goblet flows
With wines unmix'd (an honour due to age,
To chear the grave, and warm the poet's rage);
Though labour'd gold and many a dazzling veſt
Lie heap'd already for our god-like gueſt;
Without new treaſures let him not remove,
Large, and expreſſive of the public love:
Each peer a tripod, each a vaſe beſtow,
A general tribute, which the ſtate ſhall owe.
This ſentence pleas'd: then all their ſteps addreſt
To ſeparate manſions, and retir'd to reſt.
Now did the roſy-finger'd morn ariſe,
And ſhed her ſacred light along the ſkies.

Down to the haven and the ships in haste
They bore the treasures, and in safety plac'd.
The king himself the vases rang'd with care:
Then bade his followers to the feast repair.
A victim ox beneath the sacred hand
Of great Alcinous falls, and stains the sand.
To Jove th' Eternal (Power above all Powers!
Who wings the winds, and darkens Heaven with showers)
The flames ascend: till evening they prolong
Thy rites, more sacred made by heavenly song:
For in the midst, with public honours grac'd,
The lyre divine, Demodocus! was plac'd;
All, but Ulysses, heard with fix'd delight:
He fate, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night;
Slow seem'd the sun to move, the hours to roll,
His native home deep-imag'd in his soul.
As the tir'd ploughman spent with stubborn toil,
Whose oxen long have torn the furrow'd soil,
Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,
When home with feeble knees he bends his way
To late repast (the day's hard labour done):
So to Ulysses welcome set the sun.
Then instant to Alcinous and the rest
(The Scherian states) he turn'd, and thus addrest:
O thou, the first in merit and command!
And you the peers and princes of the land!
May every joy be yours! nor this the least,
When due libation shall have crown'd the feast,
To see to my home to send your happy guest.

Compl

Complete are now the bounties you have given,
Be all thoſe bounties but confirm'd by Heaven!
So may I find, when all my wanderings ceaſe,
My conſort blameleſs, and my friends in peace.
On you be every bliſs; and every day,
In home-felt joys delighted, roll away:
Yourſelves, your wives, your long-deſcending race,
May every God enrich with every grace!
Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation ſtand,
And public evil never touch the land!

His words, well weigh'd, the general voice approv'd
Benign, and inſtant his diſmiſſion mov'd.
The monarch to Pontonous gave the ſign,
To fill the goblet high with roſy wine:
Great Jove the Father firſt (he cried) implore;
Then ſend the ſtranger to his native ſhore.

The luſcious wine th' obedient herald brought;
Around the manſion flow'd the purple draught:
Each from his ſeat to each immortal pours,
Whom glory circles in th' Olympian bowers.
Ulyſſes ſole with air majeſtic ſtands,
The bowl preſenting to Arete's hands;
Then thus: O Queen, farewell! be ſtill poſſeſt
Of dear remembrance, bleſſing ſtill and bleſt!
Till age and death ſhall gently call thee hence
(Sure fate of every mortal excellence!)
Farewell! and joys ſucceſſive ever ſpring
To thee, to thine, the people, and the king!

Thus he; then parting prints the ſandy ſhore
To the fair port: a herald march'd before,

Sent by Alcinous; of Arete's train
Three chofen maids attend him to the main;
This does a tunick and white veft convey,
A various caſket that, of rich inlay,
And bread and wine the third. The chearful mates
Safe in the hollow poop diſpoſe the cates:
Upon the deck ſoft painted robes they ſpread,
With linen cover'd for the hero's bed.
He climb'd the lofty ſtern! then gently preſt
The ſwelling couch, and lay compos'd to reſt.
Now plac'd in order, the Phæacian train
Their cables looſe, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and ſtrike their equal oars,
And leave the ſinking hills and leſſening ſhores.
While on the deck the chief in ſilence lies,
And pleaſing ſlumbers ſteal upon his eyes.
As fiery courſers in the rapid race
Urg'd by fierce drivers through the duſty ſpace,
Toſs their high heads, and ſcour along the plain;
So mounts the bounding veſſel o'er the main.
Back to the ſtern the parted billows flow,
And the black ocean foams and roars below.
Thus with ſpread ſails the winged galley flies;
Leſs ſwift an eagle cuts the liquid ſkies;
Divine Ulyſſes was her ſacred load,
A man, in wiſdom equal to a God!
Much danger, long and mighty toils, he bore,
In ſtorms by ſea, and combats on the ſhore:
All which ſoft ſleep now baniſh'd from his breaſt,
Wrapt in a pleaſing, deep, and death-like reſt.

But

But when the morning ſtar with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heaven, and promis'd day;
Like diſtant clouds the mariner deſcries
Fair Ithaca's emerging hills ariſe.
Far from the town a ſpacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorcys' power, whoſe name it bears:
Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring wind's tempeſtuous rage reſtrain;
Within, the waves in ſofter murmurs glide,
And ſhips ſecure without their halſers ride,
High at the head a branching olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with ſhady boughs.
Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool receſs
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring ſeas,
Where bowls and urns were form'd of living ſtone,
And maſſy beams in native marble ſhone;
On which the labours of the nymph were roll'd,
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave the cluſtering bees attend
Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.
Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
Two marble doors unfold on either ſide;
Sacred the ſouth, by which the Gods deſcend;
But mortals enter at the northern end.
Thither they bent, and haul'd their ſhip to land;
(The crooked keel divides the yellow ſand);
Ulyſſes ſleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently plac'd him on the rocky ſhore.
His treaſures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid
In the wild olive's unfrequented ſhade,

Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,
Reſum'd their oars, and meaſur'd back the main.
Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread Supreme
The vengeance vow'd for eyeleſs Polypheme.
Before the throne of mighty Jove he ſtood;
And ſought the ſecret counſels of the God:
Shall then no more, O Sire of Gods, be mine
The rights and honours of a Power divine?
Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh! ſevere diſgrace!)
By ſoft Phæacians, my degenerate race!
Againſt yon deſtin'd head in vain I ſwore,
And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his ſhore;
To reach his natal ſhore was thy decree;
Mild I obey'd, for who ſhall war with thee?
Behold him landed, careleſs and aſleep,
From all th' eluded dangers of the deep!
Lo! where he lies, amidſt a ſhining ſtore
Of braſs, rich garments, and refulgent ore:
And bears triumphant to his native iſle
A prize more worth than Ilion's noble ſpoil.
To whom the Father of th' immortal Powers,
Who ſwells the clouds, and gladdens earth with ſhowers:
Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain!
Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundleſs main!
Rever'd and awful ev'n in heaven's abodes,
Ancient and great! a God above the Gods!
If that low race offend thy power divine,
(Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?
Go then, the guilty at thy will chaſtiſe.
He ſaid: the Shaker of the earth replies:

This

This then I doom; to fix the gallant ſhip
A mark of vengeance on the ſable deep:
To warn the thoughtleſs ſelf-confiding train,
No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main.
Full in their port a ſhady hill ſhall riſe,
If ſuch thy will.—We will it, Jove replies:
Ev'n when, with tranſport blackening all the ſtrand,
The ſwarming people hail their ſhip to land,
Fix her for ever, a memorial ſtone:
Still let her ſeem to ſail, and ſeem alone;
The trembling crouds ſhall ſee the ſudden ſhade
Of whelming mountains overhang their head!
With that the God, whoſe earthquakes rock the ground,
Fierce to Phæacia croſs'd the vaſt profound.
Swift as a ſwallow ſweeps the liquid way,
The winged pinnace ſhot along the ſea.
The God arreſts her with a ſudden ſtroke,
And roots her down an everlaſting rock.
Aghaſt the Scherians ſtand in deep ſurprize;
All preſs to ſpeak, all queſtion with their eyes.
What hands unſeen the rapid bark reſtrain!
And yet it ſwims, or ſeems to ſwim, the main!
Thus they, unconſcious of the deed divine:
Till great Alcinous riſing own'd the ſign.
Behold the long predeſtin'd day! (he cries)
Oh! certain faith of antient prophecies!
Theſe ears have heard my royal ſire diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory, big with future woes;
How mov'd with wrath, that careleſs we convey
Promiſcuous every gueſt to every bay,

Stern

Stern Neptune rag'd; and how by his command
Firm rooted in the ſurge a ſhip ſhould ſtand
(A monument of wrath); and mound on mound
Should hide our walls, or whelm beneath the ground.
The Fates have follow'd as declar'd the ſeer.
Be humbled, nations! and your monarch hear.
No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more
With every ſtranger paſs from ſhore to ſhore;
On angry Neptune now for mercy call:
To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.
So may the God reverſe his purpos'd will,
Nor o'er our city hang the dreadful hill.
The monarch ſpoke: they trembled and obey'd,
Forth on the ſands the victim oxen led:
The gather'd tribes before the altars ſtand,
And chiefs and rulers, a majeſtic band.
The King of Ocean all the tribes implore;
The blazing altars redden all the ſhore.
Meanwhile Ulyſſes in his country lay,
Releas'd from ſleep, and round him might ſurvey
The ſolitary ſhore and rolling ſea.
Yet had his mind through tedious abſence loſt
The dear remembrance of his native coaſt;
Beſides, Minerva, to ſecure her care,
Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air:
For ſo the Gods ordain'd, to keep unſeen
His royal perſon from his friends and queen;
Till the proud ſuitors for their crimes afford
An ample vengeance to their injur'd lord.
Now all the land another proſpect bore,
Another port appear'd, another ſhore,

And

And long-continued ways, and winding floods,
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown woods.
Penſive and ſlow with ſudden grief oppreſt
The king aroſe, and beat his careful breaſt,
Caſt a long look o'er all the coaſt and main,
And ſought, around, his native realm in vain:
Then with erected eyes ſtood fix'd in woe,
And, as he ſpoke, the tears began to flow:
Ye Gods! he cry'd, upon what barren coaſt,
In what new region, is Ulyſſes toſt?
Poſſeſs'd by wild barbarians, fierce in arms?
Or men whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
Where ſhall this treaſure now in ſafety lie?
And whither, whither, its ſad owner fly?
Ah! why did I Alcinous' grace implore?
Ah! why forſake Phæacia's happy ſhore?
Some juſter prince perhaps had entertain'd,
And ſafe reſtor'd me to my native land.
Is this the promis'd long-expected coaſt,
And this the faith Phæacia's rulers boaſt?
O righteous Gods! of all the great how few
Are juſt to Heaven, and to their promiſe true!
But he, the Power to whoſe all-ſeeing eyes
The deeds of men appear without diſguiſe,
'Tis his alone t' avenge the wrongs I bear:
For ſtill th' oppreſs'd are his peculiar care.
To count theſe preſents, and from thence to prove
Their faith, is mine: the reſt belongs to Jove.
Then on the ſands he rang'd his wealthy ſtore,
The gold, the veſts, the tripods, number'd o'er:

All

All theſe he found, but ſtill in error loſt.
Diſconſolate he wanders on the coaſt,
Sighs for his country, and laments again
To the deaf rocks, and hoarſe-reſounding main.
When, lo! the guardian Goddeſs of the wiſe,
Celeſtial Pallas, ſtood before his eyes;
In ſhow a youthful ſwain, of form divine,
Who ſeem'd deſcended from ſome princely line,
A graceful robe her ſlender body dreſt,
Around her ſhoulders flew the waving veſt,
Her decent hand a ſhining javelin bore,
And painted ſandals on her feet ſhe wore.
To whom the king: Whoe'er of human race
Thou art, that wander'ſt in this deſert place!
With joy to thee, as to ſome God, I bend,
To thee my treaſures and myſelf commend.
Oh! tell a wretch in exile doom'd to ſtray,
What air I breathe, what country I ſurvey?
The fruitful continent's extremeſt bound,
Or ſome fair iſle which Neptune's arms ſurround!
From what fair clime (ſaid ſhe) remote from fame,
Arriv'ſt thou here a ſtranger to our name?
Thou ſeeſt an iſland, not to thoſe unknown
Whoſe hills are brighten'd by the riſing ſun,
Nor thoſe that plac'd beneath his utmoſt reign
Behold him ſinking in the weſtern main.
The rugged ſoil allows no level ſpace
For flying chariots, or the rapid race;
Yet, not ungrateful to the peaſant's pain,
Suffices fulneſs to the ſwelling grain:

The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
And cluſtering grapes afford a generous juice:
Woods crown our mountains, and in every grove
The bounding goats and friſking heifers rove:
Soft rains and kindly dews refreſh the field,
And riſing ſprings eternal verdure yield.
Ev'n to thoſe ſhores is Ithaca renown'd,
Where Troy's majeſtic ruins ſtrow the ground.
At this the chief with tranſport was poſſeſt,
His panting heart heart exulting in his breaſt:
Yet, well diſſembling his untimely joys,
And veiling truth in plauſible diſguiſe,
Thus, with an air ſincere, in fiction bold,
His ready tale th' inventive hero told:
Oft have I heard in Crete this iſland's name;
For 'twas from Crete my native ſoil I came,
Self-baniſh'd thence. I ſail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind.
From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
Whoſe ſon, the ſwift Orſilochus, I ſlew,
(With brutal force he ſeiz'd my Trojan prey,
Due to the toils of many a bloody day).
Unſeen I 'ſcap'd; and, favour'd by the night,
In a Phœnician veſſel took my flight,
For Pyle or Elis bound: but tempeſts toſt
And raging billows drove us on your coaſt.
In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
Spent with fatigue, and ſlept ſecure on land.
But here the roſy morn renew'd the day,
While in th' embrace of pleaſing ſleep I lay,

Sudden,

Sudden, invited by auſpicious gales,
They land my goods, and hoiſt their flying ſails.
Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,
A hapleſs exile on a foreign ſhore.
Thus while he ſpoke, the blue-ey'd Maid began
With pleaſing ſmiles to view the god-like man:
Then chang'd her form: and now, divinely bright,
Jove's heavenly daughter ſtood confeſs'd to ſight;
Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th' illuſtrious labours of the loom.
Oh, ſtill the ſame Ulyſſes! ſhe rejoin'd,
In uſeful craft ſucceſsfully refin'd!
Artful in ſpeech, in action, and in mind!
Suffic'd it not, that, thy long labours paſt,
Secure thou ſeeſt thy native ſhore at laſt?
But this to me? who, like thyſelf, excel
In arts of counſel, and diſſembling well;
To me, whoſe wit exceeds the powers divine,
No leſs than mortals are ſurpaſs'd by thine.
Know'ſt thou not me? who made thy life my care,
Through ten years wandering, and through ten years war:
Who taught thee arts, Alcinous to perſuade,
To raiſe his wonder, and engage his aid:
And now appear thy treaſures to protect,
Conceal thy perſon, thy deſigns direct,
And tell what more thou muſt from Fate expect.
Domeſtic woes far heavier to be borne!
The pride of fools, and ſlaves' inſulting ſcorn.
But thou be ſilent, nor reveal thy ſtate;
Yield to the force of unreſiſted fate,

And

And bear unmov'd the wrongs of baſe mankind,
The laſt, and hardeſt, conqueſt of the mind.
Goddeſs of Wiſdom! Ithacus replies,
He who diſcerns thee muſt be truly wiſe,
So ſeldom view'd, and ever in diſguiſe!
When the bold Argives led their warring powers,
Againſt proud Ilion's well-defended towers;
Ulyſſes was thy care, celeſtial Maid!
Grac'd with thy ſight, and favour'd with thy aid.
But when the Trojan piles in aſhes lay,
And bound for Greece we plough'd the watery way;
Our fleet diſpers'd and driven from coaſt to coaſt,
Thy ſacred preſence from that hour I loſt:
Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,
And heard thy counſels on Phæacia's ſhore.
But, by th' almighty author of thy race,
Tell me, oh tell! is this my native place?
For much I fear, long tracts of land and ſea
Divide this coaſt from diſtant Ithaca;
The ſweet deluſion kindly you impoſe,
To ſoothe my hopes, and mitigate my woes.
Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddeſs thus replies:
How prone to doubt, how cautious, are the wiſe!
Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flattering ſhow,
And taſte not half the bliſs the Gods beſtow.
The more ſhall Pallas aid thy juſt deſires,
And guard the wiſdom which herſelf inſpires.
Others, long abſent from their native place,
Straight ſeek their home, and fly with eager pace
To their wives' arms, and children's dear embrace.

Not thus Ulyſſes: he decrees to prove
His ſubjects' faith, and queen's ſuſpected love;
Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving years,
And waſtes the days in grief, the nights in tears.
But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy loſt)
Once more 'twas given thee to behold thy coaſt:
Yet how could I with adverſe Fate engage,
And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage?
Now lift thy longing eyes, while I reſtore
The pleaſing proſpect of thy native ſhore:
Behold the port of Phorcys! fenc'd around
With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.
Behold the gloomy grot! whoſe cool receſs
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring ſeas:
Whoſe now neglected altars in thy reign
Bluſh'd with the blood of ſheep and oxen ſlain,
Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,
And ſhakes the waving foreſts on his ſides.
So ſpake the Goddeſs; and the proſpect clear'd,
The miſts diſpers'd, and all the coaſt appear'd.
The king with joy confeſs'd his place of birth,
And on his knees ſalutes his mother earth:
Then, with his ſuppliant hands upheld in air,
Thus to the ſea-green Siſters ſends his prayer:
All hail! ye virgin-daughters of the main!
Ye ſtreams, beyond my hopes beheld again!
To you once more your own Ulyſſes bows;
Attend his tranſports, and receive his vows!
If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown
The growing virtues of my youthful ſon,

To you ſhall rites divine be ever paid,
And grateful offerings on your altars laid.
Then thus Minerva: From that anxious breaſt
Diſmiſs thoſe cares, and leave to Heaven the reſt.
Our taſk be now thy treaſur'd ſtores to ſave,
Deep in the cloſe receſſes of the cave:
Then future means conſult—ſhe ſpoke, and trod
The ſhady grot that brighten'd with the God.
The cloſeſt caverns of the grot ſhe ſought;
The gold, the braſs, the robes, Ulyſſes brought;
Theſe in the ſecret gloom the chief diſpos'd;
The entrance with a rock the Goddeſs clos'd.
Now, ſeated in the olive's ſacred ſhade,
Confer the hero and the Martial Maid.
The Goddeſs of the azure eyes began:
Son of Laertes! much-experienc'd man!
The ſuitor-train thy earlieſt care demand,
Of that luxurious race to rid the land:
Three years thy houſe their lawleſs rule has ſeen,
And proud addreſſes to the matchleſs queen.
But ſhe thy abſence mourns from day to day,
And inly bleeds, and ſilent waſtes away:
Eluſive of the bridal hour, ſhe gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.
To this Ulyſſes: O, celeſtial maid!
Prais'd be thy counſel, and thy timely aid:
Elſe had I ſeen my native walls in vain,
Like great Atrides juſt reſtor'd and ſlain.
Vouchſafe the means of vengeance to debate,
And plan with all thy arts the ſcene of fate.

Then, then be preſent, and my ſoul inſpire,
As when we wrap'd Troy's heaven-built walls in fire.
Though leagued againſt me hundred heroes ſtand,
Hundreds ſhall fall, if Pallas aid my hand.
She anſwer'd: In the dreadful day of fight
Know, I am with thee, ſtrong in all my might.
If thou but equal to thyſelf be found,
What gaſping numbers then ſhall preſs the ground!
What human victims ſtain the feaſtful floor!
How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!
It fits thee now to wear a dark diſguiſe,
And ſecret walk unknown to mortal eyes.
For this, my hand ſhall wither every grace,
And every elegance of form and face,
O'er thy ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread,
Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,
Diſfigure every limb with coarſe attire,
And in thy eyes extinguiſh all the fire;
Add all the wants and the decays of life;
Eſtrange thee from thy own; thy ſon, thy wife;
From the loath'd object every ſight ſhall turn,
And the blind ſuitors their deſtruction ſcorn.
Go firſt the maſter of thy herds to find,
True to his charge, a loyal ſwain and kind:
For thee he ſighs; and to the royal heir
And chaſte Penelope extends his care.
At the Coracian rock he now reſides,
Where Arethuſa's ſable water glides;
The ſable water and the copious maſt
Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repaſt!

With

With him, reſt peaceful in the rural cell,
And all you aſk his faithful tongue ſhall tell.
Me into other realms my cares convey,
To Sparta, ſtill with female beauty gay:
For know, to Sparta thy lov'd offſpring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.
At this the father, with a father's care,
Muſt he too ſuffer? he, O Goddeſs! bear
Of wanderings and of woes a wretched ſhare?
Through the wild ocean plough the dangerous way,
And leave his fortunes and his houſe a prey?
Why would'ſt not thou, O all-enlighten'd Mind!
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind?
To whom Minerva: Be thy ſoul at reſt;
And know, whatever Heaven ordains, is beſt.
To fame I ſent him, to acquire renown:
To other regions is his virtue known:
Secure he ſits, near great Atrides plac'd!
With friendſhips ſtrengthen'd, and with honours grac'd.
But, lo! an ambuſh waits his paſſage o'er;
Fierce foes inſidious intercept the ſhore:
In vain! far ſooner all the murtherous brood
This injur'd land ſhall fatten with their blood.
She ſpake, then touch'd him with her powerful wand:
The ſkin ſhrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:
A ſwift old age o'er all his members ſpread;
A ſudden froſt was ſprinkled on his head;
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
His robe, which ſpots indelible beſmear,
In rags diſhoneſt flutters with the air;

A ſtag's torn hide is lapp'd around his reins;
A rugged ſtaff his trembling hand ſuſtains;
And at his ſide a wretched ſcrip was hung,
Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twiſted thong.
So look'd the chief, ſo mov'd, to mortal eyes
Object uncouth! a man of miſeries!
While Pallas, cleaving the wide fields of air,
To Sparta flies, Telemachus her care.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE CONVERSATION WITH EUMÆUS.

ULYSSES arrives in diſguiſe at the houſe of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmoſt hoſpitality. The ſeveral diſcourſes of that faithful old ſervant, with the feigned ſtory told by Ulyſſes to conceal himſelf, and other converſations on various ſubjects, take up this entire Book.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XIV.

BUT he, deep-muſing, o'er the mountains ſtray'd
Through mazy thickets of the woodland ſhade,
And cavern'd ways, the ſhaggy coaſt along,
With cliffs and nodding foreſts over-hung.
Eumæus at his ſylvan lodge he ſought,
A faithful ſervant, and without a fault.
Ulyſſes found him buſied, as he ſate
Before the threſhold of his ruſtic gate;
Around the manſion in a circle ſhone
A rural portico of rugged ſtone
(In abſence of his Lord, with honeſt toil
His own induſtrious hands had rais'd the pile).
The wall was ſtone from neighbouring quarries borne,
Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
And ſtrong with pales, by many a weary ſtroke
Of ſtubborn labour hewn from heart of oak;
Frequent and thick. Within the ſpace were rear'd
Twelve ample cells, the lodgement of his herd.
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;
The males without (a ſmaller race) remain;
Doom'd to ſupply the ſuitors' waſteful feaſt,
A ſtock by daily luxury decreas'd;

Now ſcarce four hundred left. Theſe to defend,
Four ſavage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
Here ſate Eumæus, and his cares apply'd
To form ſtrong buſkins of well-ſeaſon'd hide.
Of four aſſiſtants who his labour ſhare,
Three now were abſent on the rural care;
The fourth drove victims to the ſuitor train:
But he, of antient faith, a ſimple ſwain,
Sigh'd, while he furniſh'd the luxurious board,
And weary'd Heaven with wiſhes for his lord.
Soon as Ulyſſes near th' incloſure drew,
With open mouths the furious maſtives flew:
Down ſate the ſage, and cautious to withſtand,
Let fall th' offenſive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden, the maſter runs; aloud he calls;
And from his haſty hand the leather falls;
With ſhowers of ſtones he drives them far away;
The ſcattering dogs around at diſtance bay.
Unhappy ſtranger! (thus the faithful ſwain
Began with accent gracious and humane)
What ſorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy reverend age had met a ſhameful fate!
Enough of woes already have I known;
Enough my maſter's ſorrows and my own.
While here (ungrateful taſk!) his herds I feed,
Ordain'd for lawleſs rioters to bleed;
Perhaps, ſupported at another's board,
Far from his country roams my hapleſs lord!
Or ſigh'd in exile forth his lateſt breath,
Now cover'd with th' eternal ſhade of death!

But enter this my homely roof, and ſee
Our woods not void of hoſpitality.
Then tell me whence thou art? and what the ſhare
Of woes and wanderings thou wert born to bear?
He ſaid, and, ſeconding the kind requeſt,
With friendly ſtep precedes his unknown gueſt.
A ſhaggy goat's ſoft hide beneath him ſpread,
And with freſh ruſhes heap'd an ample bed:
Joy touch'd the hero's tender ſoul, to find
So juſt reception from a heart ſo kind:
And oh, ye Gods! with all your bleſſings grace
(He thus broke forth) this friend of human race!
The ſwain reply'd: It never was our guiſe
To ſlight the poor, or aught humane deſpiſe;
For Jove unfolds our hoſpitable door,
'Tis Jove that ſends the ſtranger and the poor.
Little, alas! is all the good I can;
A man oppreſs'd, dependant, yet a man:
Accept ſuch treatment as a ſwain affords,
Slave to the inſolence of youthful lords!
Far hence is by unequal Gods remov'd
That man of bounties, loving and belov'd!
To whom whate'er his ſlave enjoys is ow'd,
And more, had Fate allow'd, had been beſtow'd:
But Fate condemn'd him to a foreign ſhore;
Much have I ſorrow'd, but my maſter more.
Now cold he lies, to death's embrace reſign'd:
Ah, periſh Helen! periſh all her kind!
For whoſe curs'd cauſe, in Agamemnon's name,
He trod ſo fatally the paths of Fame.

His veſt ſuccinct then girding round his waiſt,
Forth ruſh'd the ſwain with hoſpitable haſte,
Straight to the lodgements of his herd he run,
Where the fat porkers ſlept beneath the ſun;
Of two, his cutlace lanch'd the ſpouting blood;
Theſe quarter'd, ſing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,
All haſty on the hiſſing coals he threw;
And ſmoking back the taſteful viands drew,
Broachers and all; then on the board diſplay'd
The ready meal, before Ulyſſes laid
With flour imbrown'd; next mingled wine yet new,
And luſcious as the bees nectareous dew:
Then ſate companion of the friendly feaſt,
With open look; and thus beſpoke his gueſt:

Take with free welcome what our hands prepare,
Such food as falls to ſimple ſervants ſhare;
The beſt our Lords conſume; thoſe thoughtleſs peers,
Rich without bounty, guilty without fears!
Yet ſure the Gods their impious acts deteſt,
And honour juſtice and the righteous breaſt.
Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and ſcourges of mankind,
To whom offending men are made a prey
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away;
Ev'n theſe, when of their ill-got ſpoils poſſeſs'd,
Find ſure tormentors in the guilty breaſt:
Some voice of God cloſe whiſpering from within,
"Wretch! this is villainy, and this is ſin."
But theſe, no doubt, ſome oracle explore,
That tells, the great Ulyſſes is no more.

Hence

Hence ſprings their confidence, and from our ſighs
Their rapine ſtrengthens, and their riots riſe:
Conſtant as Jove the night and day beſtows,
Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
O'er the fair iſlands of the neighbouring main.
Nor all the monarchs whoſe far-dreaded ſway
The wide-extended continents obey:
Firſt, on the main land, of Ulyſſes' breed
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on ocean's margin feed;
As many ſtalls for ſhaggy goats are rear'd;
As many lodgements for the tuſky herd;
Thoſe foreign keepers guard: and here are ſeen
Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmoſt green;
To native paſtors is their charge aſſign'd;
And mine the care to feed the briſtly kind:
Each day the fatteſt bleeds of either herd,
All to the ſuitors waſteful board preferr'd.

Thus he, benevolent: his unknown gueſt
With hunger keen devours the ſavoury feaſt;
While ſchemes of vengeance ripen in his breaſt.
Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
Eumæus pours on high the purple tide;
The king with ſmiling looks his joy expreſs'd,
And thus the kind inviting hoſt addreſs'd:

Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd,
So rich, ſo potent, whom you ſtyle your lord;
Late with ſuch affluence and poſſeſſions bleſt,
And now in honour's glorious bed at reſt?
Whoever was the warrior, he muſt be
To Fame no ſtranger, nor perhaps to me;

Who

Who (ſo the Gods, and ſo the Fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a ſea, and many a land.
Small is the faith, the prince and queen aſcribe
(Reply'd Eumæus) to the wandering tribe.
For needy ſtrangers ſtill to flattery fly,
And want too oft' betrays the tongue to lye.
Each vagrant traveller that touches here,
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
To dear remembrance makes his image riſe,
And calls the ſpringing ſorrows from her eyes.
Such thou may'ſt be. But he whoſe name you crave
Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave,
Or food for fiſh or dogs his reliques lie,
Or torn by birds are ſcatter'd through the ſky.
So periſh'd he: and left (for ever loſt)
Much woe to all, but ſure to me the moſt.
So mild a maſter never ſhall I find;
Leſs dear the parents whom I left behind,
Leſs ſoft my mother, leſs my father kind.
Not with ſuch tranſport would my eyes run o'er,
Again to hail them in their native ſhore;
As lov'd Ulyſſes once more to embrace,
Reſtor'd and breathing in his natal place.
That name for ever dread, yet ever dear,
Ev'n in his abſence I pronounce with fear:
In my reſpect, he bears a prince's part;
But lives a very brother in my heart.
Thus ſpoke the faithful ſwain, and thus rejoin'd
The maſter of his grief, the man of patient mind:
Ulyſſes, friend! ſhall view his old abodes
(Diſtruſtful as thou art); nor doubt the Gods.

Nor

Nor ſpeak I raſhly, but with faith averr'd,
And what I ſpeak, atteſting Heaven has heard.
If ſo, a cloke and veſture be my meed;
Till his return, no title ſhall I plead,
Though certain be my news, and great my need.
Whom want itſelf can force untruths to tell,
My ſoul deteſts him as the gates of hell.
Thou firſt be witneſs, hoſpitable Jove!
And every God inſpiring ſocial love;
And witneſs every houſhold power that waits
Guard of theſe fires, and angel of theſe gates!
Ere the next moon increaſe, or this decay,
His ancient realms Ulyſſes ſhall ſurvey,
In blood and duſt each proud oppreſſor mourn,
And the loſt glories of his houſe return.
Nor ſhall that meed be thine, nor ever more
Shall lov'd Ulyſſes hail this happy ſhore
(Replied Eumæus): to the preſent hour
Now turn thy thought, and joys within our power.
From ſad reflection let my ſoul repoſe;
The name of him awakes a thouſand woes.
But guard him, Gods! and to theſe arms reſtore!
Not his true conſort can deſire him more;
Not old Laertes, broken with deſpair;
Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.
Alas, Telemachus! my ſorrows flow
Afreſh for thee, my ſecond cauſe of woe!
Like ſome fair plant ſet by a heavenly hand,
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he bleſt the land;
In all the youth his father's image ſhin'd,
Bright in his perſon, brighter in his mind.

What

What man, or God, deceiv'd his better ſenſe,
Far on the ſwelling ſeas to wander hence?
To diſtant Pylos hapleſs is he gone,
To ſeek his father's fate, and find his own!
For traitors wait his way, with dire deſign
To end at once the great Arceſian line.
But let us leave him to their wills above;
The fates of men are in the hand of Jove.
And now, my venerable gueſt! declare
Your name, your parents, and your native air.
Sincere from whence begun your courſe relate,
And to what ſhip I owe the friendly freight?
Thus he: and thus (with prompt invention bold)
The cautious chief his ready ſtory told:
On dark reſerve what better can prevail,
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place
Confer, and wines and cates the table grace;
But moſt, the kind inviter's chearful face?
Thus might we ſit, with ſocial goblets crown'd,
Till the whole circle of the year goes round;
Not the whole circle of the year would cloſe
My long narration of a life of woes.
But ſuch was Heaven's high will! Know then, I came
From ſacred Crete, and from a ſire of fame:
Caſtor Hylacides (that name he bore)
Belov'd and honour'd in his native ſhore;
Bleſt in his riches, in his children more.
Sprung of a handmaid, from a bought embrace,
I ſhar'd his kindneſs with his lawful race;

But when that fate, which all must undergo,
From earth remov'd him to the shades below;
The large dominion his greedy sons divide,
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
Little, alas! was left my wretched share,
Except a house, a covert from the air:
But what by niggard fortune was denied,
A willing widow's copious wealth supplied.
My valour was my plea, a gallant mind
That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind
(The sex is ever to a soldier kind).
Now wasting years my former strength confound,
And added woes have bow'd me to the ground;
Yet by the stubble you may guess the grain,
And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.
Me, Pallas gave to lead the martial storm,
And the fair ranks of battle to deform:
Me, Mars inspir'd to turn the foe to flight,
And tempt the secret ambush of the night.
Let ghastly death in all his forms appear,
I saw him not, it was not mine to fear.
Before the rest I rais'd my ready steel;
The first I met, he yielded, or he fell.
But works of peace my soul disdain'd to bear,
The rural labour, or domestic care.
To raise the mast, the missile dart to wing,
And send swift arrows from the bounding string,
Were arts the Gods made grateful to my mind;
Those Gods, who turn (to various ends design'd)
The various thoughts and talents of mankind.

Before

Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain,
Nine times commander or by land or main,
In foreign fields I ſpread my glory far,
Great in the praiſe, rich in the ſpoils of war:
Thence charg'd with riches, as increas'd in fame,
To Crete return'd, an honourable name.
But when great Jove that direful war decreed,
Which rouz'd all Greece, and made the mighty bleed;
Our ſtates myſelf and Idomen employ
To lead their fleets, and carry death to Troy.
Nine years we warr'd; the tenth ſaw Ilion fall;
Homeward we ſail'd, but Heaven diſpers'd us all.
One only month my wife enjoy'd my ſtay;
So will'd the God who gives and takes away.
Nine ſhips I mann'd, equipp'd with ready ſtores,
Intent to voyage to th' Ægyptian ſhores;
In feaſt and ſacrifice my choſen train
Six days conſum'd; the ſeventh we plough'd the main.
Crete's ample fields diminiſh to our eye;
Before the Boreal blaſts the veſſels fly;
Safe through the level ſeas we ſweep our way;
The ſteer-man governs, and the ſhips obey.
The fifth fair morn we ſtem th' Ægyptian tide:
And tilting o'er the bay the veſſels ride:
To anchor there my fellows I command,
And ſpies commiſſion to explore the land.
But, ſway'd by luſt of gain, and headlong will,
The coaſts they ravage, and the natives kill.
The ſpreading clamour to their city flies,
And horſe and foot in mingled tumult riſe.

The

The reddening dawn reveals the circling fields,
Horrid with briſtly ſpears, and glancing ſhields.
Jove thunder'd on their ſide. Our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance ſpread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead.
I then explor'd my thought, what courſe to prove;
(And ſure the thought was dictated by Jove,
Oh! had he left me to that happier doom,
And ſav'd a life of miſeries to come!)
The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd,
And low on earth my ſhield and javelin caſt,
I meet the monarch with a ſuppliant's face,
Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.
He heard, he ſav'd, he plac'd me at his ſide;
My ſtate he pity'd, and my tears he dried,
Reſtrain'd the rage the vengeful foe expreſs'd,
And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breaſt.
Pious! to guard the hoſpitable rite,
And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight.
In Ægypt thus with peace and plenty bleſt,
I liv'd (and happy ſtill had liv'd) a gueſt,
On ſeven bright years ſucceſſive bleſſings wait;
The next chang'd all the colour of my fate.
A falſe Phœnician, of inſidious mind,
Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to humankind,
With ſemblance fair invites me to his home;
I ſeiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam)
Domeſtic in his faithleſs roof I ſtay'd,
Till the ſwift ſun his annual circle made.

To Libya then he meditates the way;
With guileful art a ſtranger to betray,
And ſell to bondage in a foreign land:
Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the ſtrand.
Through the mid ſeas the nimble pinnace ſails,
Aloof from Crete, before the northern gales:
But when remote her chalky cliffs we loſt,
And far from ken of any other coaſt,
When all was wild expanſe of ſea and air;
Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to prepare.
He hung a night of horrors o'er their head
(The ſhaded ocean blacken'd as it ſpread);
He launch'd the fiery bolt; from pole to pole
Broad burſt the lightnings, deep the thunders roll;
In giddy rounds the whirling ſhip is toſt,
And all in clouds of ſmothering ſulphur loſt.
As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
The ſable crows with intercepted flight
Drop headlong: ſcarr'd and black with ſulphurous hue;
So from the deck are hurl'd the ghaſtly crew.
Such end the wicked found! but Jove's intent
Was yet to ſave th' oppreſs'd and innocent.
Plac'd on the maſt (the laſt recourſe of life)
With winds and waves I held unequal ſtrife;
For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
The tenth ſoft wafts me to Theſprotia's ſhore.
The monarch's ſon a ſhipwreck'd wretch reliev'd,
The fire with hoſpitable rites receiv'd,
And in his palace like a brother plac'd,
With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.

While

While here I ſojourn'd, oft I heard the fame
How late Ulyſſes to the country came,
How lov'd, how honour'd, in this court he ſtay'd,
And here his whole collected treaſure lay'd;
I ſaw myſelf the vaſt unnumber'd ſtore
Of ſteel elaborate, and refulgent ore,
And braſs high heap'd amidſt the regal dome;
Immenſe ſupplies for ages yet to come!
Meantime he voyag'd to explore the will
Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy hill,
What means might beſt his ſafe return avail,
To come in pomp, or bear a ſecret ſail?
Full oft has Phidon, whilſt he pour'd the wine,
Atteſting ſolemn all the Powers divine,
That ſoon Ulyſſes would return, declar'd,
The ſailors waiting, and the ſhips prepar'd.
But firſt the king diſmiſs'd me from his ſhores,
For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful ſtores;
To good Acaſtus' friendly care conſign'd:
But other counſels pleas'd the ſailors mind:
New frauds were plotted by the faithleſs train,
And miſery demands me once again.
Soon as remote from ſhore they plough the wave,
With ready hands they ruſh to ſeize their ſlave;
Then with theſe tatter'd rags thy wrap'd me round,
(Strip'd of my own) and to the veſſel bound.
At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land
The ſhip arriv'd: forth-iſſuing on the ſand
They ſought repaſt; while to th' unhappy kind,
The pitying Gods themſelves my chains unbind.

Soft I deſcended, to the ſea applied
My naked breaſt, and ſhot along the tide.
Soon paſt beyond their ſight, I left the flood,
And took the ſpreading ſhelter of the wood.
Their prize eſcap'd the faithleſs pirates mourn'd;
But deem'd enquiry vain, and to their ſhip return'd.
Screen'd by protecting Gods from hoſtile eyes,
They led me to a good man and a wife,
To leave beneath thy hoſpitable care,
And wait the woes Heaven dooms me yet to bear.
Unhappy gueſt! whoſe ſorrows touch my mind!
(Thus good Eumæus with a ſigh rejoin'd)
For real ſufferings ſince I grieve ſincere,
Check not with fallacies the ſpringing tear;
Nor turn the paſſion into groundleſs joy
For him, whom Heaven has deſtin'd to deſtroy.
Oh! had he periſh'd on ſome well-fought day,
Or in his friend's embraces died away!
That grateful Greece with ſtreaming eyes might raiſe
Hiſtoric marbles, to record his praiſe:
His praiſe, eternal on the faithful ſtone,
Had with tranſmiſſive honours grac'd his ſon.
Now ſnatch'd by harpies to the dreary coaſt,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory loſt!
While penſive in this ſolitary den,
Far from gay cities and the ways of men,
I linger life; nor to the court repair,
But when the conſtant queen commands my care;
Or when, to taſte her hoſpitable board,
Some gueſt arrives, with rumours of her lord;

And

And theſe indulge their want, and thoſe their woe,
And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.
By many ſuch I have been warn'd; but chief
By one Ætolian robb'd of all belief,
Whoſe hap it was to this our roof to roam,
For murder baniſh'd from his native home.
He ſwore, Ulyſſes on the coaſt of Crete
Staid but a ſeaſon to refit his fleet;
A few revolving months ſhould waft him o'er,
Fraught with bold warriours, and a boundleſs ſtore.
O thou! whom age has taught to underſtand,
And Heaven has guided with a favouring hand!
On God or mortal to obtrude a lie
Forbear, and dread to flatter as to die.
Not for ſuch ends my houſe and heart are free,
But dear reſpect to Jove, and charity.
And why, O ſwain of unbelieving mind!
(Thus quick reply'd the wiſeſt of mankind)
Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try,
A ſolemn compact let us ratify,
And witneſs every Power that rules the ſky!
If here Ulyſſes from his labours reſt,
Be then my prize a tunic and a veſt;
And, where my hopes invite me, ſtraight tranſport
In ſafety to Dulichium's friendly court.
But, if he greets not thy deſiring eye,
Hurl me from yon' dread precipice on high;
The due reward of fraud and perjury.
Doubtleſs, O gueſt! great laud and praiſe were mine
(Reply'd the ſwain for ſpotleſs faith divine)

If, after ſocial rites and gifts beſtow'd,
I ſtain'd my hoſpitable hearth with blood,
How would the Gods my righteous toils ſucceed,
And bleſs the hand that made a ſtranger bleed?
No more—th' approaching hours of ſilent night
Firſt claim refection, then to reſt invite;
Beneath our humble cottage let us haſte,
And here, unenvy'd, rural dainties taſte.
Thus commun'd theſe; while to their lowly dome
The full-fed ſwine return'd with evening home;
Compell'd, reluctant, to the ſeveral ſties,
With din obſtreperous, and ungrateful cries.
Then to the ſlaves—Now from the herd the beſt
Select, in honour of our foreign gueſt:
With him let us the genial banquet ſhare,
For great and many are the griefs we bear;
While thoſe who from our labours heap their board,
Blaſpheme their feeder, and forget their lord.
Thus ſpeaking, with diſpatchful hand he took
A weighty ax, and cleft the ſolid oak;
This on the earth he pil'd; a boar full fed,
Of five years age, before the pile was led:
The ſwain, whom acts of piety delight,
Obſervant of the Gods, begins the rite;
Firſt ſhears the forehead of the briſtly boar,
And ſuppliant ſtands, invoking every Power
To ſpeed Ulyſſes to his native ſhore.
A knotty ſtake then aiming at his head,
Down dropp'd he groaning, and the ſpirit fled.
The ſcorching flames climb round on every ſide:
Then the ſing'd members they with ſkill divide;

On theſe, in rolls of fat involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.
Some in the flames, beſtrow'd with flour, they threw:
Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew;
Theſe while on ſeveral tables they diſpoſe,
As prieſt himſelf the blameleſs ruſtick roſe;
Expert the deſtin'd victim to diſ-part
In ſeven juſt portions, pure of hand and heart.
One ſacred to the Nymphs apart they lay;
Another to the winged ſon of May:
The rural tribe in common ſhare the reſt,
The king the chine, the honour of the feaſt,
Who ſate delighted at his ſervant's board;
The faithful ſervant joy'd his unknown lord.
Oh! be thou dear (Ulyſſes cry'd) to Jove,
As well thou claim'ſt a grateful ſtranger's love!
Be then thy thanks (the bounteous ſwain reply'd)
Enjoyment of the good the Gods provide.
From God's own hand deſcend our joys and woes;
Theſe he decrees, and he but ſuffers thoſe:
All power is his, and whatſoe'er he wills,
The will itſelf, omnipotent, fulfills.
This ſaid, the firſt-fruits to the Gods he gave;
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the ſable wave:
In great Ulyſſes' hand he plac'd the bowl,
He ſate, and ſweet refection chear'd his ſoul.
The bread from canniſters Meſaulius gave,
(Eumæus' proper treaſure bought this ſlave,
And led from Taphos, to attend his board,
A ſervant added to his abſent lord)

His taſk it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away.
And now the rage of hunger was repreſs'd,
And each betakes him to his couch to reſt.
Now came the night, and darkneſs cover'd o'er
The face of things; the winds began to roar;
The driving ſtorm the watery weſt-wind pours,
And Jove deſcends in deluges of ſhowers.
Studious of reſt and warmth, Ulyſſes lies,
Foreſeeing from the firſt the ſtorm would riſe;
In mere neceſſity of coat and cloak,
With artful preface to his hoſt he ſpoke:
Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet grace;
'Tis ſweet to play the fool in time and place,
And wine can of their wits the wiſe beguile,
Make the ſage frolic, and the ſerious ſmile,
The grave in merry meaſures friſk about,
And many a long-repented word bring out.
Since to be talkative I now commence,
Let wit caſt off the ſullen yoke of ſenſe.
Once I was ſtrong (would Heaven reſtore thoſe days!)
And with my betters claim'd a ſhare of praiſe.
Ulyſſes, Menelaus, led forth a band,
And join'd me with them ('twas their own command);
A deathful ambuſh for the foe to lay,
Beneath Troy's walls by night we took our way:
There, clad in arms, along the marſhes ſpread,
We made the oſier-fringed bank our bed.
Full ſoon th' inclemency of Heaven I feel,
Nor had theſe ſhoulders covering but of ſteel.

Sharp

Sharp blew the north; ſnow whitening all the fields
Froze with the blaſt, and gathering glaz'd our ſhields.
There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and veſt,
Lay cover'd by their ample ſhields at reſt.
Fool that I was! I left behind my own;
The ſkill of weather and of winds unknown,
And truſted to my coat and ſhield alone!
When now was waſted more than half the night,
And the ſtars faded at approaching light;
Sudden I jogg'd Ulyſſes, who was laid
Faſt by my ſide, and ſhivering thus I ſaid:
Here longer in this field I cannot lie;
The winter pinches, and with cold I die,
And die aſham'd (O wiſeſt of mankind)
The only fool who left his cloak behind.
He thought, and anſwer'd: hardly waking yet,
Sprung in his mind the momentary wit
(That wit, which or in council, or in fight,
Still met th'emergence, and determin'd right).
Huſh thee, he cry'd, (ſoft whiſpering in my ear)
Speak not a word, leſt any Greek may hear—
And then (ſupporting on his arm his head)
Hear me, companions! (thus aloud he ſaid)
Methinks too diſtant from the fleet we lie:
Ev'n now a viſion ſtood before my eye,
And ſure the warning viſion was from high:
Let from among us ſome ſwift courier riſe,
Haſte to the general, and demand ſupplies.
Upſtarted Thoas ſtraight, Andræmon's ſon,
Nimbly he roſe, and caſt his garment down;

Inſtant,

Inſtant, the racer vaniſh'd off the ground;
That inſtant, in his cloak I wrap'd me round:
And ſafe I ſlept, till brightly dawning ſhone
The morn conſpicuous on her golden throne.
Oh, were my ſtrength as then, as then my age!
Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.
Yet, tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
The honours and the offices of men:
Some maſter, or ſome ſervant, would allow
A cloak and veſt—but I am nothing now!
Well haſt thou ſpoke (rejoin'd th'attentive ſwain)
Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain!
Nor garment ſhalt thou want, nor aught beſide,
Meet for the wandering ſuppliant to provide.
But in the morning take thy cloaths again,
For here one veſt ſuffices every ſwain;
No change of garments to our hinds is known:
But, when return'd, the good Ulyſſes' ſon
With better hand ſhall grace with fit attires
His gueſt, and ſend thee where thy ſoul deſires.
The honeſt herdſman roſe, as this he ſaid,
And drew before the hearth the ſtranger's bed:
The fleecy ſpoils of ſheep, a goat's rough hide
He ſpreads; and adds a mantle thick and wide;
With ſtore to heap above him, and below,
And guard each quarter as the tempeſts blow.
There lay the king and all the reſt ſupine;
All, but the careful maſter of the ſwine:
Forth haſted he to tend his briſtly care:
Well arm'd, and fenc'd againſt nocturnal air;

His

His weighty faulchion o'er his ſhoulder tied:
His ſhaggy cloak a mountain goat ſupplied:
With his broad ſpear, the dread of dogs and men,
He ſeeks his lodging in the rocky den.
There to the tuſky herd he bends his way,
Where, ſcreen'd from Boreas, high o'er-arch'd they lay.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE RETURN OF TELEMACHUS.

THE Goddeſs Minerva commands Telemachu viſion to return to Ithaca. Piſiſtratus and h leave of Menelaüs, and arrive at Pylos, wher part; and Telemachus ſets ſail, after havin ceived on board Theoclymenus the ſoothſayer. ſcene then changes to the cottage of Eumæus entertains Ulyſſes with a recital of his adven In the mean time Telemachus arrives on the and, ſending the veſſel to the town, proceed himſelf to the lodge of Eumæus.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XV.

NOW had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,
Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaus reigns;
Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,
His instant voyage challeng'd all her care.
Beneath the royal portico display'd,
With Nestor's son, Telemachus was laid;
In sleep profound the son of Nestor lies;
Not thine, Ulysses! Care unseal'd his eyes;
Restless he griev'd, with various fears oppress'd,
And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast.
When, O Telemachus! (the Goddess said)
Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd.
Thus leaving careless thy paternal right
The robbers' prize, the prey to lawless might.
On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam,
Ev'n now the hand of rapine sacks the dome.
Hence to Atrides; and his leave implore
To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore;
Fly, whilst thy mother virtuous yet withstands
Her kindred's wishes, and her sire's commands;
Through both Eurymachus pursues the dame,
And with the noblest gifts affairs

Hence therefore, while thy ſtores thy own remain;
Thou know'ſt the practice of the female train:
Loſt in the children of the preſent ſpouſe
They ſlight the pledges of their former vows;
Their love is always with the lover paſt;
Still the ſucceeding flame expels the laſt.
Let o'er thy houſe ſome choſen maid preſide,
Till Heaven decrees to bleſs thee in a bride.
But now thy more attentive ears incline,
Obſerve the warnings of a Power divine:
For thee their ſnares the ſuitor lords ſhall lay
In Samos' ſands, or ſtraits of Ithaca;
To ſeize thy life ſhall lurk the murderous band,
Ere yet thy footſteps preſs thy native land.
No—ſooner far their riot and their luſt
All-covering earth ſhall bury deep in duſt!
Then diſtant from the ſcatter'd iſlands ſteer,
Nor let the night retard thy full career;
Thy heavenly guardian ſhall inſtruct the gales,
To ſmooth thy paſſage, and ſupply thy ſails:
And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,
Send to the town thy veſſel with thy friends;
But ſeek thou firſt the maſter of thy ſwine
(For ſtill to thee his loyal thoughts incline);
There paſs the night: while he his courſe purſues
To bring Penelope the wiſh'd-for news,
That thou, ſafe ſailing from the Pylian ſtrand,
Art come to bleſs her in thy native land.

Thus ſpoke the Goddeſs, and reſum'd her flight,
To the pure regions of eternal light.

Meanwhile Piſiſtratus he gently ſhakes,
And with theſe words the ſlumbering youth awakes:
Riſe, ſon of Neſtor! for the road prepare,
And join the harneſs'd courſers to the car.
What cauſe, he cried, can juſtify our flight,
To tempt the dangers of forbidden night?
Here wait we rather, till approaching day
Shall prompt our ſpeed, and point the ready way.
Nor think of flight, before the Spartan king
Shall bid farewell, and bounteous preſents bring;
Gifts, which, to diſtant ages ſafely ſtor'd,
The ſacred act of friendſhip ſhall record.
Thus he. But when the dawn beſtreak'd the eaſt,
The king from Helen roſe, and ſought his gueſt.
As ſoon as his approach the hero knew,
The ſplendid mantle round him firſt he threw,
Then o'er his ample ſhoulders whirl'd the cloak,
Reſpectful met the monarch, and beſpoke:
Hail great Atrides, favour'd of high Jove!
Let not thy friends in vain for licence move.
Swift let us meaſure back the watery way,
Nor check our ſpeed, impatient of delay.
If with deſire ſo ſtrong thy boſom glows,
Ill, ſaid the king, ſhould I thy wiſh oppoſe;
For oft in others freely I reprove
The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love;
Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,
And both the golden mean alike condemn.
Alike he thwarts the hoſpitable end,
Who drives the free, or ſtays the haſty friend;

True friendſhip's laws are by this rule expreſs'd,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the parting gueſt.
Yet ſtay, my friends, and in your chariot take
The nobleſt preſents that our love can make:
Meantime commit we to our women's care,
Some choice domeſtic viands to prepare;
The traveller, riſing from the banquet gay,
Eludes the labours of the tedious way.
Then if a wider courſe ſhall rather pleaſe
Through ſpacious Argos, and the realms of Greece,
Atrides in his chariot ſhall attend;
Himſelf thy convoy to each royal friend.
No prince will let Ulyſſes' heir remove
Without ſome pledge, ſome monument of love:
Theſe will the caldron, theſe the tripod give,
From thoſe the well-pair'd mules we ſhall receive,
Or bowl emboſs'd whoſe golden figures live.

To whom the youth, for prudence fam'd, replied:
O monarch, care of Heaven! thy people's pride!
No friend in Ithaca my place ſupplies,
No powerful hands are there, no watchful eyes:
My ſtores expos'd and fenceleſs houſe demand
The ſpeedieſt ſuccour from my guardian hand;
Leſt, in a ſearch too anxious and too vain
Of one loſt joy, I loſe what yet remain.
His purpoſe when the generous warrior heard,
He charg'd the houſhold cates to be prepar'd.
Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home,
Was Boethœdes Eteonus come;
Swift as the word he forms the riſing blaze,
And o'er the coals the ſmoking fragments lays.

Mean-

Meantime the king, his ſon, and Helen, went
Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a coſtly ſcent.
The king ſelected from the glittering rows
A bowl; the prince a ſilver beaker choſe.
The beauteous queen revolv'd with careful eyes
Her various textures of unnumber'd dyes,
And choſe the largeſt; with no vulgar art
Her own fair hands embroider'd every part:
Beneath the reſt it lay divinely bright,
Like radiant Heſper o'er the gems of night.
Then with each gift they haſten'd to their gueſt,
And thus the king Ulyſſes' heir addreſs'd:
Since fix'd are thy reſolves, may thundering Jove
With happieſt omens thy deſires approve!
This ſilver bowl, whoſe coſtly margins ſhine
Enchas'd with gold, this valued gift be thine;
To me this preſent, of Vulcanian frame,
From Sidon's hoſpitable monarch came;
To thee we now conſign the precious load,
The pride of kings and labour of a God.
Then gave the cup; while Megapenthe brought
The ſilver vaſe with living ſculpture wrought.
The beauteous queen, advancing next, display'd
The ſhining veil, and thus endearing ſaid:
Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long ſince, in better days, by Helen wove:
Safe in thy mother's care the veſture lay,
To deck thy bride, and grace thy nuptial day.
Meantime may'ſt thou with happieſt ſpeed regain
Thy ſtately palace, and thy native reign.

She ſaid, and gave the veil; with grateful look
The prince the variegated preſent took.
And now, when through the royal dome they paſs'd,
High on a throne the king each ſtranger plac'd.
A golden ewer th' attendant damſel brings,
Replete with water from the cryſtal ſprings;
With copious ſtreams the ſhining vaſe ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize.
They waſh. The tables in fair order ſpread,
The glittering caniſters are crown'd with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour; rich repaſt!
Whilſt Eteonus portions out the ſhares,
Atrides' ſon the purple draught prepares.
And now (each fated with the genial feaſt,
And the ſhort rage of thirſt and hunger ceas'd)
Ulyſſes' ſon, with his illuſtrious friend,
The horſes join, the poliſh'd car aſcend.
Along the court the fiery ſteeds rebound,
And the wide portal echoes to the ſound.
The king precedes; a bowl with fragrant wine
(Libation deſtin'd to the powers divine)
His right-hand held: before the ſteeds he ſtands,
Then, mix'd with prayers, he utters theſe commands:
Farewell, and proſper, youths! let Neſtor know
What grateful thoughts ſtill in this boſom glow,
For all the proofs of his paternal care,
Trough the long dangers of the ten years war.
Ah! doubt not our report (the prince rejoin'd)
Of all the virtues of thy generous mind.

And oh! return'd might we Ulyſſes meet!
To him thy preſents ſhow, thy words repeat:
How will each ſpeech his grateful wonder raiſe!
How will each gift indulge us in thy praiſe!
Scarce ended thus the prince, when on the right
Advanc'd the bird of Jove: auſpicious ſight!
A milk-white fowl his clinching talons bore,
With care domeſtic pamper'd at the floor.
Peaſants in vain with threatening cries purſue,
In ſolemn ſpeed the bird majeſtic flew
Full dexter to the car: the proſperous ſight
Fill'd every breaſt with wonder and delight.
But Neſtor's ſon the chearful ſilence broke,
And in theſe words the Spartan chief beſpoke.
Say, if to us the Gods theſe omens ſend,
Or fates peculiar to thyſelf portend?
Whilſt yet the monarch paus'd with doubts oppreſs'd,
The beauteous queen reliev'd his labouring breaſt.
Hear me, ſhe cried, to whom the Gods have given
To read this ſign, and myſtic ſenſe of Heaven.
As thus the plumy ſovereign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,
And wander'd through the wide æthereal way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey;
So ſhall thy god-like father, toſs'd in vain
Through all the dangers of the boundleſs main,
Arrive (or is perchance already come)
From ſlaughter'd gluttons to releaſe the dome.
Oh! if this promis'd bliſs by thundering Jove
(The prince replied) ſtand fix'd in fate above;

To thee, as to ſome God, I'll temples raiſe,
And crown thy altars with the coſtly blaze.
He ſaid; and, bending o'er his chariot, flung
Athwart the fiery ſteeds the ſmarting thong;
The bounding ſhafts upon the harneſs play,
Till night deſcending intercepts the way.
To Diocles, at Phere, they repair,
Whoſe boaſted ſire was ſacred Alpheus' heir;
With him all night the youthful ſtrangers ſtay'd,
Nor found the hoſpitable rites unpay'd.
But ſoon as morning from her orient bed
Had ting'd the mountains with her earlieſt red,
They join'd the ſteeds, and on the chariot ſprung;
The brazen portals in their paſſage rung.
To Pylos ſoon they came; when thus begun
To Neſtor's heir Ulyſſes' god-like ſon:
Let not Piſiſtratus in vain be preſt,
Nor unconſenting hear his friend's requeſt;
His friend by long hereditary claim,
In toils his equal, and in years the ſame.
No farther from our veſſel, I implore,
The courſers drive; but laſh them to the ſhore.
Too long thy father would his friend detain;
I dread his proffer'd kindneſs urg'd in vain.
The hero paus'd, and ponder'd this requeſt,
While love and duty warr'd within his breaſt.
At length reſolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand,
And laſh'd his panting courſers to the ſtrand.
There, while within the poop with care he ſtor'd
The regal preſents of the Spartan lord;

With

With ſpeed be gone (ſaid he); call every mate,
Ere yet to Neſtor I the tale relate:
'Tis true, the fervour of his generous heart
Brooks no repulſe, nor could'ſt thou ſoon depart;
Himſelf will ſeek thee here, nor wilt thou find,
In words alone, the Pylian monarch kind.
But when, arriv'd, he thy return ſhall know,
How will his breaſt with honeſt fury glow!
This ſaid, the ſounding ſtrokes his horſes fire,
And ſoon he reach'd the palace of his ſire.
Now (cried Telemachus) with ſpeedy care
Hoiſt every ſail, and every oar prepare.
Swift as the word his willing mates obey,
And ſeize their ſeats, impatient for the ſea.
Meantime the prince with ſacrifice adores
Minerva, and her guardian aid implores;
When, lo! a wretch ran breathleſs to the ſhore,
New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore.
A ſeer he was, from great Melampus ſprung,
Melampus, who in Pylos flouriſh'd long,
Till, urg'd by wrongs, a foreign realm he choſe,
Far from the hateful cauſe of all his woes.
Neleus his treaſures one long year detains;
As long, he groan'd in Philacus's chains:
Meantime, what anguiſh, and what rage, combin'd,
For lovely Pero rack'd his labouring mind!
Yet 'ſcap'd he death; and vengeful of his wrong
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along:
Then (Neleus vanquiſh'd, and conſign'd the Fair
To Bias' arms) he ſought a foreign air;

Argos the rich for his retreat he choſe,
There form'd his empire; there his palace roſe.
From him Antiphates and Mantius came:
The firſt begot Oïclus great in fame,
And he Amphiaraus, immortal name!
The people's ſaviour, and divinely wiſe,
Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the ſkies,
Yet ſhort his date of life! by female pride he dies.
From Mantius Clitus, whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above:
And Polyphides on whom Phœbus ſhone
With fulleſt rays, Amphiaraus now gone;
In Hypereſia's groves he made abode,
And taught mankind the counſels of the God.
From him ſprung Theoclymenus, who found
(The ſacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
Telemachus: whom, as to Heaven he preſs'd
His ardent vows, the ſtranger thus addreſs'd:
O thou! that doſt thy happy courſe prepare
With pure libations, and with ſolemn prayer;
By that dread Power to whom thy vows are paid;
By all the lives of theſe; thy own dear head,
Declare ſincerely to no foe's demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.
Prepare then, ſaid Telemachus, to know
A tale from falſehood free, not free from woe,
From Ithaca, of royal birth, I came,
And great Ulyſſes (ever honour'd name!)
Was once my ſire: though now for ever loſt
In Stygian gloom he glides a penſive ghoſt!

Whoſe

Whoſe fate enquiring through the world we rove;
The laſt, the wretched, proof of filial love.
The ſtranger then: Nor ſhall I aught conceal,
But the dire ſecret of my fate reveal.
Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I ſlew;
Whoſe powerful friends the luckleſs deed purſue
With unrelenting rage, and force from home
The blood-ſtain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.
But bear, O bear me o'er yon azure flood;
Receive the ſuppliant! ſpare my deſtin'd blood!
Stranger (replied the prince) ſecurely reſt
Affianc'd in our faith; henceforth our gueſt.
Thus affable, Ulyſſes' god-like heir
Takes from the ſtranger's hand the glittering ſpear:
He climbs the ſhip, aſcends the ſtern with haſte,
And by his ſide the gueſt accepted plac'd.
The chief his orders gives: th' obedient band
With due obſervance wait the chief's command;
With ſpeed the maſt they rear, with ſpeed unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind.
Minerva calls; the ready gales obey
With rapid ſpeed to whirl them o'er the ſea.
Crunus they paſs'd, next Chalchis roll'd away,
When thickening darkneſs clos'd the doubtful day;
The ſilver Phæa's glittering rills they loſt,
And ſkimm'd along by Elis' ſacred coaſt.
Then cautious through the rocky reaches wind,
And, turning ſudden, ſhun the death deſign'd.
Meantime the king, Eumæus, and the reſt,
Sate in the cottage, at their rural feaſt;

The

The banquet paſt, and ſatiate every man,
To try his hoſt, Ulyſſes thus began:
Yet one night more, my friends, indulge your gueſt;
The laſt I purpoſe in your walls to reſt:
To-morrow for myſelf I muſt provide,
And only aſk your counſel, and a guide:
Patient to roam the ſtreet, by hunger led,
And bleſs the friendly hand that gives me bread.
There in Ulyſſes' roof I may relate
Ulyſſes' wanderings to his royal mate;
Or, mingling with the ſuitors' haughty train,
Not undeſerving ſome ſupport obtain.
Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,
Patron of induſtry and manual arts:
Few can with me in dextrous works contend,
The pyre to build, the ſtubborn oak to rend;
To turn the taſteful viand o'er the flame;
Or foam the goblet with a purple ſtream.
Such are the taſks of men of mean eſtate,
Whom fortune dooms to ſerve the rich and great.
Alas! (Eumæus with a ſigh rejoin'd)
How ſprung a thought ſo monſtrous in thy mind!
If on that god-leſs race thou would'ſt attend,
Fate owes thee ſure a miſerable end!
Their wrongs and blaſphemies aſcend the ſky,
And pull deſcending vengeance from on high.
Not ſuch, my friend, the ſervants of their feaſt;
A blooming train in rich embroidery dreſt,
With earth's whole tribute the bright table bends,
And ſmiling round celeſtial youth attends.

Sta

Stay then: no eye askance beholds thee here;
Sweet is thy converse to each social ear;
Well pleas'd, and pleasing, in our cottage rest,
Till good Telemachus accepts his guest
With genial gifts, and change of fair attires,
And safe conveys thee where thy soul desires.
To him the man of woes: O gracious Jove!
Reward this stranger's hospitable love!
Who knows the son of sorrow to relieve,
Chears the sad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.
Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wanderings is the greatest woe:
On all their weary ways wait care and pain,
And pine and penury, a meagre train.
To such a man since harbour you afford,
Relate the farther fortunes of your lord;
What cares his mother's tender breast engage,
And sire forsaken on the verge of age;
Beneath the sun prolong they yet their breath,
Or range the house of darkness and of death?
To whom the swain: Attend what you enquire;
Laertes lives, the miserable sire
Lives, but implores of every Power to lay
The burden down, and wishes for the day.
Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,
Torn from th' embraces of his tender wife,
Sole, and all comfortless, he wastes away
Old age, untimely posting ere his day.
She too, sad mother! for Ulysses lost
Pin'd out her bloom, and vanish'd to a ghost.

(So

(So dire a fate, ye righteous Gods! avert,
From every friendly, every feeling heart!)
While yet ſhe was, though clouded o'er with grief,
Her pleaſing converſe miniſter'd relief:
With Ctimene, her youngeſt daughter, bred,
One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.
But when the ſoftly-ſtealing pace of time
Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,
To Samos' iſle ſhe ſent the wedded fair;
Me to the fields, to tend the rural care;
Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,
Nor leſs the darling object of her love.
Her hapleſs death my brighter days o'ercaſt,
Yet Providence deſerts me not at laſt;
My preſent labours food and drink procure,
And more, the pleaſure to relieve the poor.
Small is the comfort from the queen to hear
Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear;
Blank and diſcountenanc'd the ſervants ſtand,
Nor dare to queſtion where the proud command:
No profit ſprings beneath uſurping powers;
Want feeds not there, where luxury devours,
Nor harbours charity where riot reigns:
Proud are the lords, and wretched are the ſwains.
The ſuffering chief at this began to melt;
And, O Eumæus! thou (he cries) haſt felt
The ſpite of fortune too! her cruel hand
Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land!
Snatch'd from thy parents' arms, thy parents' eyes,
To early wants! a man of miſeries!

Thy

Thy whole ſad ſtory, from its firſt, declare:
Sunk the fair city by the rage of war,
Where once thy parents dwelt? or did they keep,
In humbler life, the lowing herds and ſheep?
So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train,
Rude pirates ſeiz'd, and ſhipp'd thee o'er the main?
Doom'd a fair prize to grace ſome prince's board,
The worthy purchaſe of a foreign lord.
If then my fortunes can delight my friend,
A ſtory fruitful of events attend:
Another's ſorrow may thy ear enjoy,
And wine the lengthen'd intervals employ.
Long nights the now declining year beſtows;
A part we conſecrate to ſoft repoſe,
A part in pleaſing talk we entertain;
For too much reſt itſelf becomes a pain.
Let thoſe, whom ſleep invites, the call obey,
Their cares reſuming with the dawning day:
Here let us feaſt, and to the feaſt be join'd
Diſcourſe, the ſweeter banquet of the mind;
Review the ſeries of our lives, and taſte
The melancholy joy of evils paſt:
For he who much has ſuffer'd, much will know;
And pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
Above Ortygia lies an iſle of fame,
Far hence remote, and Syria is the name
(There curious eyes inſcrib'd with wonder trace
The ſun's diurnal, and his annual race);
Not large, but fruitful; ſtor'd with graſs, to keep
The bellowing oxen, and the bleating ſheep;

Her

Her sloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
And her rich valleys wave with golden corn.
No want, no famine, the glad natives know,
Nor sink by sickness to the shades below;
But when a length of years unnerves the strong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along.
They bend the silver bow with tender skill,
And, void of pain, the silent arrows kill.
Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,
Where two fair cities rise with equal pride.
But both in constant peace one prince obey,
And Cteſius there, my father, holds the sway.
Freighted, it seems, with toys of every sort
A ship of Sidon anchor'd in our port;
What-time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,
Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land:
This nymph, where anchor'd the Phœnician train
To wash her robes descending to the main,
A smooth-tongued sailor won her to his mind
(For love deceives the best of woman-kind.)
A sudden trust from sudden liking grew;
She told her name, her race, and all she knew.
I too (she cry'd) from glorious Sidon came,
My father Arybas, of wealthy fame;
But, snatch'd by pirates from my native place,
The Taphians sold me to this man's embrace.
Haste then (the false designing youth reply'd)
Haste to thy country; love shall be thy guide;
Haste to thy father's house, thy father's breast,
For still he lives, and lives with riches blest.

"Swear firſt (ſhe cry'd) ye ſailors! to reſtore
"A wretch in ſafety to her native ſhore."
Swift as ſhe aſk'd, the ready ſailors ſwore.
She then proceeds: Now let our compact made
Be nor by ſignal nor by word betray'd,
Nor near me any of your crew deſcried
By road frequented, or by fountain ſide.
Be ſilence ſtill our guard. The monarch's ſpies
(For watchful age is ready to ſurmiſe)
Are ſtill at hand; and this, reveal'd, muſt be
Death to yourſelves, eternal chains to me.
Your veſſel loaded, and your traffick paſt,
Diſpatch a wary meſſenger with haſte:
Then gold and coſtly treaſures will I bring,
And more, the infant-offspring of the king.
Him, child-like wandering forth, I 'll lead away,
(A noble prize!) and to your ſhip convey.
Thus ſpoke the dame, and homeward took the road.
A year they traffick, and their veſſel load,
Their ſtores complete, and ready now to weigh,
A ſpy was ſent their ſummons to convey:
An artiſt to my father's palace came,
With gold and amber chains, elaborate frame:
Each female eye the glittering links employ,
They turn, review, and cheapen every toy.
He took th' occaſion as they ſtood intent,
Gave her the ſign, and to his veſſel went.
She ſtraight purſued, and ſeiz'd my willing arm;
I follow'd ſmiling, innocent of harm.
Three golden goblets in the porch ſhe found
(The gueſts not enter'd, but the table crown'd);

Hid in her fraudful boſom, theſe ſhe bore:
Now ſet the ſun, and darken'd all the ſhore.
Arriving then, where tilting on the tides
Prepar'd to launch the freighted veſſel rides;
Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and ſweep
With level oar along the glaſſy deep.
Six calmy days ſix ſmooth nights we ſail,
And conſtant Jove ſupplied the gentle gale.
The ſeventh, the fraudful wretch, (no cauſe diſcried)
Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow, died.
Down dropp'd the caitiff-corſe, a worthleſs load,
Down to the deep; there roll'd, the future food
Of fierce ſea-wolves, and monſters of the flood.
An helpleſs infant, I remain'd behind;
Thence borne to Ithaca by wave and wind;
Sold to Laertes, by divine command,
And now adopted to a foreign land.
To him the king: Reciting thus thy cares,
My ſecret ſoul in all thy ſorrows ſhares:
But one choice bleſſing (ſuch is Jove's high will)
Has ſweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill:
Torn from thy country to no hapleſs end,
The Gods have, in a maſter, given a friend.
Whatever frugal nature needs is thine,
(For ſhe needs little) daily bread and wine.
While I, ſo many wanderings paſt and woes,
Live but on what thy poverty beſtows.
So paſs'd in pleaſing dialogue away
The night; then down to ſhort repoſe they lay;
Till radiant roſe the meſſenger of day.

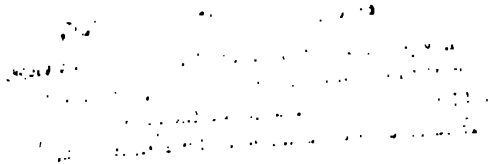
While

While in the port of Ithaca, the band
Of young Telemachus approach'd the land;
Their ſails they loos'd, they laſh'd the maſt aſide,
And caſt their anchors, and the cables tied:
Then on the breezy ſhore deſcending join
In grateful banquet o'er the roſy wine.
When thus the prince: Now each his courſe purſue;
I to the fields, and to the city you.
Long abſent hence, I dedicate this day
My ſwains to viſit, and the works ſurvey.
Expect me with the morn, to pay the ſkies
Our debt of ſafe return, in feaſt and ſacrifice.
Then Theoclymenus: But who ſhall lend,
Meantime, protection to thy ſtranger-friend?
Straight to the queen and palace ſhall I fly,
Or, yet more diſtant, to ſome lord apply?
The prince return'd: Renown'd in days of yore
Has ſtood our father's hoſpitable door;
No other roof a ſtranger ſhould receive,
Nor other hands than ours the welcome give.
But in my abſence riot fills the place,
Nor bears the modeſt queen a ſtranger's face;
From noiſeful revel far remote ſhe flies,
But rarely ſeen, or ſeen with weeping eyes.
No—let Eurymachus receive my gueſt,
Of nature courteous, and by far the beſt;
He wooes the queen with more reſpectful flame,
And emulates her former huſband's fame:
With what ſucceſs, 'tis Jove's alone to know,
And the hop'd nuptials turn to joy or woe.

Thus ſpeaking, on the right up-ſoar'd in air
The hawk, Apollo's ſwift-wing'd meſſenger;
His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove;
The clotted feathers, ſcatter'd from above,
Between the hero and the veſſel pour
Thick plumage, mingled with a ſanguine ſhower.
Th' obſerving augur took the prince aſide,
Seiz'd by the hand, and thus prophetic cried:
Yon bird that dexter cuts th' aërial road,
Roſe ominous, nor flies without a God:
No race but thine ſhall Ithaca obey,
To thine, for ages, Heaven decrees the ſway.
Succeed the omen, Gods! (the youth rejoin'd)
Soon ſhall my bounties ſpeak a grateful mind,
And ſoon each envied happineſs attend
The man, who calls Telemachus his friend.
Then to Peiræus—Thou whom time has prov'd
A faithful ſervant, by thy prince belov'd!
Till we returning ſhall our gueſt demand,
Accept this charge with honour at our hand.
To this Peiræus: Joyful I obey,
Well pleas'd the hoſpitable rites to pay,
The preſence of thy gueſt ſhall beſt reward
(If long thy ſtay) the abſence of my lord.
With that their anchors he commands to weigh,
Mount the tall bark, and launch into the ſea.
All with obedient haſte forſake the ſhores,
And, plac'd in order, ſpread their equal oars.
Then from the deck the prince his ſandals takes;
Pois'd in his hand the pointed javelin ſhakes.

They

They part; while, leſſening from the hero's view,
Swift to the town the well-row'd galley flew:
The hero trod the margin of the main,
And reach'd the manſion of his faithful ſwain.



THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS arriving at the lodge of Eumæus ſends him to carry Penelope the news of his return, Minerva appearing to Ulyſſes commands him to diſcover himſelf to his ſon. The princes, who had lain in ambuſh to intercept Telemachus in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XVI.

SOON as the morning bluſh'd along the plains,
Ulyſſes and the monarch of the ſwains
Awake the ſleeping fires, their meal prepare,
And forth to paſture ſend the briſtly care.
The prince's near approach the dogs deſcry,
And fawning round his feet confeſs their joy.
Their gentle blandiſhment the king ſurvey'd,
Heard his reſounding ſtep, and inſtant ſaid:
Some well-known friend, Eumæus, bends this way;
His ſteps I hear; the dogs familiar play.
While yet he ſpoke, the prince advancing drew
Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.
Tranſported from his ſeat Eumæus ſprung,
Dropp'd the full bowl, and round his boſom hung;
Kiſſing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye
The tears rain'd copious in a ſhower of joy.
As ſome fond ſire, who ten long winters grieves,
From foreign climes an only ſon receives,
(Child of his age) with ſtrong paternal joy
Forward he ſprings, and claſps the favourite boy:
So round the youth his arms Eumæus ſpread,
As if the grave had given him from the dead

And is it thou! my ever-dear delight!
Oh, art thou come to bleſs my longing ſight!
Never, I never hop'd to view this day,
When o'er the waves you plough'd the deſperate way.
Enter, my child! beyond my hopes reſtor'd,
Oh give theſe eyes to feaſt upon their lord!
Enter, oh ſeldom ſeen! for lawleſs powers
Too much detain thee from theſe ſylvan bowers.
The prince replied: Eumæus, I obey;
To ſeek thee, friend, I hither took my way.
But ſay, if in the court the queen reſide,
Severely chaſte, or if commenc'd a bride?
Thus he: and thus the monarch of the ſwains:
Severely chaſte Penelope remains;
But, loſt to every joy, ſhe waſtes the day
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away.
He ended; and (receiving as they paſs
The javelin, pointed with a ſtar of braſs)
They reach'd the dome; the dome with marble ſhin'd.
His ſeat Ulyſſes to the prince reſign'd.
Not ſo—(exclaims the prince with decent grace)
For me, this houſe ſhall find an humbler place:
T' uſurp the honours due to ſilver hairs
And reverend ſtrangers, modeſt youth forbears.
Inſtant the ſwain the ſpoils of beaſts ſupplies,
And bids the rural throne with oziers riſe.
There ſate the prince: the feaſt Eumæus ſpread,
And heap'd the ſhining caniſters with bread.
Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,
The frugal remnants of the former day.

Then

Then in a bowl he tempers generous wines,
Around whoſe verge a mimic ivy twines.
And now, the rage of thirſt and hunger fled,
Thus young Ulyſſes to Eumæus ſaid:
Whence, father, from what ſhore this ſtranger, ſay,
What veſſel bore him o'er the watery way?
To human ſtep our land impervious lies,
And round the coaſt circumfluent oceans riſe.
The ſwain returns: A tale of ſorrows hear:
In ſpacious Crete he drew his natal air,
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main,
For Heaven has wove his thread of life with pain.
Half-breathleſs 'ſcaping to the land he flew
From Theſprot mariners, a murderous crew.
To thee, my ſon, the ſuppliant I reſign;
I gave him my protection, grant him thine.
Hard taſk, he cries, thy virtue gives thy friend,
Willing to aid, unable to defend.
Can ſtrangers ſafely in the court reſide,
Midſt the ſwell'd inſolence of luſt and pride?
Ev'n I unſafe: the queen in doubt to wed,
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed:
Perhaps ſhe weds regardleſs of her fame,
Deaf to the mighty Ulyſſæan name.
However, ſtranger, from our grace receive
Such honours as befit a prince to give;
Sandals, a ſword, and robes, reſpect to prove,
And ſafe to ſail with ornaments of love.
Till then, thy gueſt amid the rural train,
Far from the court, from danger far, detain.

'Tis mine with food the hungry to ſupply,
And cloath the naked from th' inclement ſky.
Here dwell in ſafety from the ſuitors wrongs,
And the rude inſults of ungovern'd tongues.
For ſhould'ſt thou ſuffer, powerleſs to relieve,
I muſt behold it, and can only grieve.
The brave encompaſs'd by an hoſtile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain.

To whom, while anger in his boſom glows,
With warmth replies the man of mighty woes:
Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
At once to pity and reſent thy wrong.
My heart weeps blood to ſee a ſoul ſo brave
Live to baſe inſolence of power a ſlave.
But tell me, doſt thou, prince, doſt thou behold,
And hear, their midnight revels uncontrol'd?
Say, do thy ſubjects in bold faction riſe,
Or prieſts in fabled oracles adviſe?
Or are thy brothers, who ſhould aid thy power,
Turn'd mean deſerters in the needful hour?
Oh! that I were from great Ulyſſes ſprung,
Or that theſe wither'd nerves like thine were ſtrung
Or, Heavens! might he return! (and ſoon appear
He ſhall, I truſt; a hero ſcorns deſpair!)
Might he return, I yield my life a prey
To my worſt foe, if that avenging day
Be not their laſt: but ſhould I loſe my life
Oppreſs'd by numbers in the glorious ſtrife,
I chuſe the nobler part, and yield my breath,
Rather than bear diſhonour, worſe than death;

Than ſee the hand of violence invade
The reverend ſtranger, and the ſpotleſs maid;
Then ſee the wealth of kings conſum'd in waſte,
The drunkards revel, and the gluttons feaſt.
Thus he, with anger flaſhing from his eye;
Sincere the youthful hero made reply:
Nor leagued in factious arms my ſubjects riſe,
Nor prieſts in fabled oracles adviſe;
Nor are my brothers who ſhould aid my power
Turn'd mean deſerters in the needful hour.
Ah me! I boaſt no brother; Heaven's dread King
Gives from our ſtock an only branch to ſpring:
Alone Laertes reign'd Arceſius' heir,
Alone Ulyſſes drew the vital air,
And I alone the bed connubial grac'd,
An unbleſs'd offspring of a ſire unbleſt!
Each neighbouring realm, conducive to our woe,
Sends forth her peers, and every peer a foe:
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacinth crown'd with ſhady hills,
Ev'n Ithaca and all her lords invade
Th' imperial ſceptre, and the regal bed:
The queen, averſe to love, yet aw'd by power,
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour!
Meantime their licence uncontrol'd I bear;
Ev'n now they envy me the vital air:
But Heaven will ſure revenge, and Gods there are.
But go, Eumæus! to the queen impart
Our ſafe return, and eaſe a mother's heart.
Yet ſecret go; for numerous are my foes,
And here at leaſt I may in peace repoſe.

To whom the ſwain; I hear, and I obey:
But old Laertes weeps his life away,
And deems thee loſt: ſhall I my ſpeed employ
To bleſs his age; a meſſenger of joy?
The mournful hour that tore his ſon away
Sent the ſad ſire in ſolitude to ſtray;
Yet, buſied with his ſlaves, to eaſe his woe,
He dreſs'd the vine, and bade the garden blow,
Nor food nor wine refus'd: but ſince the day
That you to Pylos plough'd the watery way,
Nor wine nor food he taſtes; but ſunk in woes,
Wild ſprings the vine, no more the garden blows:
Shut from the walks of men, to pleaſure loſt,
Penſive and pale he wanders, half a ghoſt.
Wretched old man! (with tears the prince returns)
Yet ceaſe to go—what man ſo bleſt but mourns?
Were every wiſh indulg'd by favouring ſkies,
This hour ſhould give Ulyſſes to my eyes.
But to the queen with ſpeed diſpatchful bear
Our ſafe return, and back with ſpeed repair:
And let ſome handmaid of her train reſort
To good Laertes in his rural court.
While yet he ſpoke, impatient of delay,
He brac'd his ſandals on, and ſtrode away:
Then from the heavens the Martial Goddeſs flies
Through the wide fields of air, and cleaves the ſkies;
In form a virgin in ſoft beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th' illuſtrious labours of the loom.
Alone to Ithacus ſhe ſtood diſplay'd,
But unapparent as a viewleſs ſhade

Eſcap'd

Eſcap'd Telemachus (the Powers above,
Seen or unſeen, o'er earth at pleaſure move):
The dogs intelligent confeſs'd the tread
Of power divine; and, howling, trembling, fled.
The Goddeſs, beckoning, waves her deathleſs hands;
Dauntleſs the king before the Goddeſs ſtands.
Then why (ſhe ſaid) O favour'd of the ſkies!
Why to thy god-like ſon this long diſguiſe?
Stand forth reveal'd: with him thy cares employ
Againſt thy foes; be valiant, and deſtroy!
Lo! I deſcend in that avenging hour,
To combat by thy ſide, thy guardian Power.
She ſaid, and o'er him waves her wand of gold;
Imperial robes his manly limbs infold;
At once with grace divine his frame improves:
At once with majeſty enlarg'd he moves:
Youth flush'd his reddening cheek, and from his brows
A length of hair in ſable ringlets flows;
His blackening chin receives a deeper ſhade;
Then from his eyes upſprung the Warriour-Maid.
The hero re-aſcends: the prince o'eraw'd
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a God.
Then with ſurprize (ſurprize chaſtis'd by fears)
How art thou chang'd! (he cry'd) a God appears!
Far other veſts thy limbs majeſtic grace,
Far other glories lighten from thy face!
If Heaven be thy abode, with pious care
Lo! I the ready ſacrifice prepare:
Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy ſhrine,
To win thy grace; Oh ſave us, Power Divine!

Few are my days, Ulyſſes made reply,
Nor I, alas! deſcendant of the ſky.
I am thy father. Oh my ſon! my ſon!
That father, for whoſe ſake thy days have run
One ſcene of woe; to endleſs cares conſign'd,
And outrag'd by the wrongs of baſe mankind.
Then ruſhing to his arms, he kiſs'd his boy
With the ſtrong raptures of a parent's joy.
Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew:
He ſtrain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt he grew.
Ah me! (exclaims the prince with fond deſire)
Thou art not—no, thou canſt not be my ſire.
Heaven ſuch illuſion only can impoſe,
By the falſe joy to aggravate my woes.
Who but a God can change the general doom,
And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom?
Late, worn with years, in weeds obſcene you trod;
Now, cloath'd in majeſty, you move a God!
Forbear, he cry'd; for Heaven reſerve that name,
Give to thy father, but a father's claim:
Other Ulyſſes ſhalt thou never ſee,
I am Ulyſſes, I (my ſon) am he.
Twice ten ſad years o'er earth and ocean toſt,
'Tis given at length to view my native coaſt.
Pallas, unconquer'd Maid, my frame ſurrounds
With grace divine; her power admits no bounds:
She o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles ſhed;
Now, ſtrong as youth, magnificent I tread.
The Gods with eaſe frail man depreſs or raiſe,
Exalt the lowly, or the proud debaſe.

He

He ſpoke, and ſate. The prince with tranſport flew,
Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek bedew:
Nor leſs the father pour'd a ſocial flood!
They wept abundant, and they wept aloud.
As the bold eagle with fierce ſorrow ſtung,
Or parent vulture, mourns her raviſh'd young;
They cry, they ſcream, their unfledg'd brood a prey
To ſome rude churl, and borne by ſtealth away;
So they aloud: and tears in tides had run,
Their grief unfiniſh'd with the ſetting ſun:
But checking the full torrent in its flow,
The prince thus interrupts the ſolemn woe.
What ſhip tranſported thee, O father, ſay,
And what bleſs'd hands have oar'd thee on the way?
All, all (Ulyſſes inſtant made reply)
I tell thee all, my child, my only joy!
Phæacians bore me to the port aſſign'd,
A nation ever to the ſtranger kind;
Wrapp'd in th' embrace of ſleep, the faithful train
O'er ſeas convey'd me to my native reign:
Embroider'd veſtures, gold, and braſs, are laid
Conceal'd in caverns in the ſylvan ſhade.
Hither, intent the rival rout to ſlay,
And plan the ſcene of death, I bend my way:
So Pallas wills—but thou, my ſon, explain
The names and numbers of th' audacious train;
'Tis mine to judge if better to employ
Aſſiſtant force, or ſingly to deſtroy.
O'er earth (returns the prince) reſounds thy name,
Thy well-tried wiſdom, and thy martial fame,

Yet

Yet at thy words I ſtart, in wonder loſt;
Can we engage, not decads, but an hoſt?
Can we alone in furious battle ſtand,
Againſt that numerous and determin'd band?
Hear then their numbers: from Dulichium came
Twice twenty-ſix, all peers of mighty name,
Six are their menial train: twice twelve the boaſt
Of Samos; twenty from Zacynthus coaſt:
And twelve our country's pride: to theſe belong
Medon and Phemius ſkill'd in heavenly ſong.
Two ſewers from day to day the revels wait,
Exact of taſte, and ſerve the feaſt in ſtate.
With ſuch a foe th' unequal fight to try,
Were by falſe courage unreveng'd to die.
Then what aſſiſtant powers your boaſt, relate,
Ere yet we mingle in the ſtern debate.
Mark well my voice, Ulyſſes ſtraight replies:
What need of aids, if favour'd by the ſkies?
If ſhielded to the dreadful fight we move,
By mighty Pallas, and by thundering Jove.
Sufficient they (Telemachus rejoin'd)
Againſt the banded powers of all mankind:
They, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds;
Wither the ſtrength of man, and awe the Gods.
Such aids expect, he cries, when ſtrong in might
We riſe terrific to the taſk of fight.
But thou, when morn ſalutes th' aërial plain,
The court reviſit and the lawleſs train:
Me thither in diſguiſe Eumæus leads,
An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.

There, if baſe ſcorn inſult my reverend age;
Bear it, my ſon! repreſs thy riſing rage.
If outrag'd, ceaſe that outrage to repel;
Bear it, my ſon! howe'er thy heart rebel.
Yet ſtrive by prayer and counſel to reſtrain
Their lawleſs inſults, though thou ſtrive in vain:
For wicked ears are deaf to Wiſdom's call,
And vengeance ſtrikes whom Heaven has doom'd to fall.
Once more attend: When * She whoſe power inſpires
The thinking mind, my ſoul to vengeance fires;
I give the ſign: that inſtant, from beneath,
Aloft convey the inſtruments of death,
Armour and arms; and if miſtruſt ariſe,
Thus veil the truth in plauſible diſguiſe:
"Theſe glittering weapons, ere he ſail'd to Troy,
"Ulyſſes view'd with ſtern heroic joy:
"Then, beaming o'er th' illumin'd wall they ſhone:
"Now duſt diſhonours, all their luſtre gone.
"I bear them hence (ſo Jove my ſoul inſpires)
"From the pollution of the fuming fires;
"Left, when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood
"Ye ruſh to arms, and ſtain the feaſt with blood:
"Oft ready ſwords in luckleſs hour incite
"The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight."
Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive:
For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.
Yet leave for each of us a ſword to wield,
A pointed javelin, and a fenceful ſhield.
But by my blood that in thy boſom flows
By that regard, a ſon his father owes

* Minerva.

The secret, that thy father lives, retain
Lock'd in thy bosom from the household train;
Hide it from all; ev'n from Eumæus hide,
From my dear father, and my dearer bride.
One care remains, to note the loyal few
Whose faith yet lasts among the menial crew;
And, noting, ere we rise in vengeance, prove
Who loves his prince; for sure you merit love.
To whom the youth: To emulate I aim
The brave and wise, and my great father's fame
But re-consider, since the wisest err,
Vengeance resolv'd, 'tis dangerous to defer.
What length of time must we consume in vain,
Too curious to explore the menial train?
While the proud foes, industrious to destroy
Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.
Suffice it in this exigence alone
To mark the damsels that attend the throne:
Disperse'd the youth resides; their faith to prove
Jove grants henceforth, if thou hast spoke from
While in debate they waste the hours away,
Th' associates of the prince repass'd the bay;
With speed they guide the vessel to the shores;
With speed debarking land the naval stores;
Then, faithful to their charge, to Clytius bear,
And trust the presents to his friendly care.
Swift to the queen a herald flies t' impart
Her son's return, and ease a parent's heart;
Left, a sad prey to ever-musing cares,
Pale grief destroy what time a-while forbears.

Th' uncautious herald with impatience burns,
And cries aloud: Thy ſon, O Queen, returns:
Eumæus ſage approach'd th' imperial throne,
And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone,
Then meaſur'd back the way—The ſuitor band,
Stung to the ſoul, abaſh'd, confounded, ſtand;
And iſſuing from the dome, before the gate,
With clouded looks, a pale aſſembly ſate.
At length Eurymachus: Our hopes are vain;
Telemachus in triumph ſails the main.
Haſte, rear the maſt, the ſwelling ſhroud diſplay;
Haſte, to our ambuſh'd friends the news convey.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when, turning to the ſtrand,
Amphinomus ſurvey'd th' aſſociate band;
Full to the bay within the winding ſhores
With gather'd ſails they ſtood, and lifted oars.
O friends! he cry'd, elate with riſing joy,
See to the port ſecure the veſſel fly!
Some God has told them, or themſelves ſurvey
The bark eſcap'd; and meaſure back their way.
Swift at the word deſcending to the ſhores,
They moor the veſſel and unlade the ſtores:
Then moving from the ſtrand, apart they ſate,
And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.
Lives then the boy? he lives (Antinous cries)
The care of Gods and favourite of the ſkies.
All night we watch'd, till with her orient wheels
Aurora flam'd above the eaſtern hills,
And from the lofty brow of rocks by day
Took-in the ocean with a broad ſurvey:

Yet ſafe he ſails! the Powers celeſtial give
To ſhun the hidden ſnares of death, and live.
But die he ſhall, and thus condemn'd to bleed,
Be now the ſcene of inſtant death decreed:
Hope ye ſucceſs? undaunted cruſh the foe.
Is he not wiſe? know this, and ſtrike the blow.
Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws
The Greeks, averſe too juſtly to our cauſe?
Strike ere, the ſtates conven'd, the foe betray
Our murderous ambuſh on the watery way.
Or chuſe ye vagrant from their rage to fly
Outcaſts of earth, to breathe an unknown ſky?
The brave prevent misfortune; then be brave,
And bury future danger in his grave.
Returns he? ambuſh'd we 'll his walk invade,
Or where he hides in ſolitude and ſhade:
And give the palace to the queen a dower,
Or him ſhe bleſſes in the bridal hour.
But if ſubmiſſive you reſign the ſway,
Slaves to a boy; go, flatter and obey.
Retire we inſtant to our native reign,
Nor be the wealth of kings conſum'd in vain;
Then wed whom choice approves: the queen be given
To ſome bleſt prince, the prince decreed by Heaven.
Abaſh'd, the ſuitor train his voice attends;
Till from his throne Amphinomus aſcends,
Who o'er Dulichium ſtretch'd his ſpacious reign,
A land of plenty, bleſt with every grain:
Chief of the numbers who the queen addreſs'd,
And though diſpleaſing, yet diſpleaſing leaſt.

Soft

Soft were his words; his actions wiſdom ſway'd;
Graceful a-while he paus'd, then mildly ſaid:
O friends, forbear! and be the thought withſtood:
'Tis horrible to ſhed imperial blood!
Conſult we firſt th' all ſeeing powers above,
And the ſure oracles of righteous Jove.
If they aſſent, ev'n by this hand he dies;
If they forbid, I war not with the ſkies.
He ſaid: The rival train his voice approv'd,
And riſing inſtant to the palace mov'd.
Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noiſe they ſate,
Recumbent on the ſhining thrones of ſtate.
The Medon, conſcious of their dire debates,
The murderous council to the queen relates.
Touch'd at the dreadful ſtory ſhe deſcends:
Her haſty ſteps a damſel-train attends.
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Sudden before the rival powers ſhe ſtands:
And, veiling decent with a modeſt ſhade
Her cheek, indignant to Antinous ſaid:
O void of faith! of all bad men the worſt!
Renown'd for wiſdom, by th' abuſe accurs'd!
Miſtaking fame proclaims thy generous mind!
Thy deeds denote thee of the baſeſt kind.
Wretch! to deſtroy a prince that friendſhip gives,
While in his gueſt his murderer he receives:
Nor dread ſuperior Jove, to whom belong
The cauſe of ſuppliants, and revenge of wrong.
Haſt thou forgot (ingrateful as thou art)
Who ſav'd thy father with a friendly part

Lawleſs he ravag'd with his martial powers
The Taphyan pirates on Theſprotia's ſhores;
Enrag'd, his life, his treaſures they demand;
Ulyſſes ſav'd him from th' avenger's hand.
And would'ſt thou evil for his good repay?
His bed diſhonour, and his houſe betray?
Afflict his queen? and with a murderous hand
Deſtroy his heir?—but ceaſe, 'tis I command.
Far hence thoſe fears, (Eurymachus reply'd)
O prudent princeſs! bid thy ſoul confide.
Breathes there a man who dares that hero ſlay,
While I behold the golden light of day?
No: by the righteous Powers of Heaven I ſwear,
His blood in vengeance ſmokes upon my ſpear.
Ulyſſes, when my infant days I led,
With wine ſuffic'd me, and with dainties fed:
My generous ſoul abhors th' ungrateful part,
And my friend's ſon lives deareſt to my heart.
Then fear no mortal arm; if Heaven deſtroy,
We muſt reſign: for man is born to die.
Thus ſmooth he ended, yet his death conſpir'd:
Then ſorrowing, with ſad ſtep the queen retir'd,
With ſtreaming eyes all comfortleſs deplor'd,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her lord:
Nor ceas'd till Pallas bid her ſorrows fly,
And in ſoft ſlumber ſeal'd her flowing eye.
And now Eumæus, at the evening hour,
Came late returning to his ſylvan bower.
Ulyſſes and his ſon had dreſs'd with art
A yearling boar, and gave the Gods their part,

Holy

Holy repaſt! That inſtant from the ſkies
The Martial Goddeſs to Ulyſſes flies:
She waves her golden wand, and re-aſſumes
From every feature every grace that blooms;
At once his veſtures change; at once ſhe ſheds
Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads;
Left to the queen the ſwain with tranſport fly,
Unable to contain th' unruly joy.
When near he drew, the prince breaks forth: Proclaim
What tidings, friend? what ſpeaks the voice of Fame?
Say, if the ſuitors meaſure back the main,
Or ſtill in ambuſh thirſt for blood in vain?
Whether, he cries, they meaſure back the flood,
Or ſtill in ambuſh thirſt in vain for blood,
Eſcap'd my care: where lawleſs ſuitors ſway,
Thy mandate borne, my ſoul diſdain'd to ſtay.
But from th' Hermæan height I caſt a view,
Where to the port a bark high bounding flew;
Her freight a ſhining band: with martial air
Each pois'd his ſhield, and each advanc'd his ſpear:
And, if aright theſe ſearching eyes ſurvey,
Th' eluded ſuitors ſtem the watery way.
The prince, well pleas'd to diſappoint their wiles,
Steals on his ſire a glance, and ſecret ſmiles.
And now, a ſhort repaſt prepar'd, they fed,
Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled,
Then to repoſe withdrawn, apart they lay,
And in ſoft ſleep forgot the cares of day.

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS returning to the city relates to Penelope the ſum of his travels. Ulyſſes is conducted by Eumæus to the palace, where his old dog Argus acknowledges his maſter, after an abſence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulyſſes remains among the ſuitors, whoſe behaviour is deſcribed.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XVII.

SOON as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roſeate light the dewy lawn;
In haſte the prince aroſe, prepar'd to part;
His hand impatient graſps the pointed dart;
Fair on his feet the poliſh'd ſandals ſhine,
And thus he greets the maſter of the ſwine:
My friend, adieu; let this ſhort ſtay ſuffice;
I haſte to meet my mother's longing eyes,
And end her tears, her ſorrows, and her ſighs.
But thou, attentive, what we order heed;
This hapleſs ſtranger to the city lead;
By public bounty let him there be fed,
And bleſs the hand that ſtretches forth the bread.
To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
My will may covet, but my power denies.
If this raiſe anger in the ſtranger's thought,
The pain of anger puniſhes the fault:
The very truth I undiſguis'd declare;
For what ſo eaſy as to be ſincere?
To this Ulyſſes: What the prince requires
Of ſwift removal, ſeconds my deſires.
To want like mine the peopled town can yield
More hopes of comfort than the lonely field.

Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
Or ſtoop to taſks a rural lord demands.
Adieu! but, ſince this ragged garb can bear
So ill th' inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours ſpace permit me here to ſtay;
My ſteps Eumæus ſhall to town convey,
With riper beams when Phœbus warms the day.
Thus he: nor aught Telemachus reply'd,
But left the manſion with a lofty ſtride:
Schemes of revenge his pondering breaſt elate,
Revolving deep the ſuitors' ſudden fate.
Arriving now before th' imperial hall;
He props his ſpear againſt the pillar'd wall;
Then like a lion o'er the threſhold bounds;
The marble pavement with his ſtep reſounds;
His eye firſt glanc'd where Euryclea ſpreads
With furry ſpoils of beaſts the ſplendid beds:
She ſaw, ſhe wept, ſhe ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her maſter with a long embrace.
All crouded round the family appears
With wild entrancement, and extatic tears.
Swift from above deſcends the royal fair
(Her beauteous cheeks the bluſh of Venus wear,
Chaſten'd with coy Diana's penſive air);
Hangs o'er her ſon; in his embraces dies;
Rains kiſſes on his neck, his face, his eyes:
Few words ſhe ſpoke, though much ſhe had to ſay;
And ſcarce thoſe few, for tears, could force their way.
Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-for joy!
Has Heaven from Pylos brought my lovely boy?

So

So ſnatch'd from all our cares!—Tell, haſt thou known
Thy father's fate? and tell me all thy own.
Oh deareſt, moſt rever'd of womankind!
Ceaſe with thoſe tears to melt a manly mind
(Replied the prince); nor be our fates deplor'd,
From death and treaſon to thy arms reſtor'd.
Go bathe, and, rob'd in white, aſcend the towers;
With all thy handmaids thank th' immortal Powers;
To every God vow hecatombs to bleed,
And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deeds.
While to th' aſſembled council I repair;
A ſtranger ſent by Heaven attends me there;
My new-accepted gueſt I haſte to find,
Now to Piræus' honour'd charge conſign'd.
The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
She bath'd; and, rob'd in white, with all her train,
To every God vow'd hecatombs to bleed,
And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
Arm'd with his lance, the prince then paſs'd the gate;
Two dogs behind, a faithful guard, await;
Pallas his form with grace divine improves:
The gazing croud admires him as he moves:
Him, gathering round, the haughty ſuitors greet
With ſemblance fair, but inward deep deceit.
Their falſe addreſſes generous he denied,
Paſs'd on, and ſate by faithful Mentor's ſide;
With Antiphus, and Halitherſes ſage
(His father's counſellors, rever'd for age).
Of his own fortunes, and Ulyſſes' fame,
Much aſk'd the ſeniors; till Piræus came.

The ſtranger-gueſt purſued him cloſe behind;
Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd.
He (when Piræus aſk'd for ſlaves to bring
The gifts and treaſures of the Spartan king)
Thus thoughtful anſwer'd: Thoſe we ſhall not move,
Dark and unconſcious of the will of Jove:
We know not yet the full event of all:
Stabb'd in his palace if your prince muſt fall,
Us, and our houſe, if treaſon muſt o'erthrow,
Better a friend poſſeſs them, than a foe;
If death to theſe, and vengeance Heaven decree,
Riches are welcome then, not elſe, to me.
Till then retain the gifts.—The hero ſaid,
And in his hand the willing ſtranger led.
Then diſ-array'd, the ſhining bath they ſought,
(With unguents ſmooth) of poliſh'd marbrle wought;
Obedient handmaids with aſſiſtant toil
Supply the limpid wave, and fragrant oil:
Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,
And freſh from bathing to their ſeats withdrew,
The golden ewer a nymph attendant brings,
Repleniſh'd from the pure tranſlucent ſprings;
With copious ſtreams that golden ewer ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize:
They waſh: the table, in fair order ſpread,
Is pil'd with viands and the ſtrength of bread.
Full oppoſite, before the folding-gate,
The penſive mother ſits in humble ſtate;
Lowly ſhe ſate, and with dejected view
The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.

The

The prince and ſtranger ſhar'd the genial feaſt,
Till now the rage of thirſt and hunger ceas'd.
When thus the queen: My ſon! my only friend!
Say, to my mournful couch ſhall I aſcend?
(The couch deſerted now a length of years;
The couch for ever water'd with my tears!)
Say, wilt thou not (ere yet the ſuitor-crew
Return, and riot ſhakes our walls anew)
Say, wilt thou not the leaſt account afford?
The leaſt glad tidings of my abſent lord?
To her the youth: We reach'd the Pylian plains,
Where Neſtor, ſhepherd of his people, reigns.
All arts of tenderneſs to him are known,
Kind to Ulyſſes' race as to his own;
No father with a fonder graſp of joy
Strains to his boſom his long-abſent boy.
But all unknown, if yet Ulyſſes breathe,
Or glide a ſpectre in the realms beneath;
For farther ſearch, his rapid ſteeds tranſport
My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.
There Argive Helen I beheld, whoſe charms
(So Heaven decreed) engag'd the great in arms.
My cauſe of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;
And ſtill his words live perfect in my mind.
Heavens! would a ſoft, inglorious, daſtard train
An abſent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland ſhades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;

Mean-

Meantime returning, with remorſeleſs ſway
The monarch ſavage rends the panting prey:
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Shall great Ulyſſes re-aſſert his claim.
O Jove! Supreme! whom men and Gods revere;
And thou whoſe luſtre gilds the rolling ſphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the Martial Maid!
Such to our wiſh the warriour ſoon reſtore,
As when, contending on the Leſbian ſhore,
His proweſs Philomelides confeſs'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bleſs'd:
Then ſoon th' invaders of his bed and throne
Their love preſumptuous ſhall by death atone;
Now what you queſtion of my ancient friend,
With truth I anſwer; thou the truth attend.
Learn what I heard the * ſea-born ſeer relate,
Whoſe eyes can pierce the dark receſs of fate.
Sole in an iſle, impriſon'd by the main,
The ſad ſurvivor of his numerous train,
Ulyſſes lies; detain'd by magic charms,
And preſs'd unwilling in Calypſo's arms.
No ſailors there, no veſſels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeaſurable way—
This told Atrides and he told no more.
Thence ſafe I voyag'd to my native ſhore.
He ceas'd; nor made the penſive queen reply,
But droop'd her head, and drew a ſecret ſigh.
When Theoclymenus the ſeer began:
O ſuffering conſort of the ſuffering man!

What

* Proteus.

What human knowledge could, thoſe kings might tell;
But I the ſecrets of high Heaven reveal.
Before the firſt of Gods be this declar'd,
Before the board whoſe bleſſing we have ſhar'd;
Witneſs the genial rites, and witneſs all
This houſe holds ſacred in her ample wall!
Ev'n now this inſtant, great Ulyſſes lay'd
At reſt, or wandering in his country's ſhade,
Their guilty deeds, in hearing, and in view,
Secret revolves; and plans the vengeance due.
Of this ſure auguries the Gods beſtow'd,
When firſt our veſſel anchor'd in your road.
Succeed thoſe omens, Heaven! (the queen rejoin'd)
So ſhall our bounties ſpeak a grateful mind;
And every envied happineſs attend
The man, who calls Penelope his friend.
Thus commun'd they: while in the marble court
(Scene of their inſolence) the lords reſort;
Athwart the ſpacious ſquare each tries his art,
To whirl the diſk, or aim the miſſile dart.
Now did the hour of ſweet repaſt arrive,
And from the field the victim flocks they drive:
Medon the herald (one who pleas'd them beſt,
And honour'd with a portion of their feaſt)
To bid the banquet, interrupts their play.
Swift to the hall they haſte; aſide they lay
Their garments, and, ſuccinct, the victims ſlay.
Then ſheep and goats, and briſtly pokers bled,
And the proud ſteer was o'er the marble ſpread.
While thus the copious banquet they provide;
Along the road converſing ſide by ſide,

Proceed Ulyſſes and the faithful ſwain:
When thus Eumæus, generous and humane:
To town, obſervant of our lord's beheſt,
Now let us ſpeed; my friend, no more my gueſt!
Yet like myſelf I wiſh'd thee here preferr'd,
Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd.
But much to raiſe my maſter's wrath I fear;
The wrath of princes ever is ſevere.
Then heed his will, and be our journey made
While the broad beams of Phœbus are diſplay'd,
Or ere brown evening ſpreads her chilly ſhade.
Juſt thy advice, (the prudent chief rejoin'd)
And ſuch as ſuits the dictate of my mind.
Lead on: but help me to ſome ſtaff, to ſtay
My feeble ſtep, ſince rugged is the way.
Acroſs his ſhoulders then the ſcrip he flung,
Wide-patch'd, and faſten'd by a twiſted thong.
A ſtaff Eumæus gave. Along the way
Cheerly they fare: behind, the keepers ſtay;
Theſe with their watchful dogs (a conſtant guard)
Supply his abſence, and attend the herd,
And now his city ſtrikes the monarch's eyes,
Alas! how chang'd! a man of miſeries;
Propp'd on a ſtaff, a beggar old and bare,
In rags diſhoneſt fluttering with the air!
Now paſs'd the rugged road, they journey down
The cavern'd way deſcending to the town,
Where, from the rock, with liquid lapſe diſtills
A limpid fount; that, ſpread in parting rills,
Its current thence to ſerve the city brings:
An uſeful work adorn'd by ancient kings.

Neritus,

Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor, there,
In ſculptur'd ſtone immortaliz'd their care,
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And ſhaded with a green ſurrounding grove;
Where ſilver alders, in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cold ſtream, and tremble to the wind.
Beneath, ſequeſter'd to the nymphs, is ſeen
A moſſy altar, deep embower'd in green;
Where conſtant vows by travellers are paid,
And holy horrors ſolemnize the ſhade.

Here with his goats (not vow'd to ſacred flame,
But pamper'd luxury) Melanthius came:
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He eyed the ſtranger, and imperious ſpoke:
The good old proverb how this pair fulfil!
One rogue is uſher to another ſtill.
Heaven with a ſecret principle endued
Mankind, to ſeek their own ſimilitude.
Where goes the ſwine-herd with that ill-look'd gueſt?
That giant-glutton, dreadful at a feaſt!
Full many a poſt have thoſe broad ſhoulders worn,
From every great man's gate repuls'd with ſcorn;
To no brave prize aſpir'd the worthleſs ſwain,
'Twas but for ſcraps he aſk'd, and aſk'd in vain.
To beg, than work, he better underſtands;
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands.
For any office could the ſlave be good,
To cleanſe the fold, or help the kids to food,
If any labour thoſe big joints could learn;
Some whey, to waſh his bowels, he might earn.

To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to ſpread,
Is all, by which that graceleſs maw is fed.
Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon walls, I propheſy thy fare:
Dearly, full dearly, ſhalt thou buy thy bread
With many a footſtool thundering at thy head.
He thus: nor inſolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his ruſtic heel his king unknown;
Spurn'd, but not mov'd: he like a pillar ſtood,
Nor ſtirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road:
Doubtful, or with his ſtaff to ſtrike him dead,
Or greet the pavement with his worthleſs head.
Short was that doubt; to quell his rage inur'd,
The hero ſtood ſelf-conquer'd, and endur'd.
But, hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd
His hands obteſting, and this prayer conceiv'd:
Daughters of Jove! who from th' ætherial bowers
Deſcend to ſwell the ſprings, and feed the flowers!
Nymphs of this fountain! to whoſe ſacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames!
To whom Ulyſſes' piety preferr'd
The yearly firſtlings of his flock and herd;
Succeed my wiſh; your votary reſtore:
Oh, be ſome God his convoy to our ſhore!
Due pains ſhall puniſh then this ſlave's offence,
And humble all his airs of inſolence,
Who, proudly ſtalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.
What mutters he? (Melanthius ſharp rejoins)
This crafty miſcreant big with dark deſigns?

The

The day ſhall come; nay, 'tis already near,
When, ſlave! to ſell thee at a price too dear,
Muſt be my care; and hence tranſport thee o'er,
(A load and ſcandal to this happy ſhore).
Oh! that as ſurely great Apollo's dart,
Or ſome brave ſuitor's ſword, might pierce the heart
Of the proud ſon; as that we ſtand this hour
In laſting ſafety from the father's power!
So ſpoke the wretch, but, ſhunning farther fray,
Turn'd his proud ſtep, and left them on their way.
Straight to the feaſtful palace he repair'd,
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet ſhar'd;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place, and plenty heap'd the board.
Meantime they heard, ſoft-circling in the ſky,
Sweet airs aſcend, and heavenly minſtrelſy
(For Phemius to the lyre attun'd the ſtrain):
Ulyſſes hearken'd, then addreſs'd the ſwain:
Well may this palace admiration claim,
Great, and reſpondent to the maſter's fame!
Stage above ſtage th' imperial ſtructure ſtands,
Holds the chief honours, and the town commands:
High walls and battlements the courts incloſe,
And the ſtrong gates defy an hoſt of foes.
Far other cares its dwellers now employ:
The throng'd aſſembly, and the feaſt of joy:
I ſee the ſmokes of ſacrifice aſpire,
And hear (what graces every feaſt) the lyre.
Then thus Eumæus: Judge we which were beſt;
Amidſt yon revellers a ſudden gueſt

Chuſe you to mingle, while behind I ſtay?
Or I firſt entering introduce the way?
Wait for a ſpace without, but wait not long;
This is the houſe of violence and wrong:
Some rude inſult thy reverend age may bear;
For like their lawleſs lords the ſervants are.
Juſt is, O friend! thy caution, and addreſs'd
(Replied the chief) to no unheedful breaſt;
The wrongs and injuries of baſe mankind
Freſh to my ſenſe, and always in my mind.
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields:
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
Storms have I paſs'd, and many a ſtern debate;
And now in humbler ſcene ſubmit to Fate.
What cannot Want? The bleſt ſhe will expoſe,
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes;
She fills with navies, hoſts, and loud alarms,
The ſea, the land, and ſhakes the world with arms!
Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient maſter knew;
He, not unconſcious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the ſound his ear, and rears his head;
Bred by Ulyſſes, nouriſh'd at his board,
But, ah! not fated long to pleaſe his lord!
To him, his ſwiftneſs and his ſtrength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in every ſylvan chace renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth purſued the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.

Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.
He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to meet;
In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dry'd
The drop humane: then thus impassion'd cry'd:
What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise;
If as he seems he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves: or was he priz'd
For worthless beauty! therefore now despis'd?
Such dogs and men there are, meer things of state,
And always cherish'd by their friends, the Great.
Not Argus so (Eumæus thus rejoin'd)
But serv'd a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never shall behold him more!
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!
Oh! had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong;
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scap'd him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!

[illegible] when Ulysses left his natal coast;
[illegible] on nerve him, and his lord is lost
[illegible] keep the generous creature pace,
A [illegible] and idle race is all their care:
[illegible] gone, the servants what restrains?
[illegible] humanity where riot reigns?
[illegible] it certain, that whatever day
[illegible] man a slave, takes half his worth away.
This said, the honest herdsman strode before;
The musing monarch pauses at the door:
The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies;
So [illegible] for ever faithful Argus' eyes!
And now Telemachus, the first of all,
[illegible] Eumaeus entering in the hall;
Distant he saw, across the shady dome;
Then gave a sign, and beckon'd him to come:
There stood an empty seat, where late was plac'd,
In order due, the steward of the feast
(Who now was busied carving round the board);
Eumaeus took, and plac'd it near his lord.
Before him instant was the banquet spread,
And the bright basket pil'd with loaves of bread.
Next came Ulysses lowly at the door,
A figure despicable, old, and poor,
In squalid vests, with many a gaping rent,
Propp'd on a staff, and trembling as he went.
Then, resting on the threshold of the gate,
Against a cypress pillar lean'd his weight

(Smooth'd

(Smooth'd by the workman to a poliſh'd plain);
The thoughtful ſon beheld, and call'd his ſwain:
Theſe viands, and this bread, Eumæus! bear,
And let yon mendicant our plenty ſhare:
Then let him circle round the ſuitors' board,
And try the bounty of each gracious lord.
Bold let him act, encourag'd thus by me;
How ill, alas! do want and ſhame agree!
His lord's command the faithful ſervant hears;
The ſeeming beggar anſwers with his prayers.
Bleſt be Telemachus! in every deed
Inſpire him, Jove! in every wiſh ſucceed!
This ſaid, the portion from his ſon convey'd
With ſmiles receiving on his ſcrip he lay'd.
Long as the minſtrel ſwept the ſounding wire,
He fed, and ceas'd when ſilence held the lyre.
Soon as the ſuitors from the banquet roſe,
Minerva prompts the man of mighty woes
To tempt their bounties with a ſuppliant's art,
And learn the generous from th' ignoble heart
(Not but his ſoul, reſentful as humane,
Dooms to full vengeance all the offending train);
With ſpeaking eyes, and voice of plaintive ſound,
Humble he moves, imploring all around.
The proud feel pity, and relief beſtow,
With ſuch an image touch'd of human woe;
Enquiring all, their wonder they confeſs,
And eye the man, majeſtic in diſtreſs.
While thus they gaze and queſtion with their eyes,
The bold Melanthius to their thought replies:

My lords! this ſtranger of gigantic port
The good Eumæus uſher'd to your court.
Full well I mark'd the features of his face,
Though all unknown his clime, or noble race.
And is this preſent, ſwineherd! of thy hand?
Bring'ſt thou theſe vagrants to infeſt the land?
(Returns Antinous with retorted eye)
Objects uncouth! to check the genial joy.
Enough of theſe our court already grace,
Of giant ſtomach, and of famiſh'd face.
Such gueſts Eumæus to his country brings,
To ſhare our feaſt, and lead the life of kings.
To whom the hoſpitable ſwain rejoin'd:
Thy paſſion, prince, belies thy knowing mind.
Who calls, from diſtant nations to his own,
The poor, diſtinguiſh'd by their wants alone?
Round the wide world are ſought thoſe men divine
Who public ſtructures raiſe, or who deſign;
Thoſe to whoſe eyes the Gods their ways reveal,
Or bleſs with ſalutary arts to heal;
But chief to poets ſuch reſpect belongs,
By rival nations courted for their ſongs;
Theſe ſtates invite, and mighty kings admire,
Wide as the ſun diſplays his vital fire.
It is not ſo with want! how few that feed
A wretch unhappy, merely for his need!
Unjuſt to me and all that ſerve the ſtate,
To love Ulyſſes is to raiſe thy hate.
For me, ſuffice the approbation won
Of my great miſtreſs, and her god-like ſon.

To

To him Telemachus: No more incenſe
The man by nature prone to inſolence:
Injurious minds juſt anſwers but provoke—
Then turning to Antinous, thus he ſpoke:
Thanks to thy care! whoſe abſolute command
Thus drives the ſtranger from our court and land.
Heaven bleſs its owner with a better mind!
From envy free, to charity inclin'd.
This both Penelope and I afford:
Then, prince! be bounteous of Ulyſſes' board.
To give another's is thy hand ſo ſlow?
So much more ſweet, to ſpoil, than to beſtow?
Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty ſtrain?
(Antinous cries with inſolent diſdain)
Portions like mine if every ſuitor gave,
Our walls this twelvemonth ſhould not ſee the ſlave.
He ſpoke, and lifting high above the board
His ponderous footſtool, ſhook it at his lord.
The reſt with equal hand conferr'd the bread;
He fill'd his ſcrip, and to the threſhold ſped;
But firſt before Antinous ſtopp'd, and ſaid:
Beſtow, my friend! thou doſt not ſeem the worſt
Of all the Greeks, but prince-like and the firſt;
Then, as in dignity, be firſt in worth,
And I ſhall praiſe thee through the boundleſs earth.
Once I enjoy'd in luxury of ſtate
Whate'er gives man the envied name of great;
Wealth, ſervants, friends, were mine in better days;
And hoſpitality was then my praiſe;

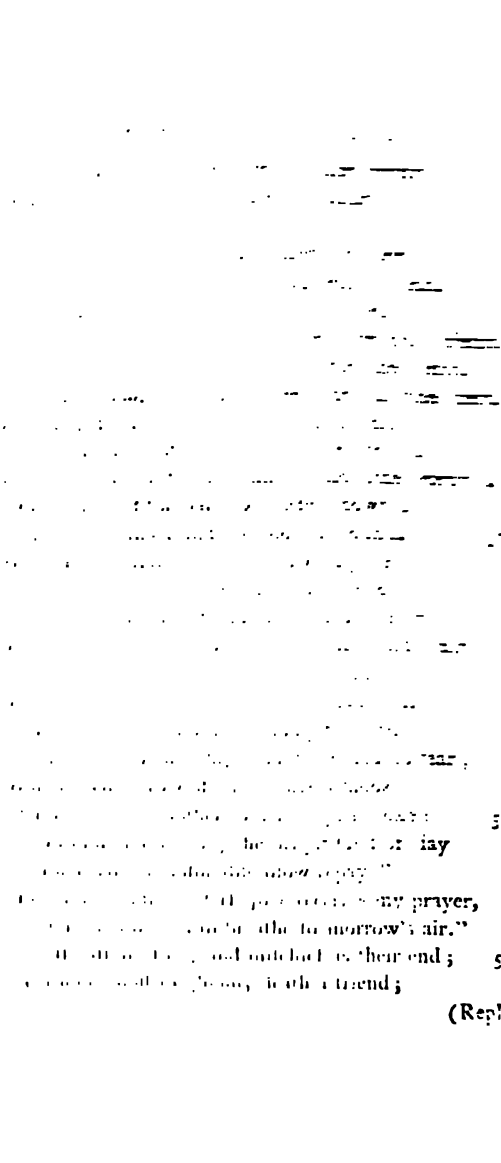
In every ſorrowing ſoul I pour'd delight,
And poverty ſtood ſmiling in my ſight.
But Jove, all-governing, whoſe only will
Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,
Sent me (to puniſh my purſuit of gain)
With roving pirates o'er th' Ægyptian main;
By Ægypt's ſilver flood our ſhips we moor;
Our ſpies commiſſion'd ſtraight the coaſt explore;
But, impotent of mind, with lawleſs will
The country ravage, and the natives kill.
The ſpreading clamour to their city flies,
And horſe and foot in mingled tumult riſe:
The reddening dawn reveals the hoſtile fields,
Horrid with briſtly ſpears, and gleaming ſhields:
Jove thunder'd on their ſide: our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance ſpread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.
Some few the foes in ſervitude detain;
Death ill-exchang'd for bondage and for pain!
Unhappy me a Cyprian took a-board,
And gave to Demetor, Cyprus' haughty lord:
Hither, to 'ſcape his chains, my courſe I ſteer,
Still curſt by fortune, and inſulted here!

To whom Antinous thus his rage expreſs'd:
What God has plagu'd us with this gormand gueſt?
Unleſs at diſtance, wretch! thou keep behind,
Another iſle, than Cyprus more unkind;
Another Ægypt, ſhalt thou quickly find.

From

From all thou beg'ſt, a bold audacious ſlave;
Nor all can give ſo much as thou canſt crave.
Nor wonder I, at ſuch profuſion ſhown;
Shameleſs they give, who give what's not their own.
The chief, retiring: Souls like that in thee
Ill ſuit ſuch forms of grace and dignity.
Nor will that hand to utmoſt need afford
The ſmalleſt portion of a waſteful board,
Whoſe luxury whole patrimonies ſweeps;
Yet ſtarving Want, amidſt the riot, weeps.
The haughty ſuitor with reſentment burns,
And, ſourly ſmiling, this reply returns:
Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng:
And dumb for ever be thy ſlanderous tongue!
He ſaid, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His ſhoulder-blade receiv'd th' ungentle ſhock;
He ſtood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;
But ſhook his thoughtful head, nor more complain'd,
Sedate of ſoul, his character ſuſtain'd,
And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;
Before his feet the well-fill'd ſcrip he threw,
And thus with ſemblance mild addreſs'd the crew:
May what I ſpeak your princely minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!
Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cauſe.
If, when the ſword our country's quarrel draws,
Or if, defending what is juſtly dear,
From Mars impartial ſome broad wound we bear;
The generous motive dignifies the ſcar.

But



(Replies

(Replies the queen) the ſtranger begg'd their grace,
And melting pity ſoften'd every face;
From every other hand redreſs he found,
But fell Antinous anſwer'd with a wound.
Amidſt her maids thus ſpoke the prudent queen,
Then bade Eumæus call the pilgrim in.
Much of th'experienc'd man I long to hear,
If or his certain eye, or liſtening ear,
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wandering lord?
Thus ſhe, and good Eumæus took the word.
A private audience if thy grace impart,
The ſtranger's words may eaſe the royal heart.
His ſacred eloquence in balm diſtils,
And the ſooth'd heart with ſecret pleaſure fills.
Three days have ſpent their beams, three nights have run
Their ſilent journey, ſince his tale begun,
Unfiniſh'd yet! and yet I thirſt to hear!
As when ſome Heaven-taught poet charms the ear,
(Suſpending ſorrow with celeſtial ſtrain
Breath'd from the Gods to ſoften human pain)
Time ſteals away with unregarded wing,
And the ſoul hears him, though he ceaſe to ſing.
Ulyſſes late he ſaw, on Cretan ground,
(His father's gueſt) for Minos' birth renown'd.
He now but waits the wind, to waft him o'er,
With boundleſs treaſure, from Theſprotia's ſhore.
To this the queen: The wanderer let me hear,
While yon luxurious race indulge their cheer,
Devour the grazing ox and browzing goat,
And turn my generous vintage down their throat.

For

For where's an arm, like thine, Ulyſſes! ſtrong,
To curb wild men, and to punish wrong?
She ſpoke. Telemachus then ſneez'd aloud;
Confirm'd, his nostril echo'd through the crowd.
The ſmiling queen the happy omen bleſs'd:
"So may those impious fall, by fate oppreſs'd!"
Then to Eumæus: Bring the ſtranger, fly!
And if my questions meet a true reply,
Grac'd with a decent robe he ſhall retire,
A gift in ſeason which his wants require.
Thus ſpoke Penelope. Eumæus flies
In dutcous haſte, and to Ulyſſes cries:
The queen invites thee, venerable guest!
A ſecret inſtinct moves her troubled breaſt,
Of her long abſent lord from thee to gain
Some light, and ſoothe her ſoul's eternal pain.
If true, if faithful thou; her grateful mind
Of decent robes a preſent has deſign'd:
So finding favour in the royal eye,
Thy other wants her ſubjects ſhall ſupply.
Fair truth alone (the patient man reply'd)
My words ſhall dictate, and my lips ſhall guide.
To him, to me, one common lot was given,
In equal woes, alas! involv'd by Heaven.
Much of his fates I know; but check'd by fear
I ſtand: the hand of violence is here:
Here boundleſs wrongs the ſtarry ſkies invade,
And injur'd ſuppliants ſeek in vain for aid.
Let for a ſpace the penſive queen attend,
Nor claim my ſtory till the ſun deſcend;

Then

Then in ſuch robes as ſuppliants may require,
Compos'd and chearful by the genial fire,
When loud uproar and lawleſs riot ceaſe,
Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace.
Swift to the queen returns the gentle ſwain:
And ſay, (the cries) does fear, or ſhame, detain
The cautious ſtranger? With the begging kind
Shame ſuits but ill. Eumæus thus rejoin'd:
He only aſks a more propitious hour,
And ſhuns (who would not?) wicked men in power;
At evening mild (meet ſeaſon to confer)
By turns to queſtion, and by turns to hear.
Whoe'er this gueſt (the prudent queen replies)
His every ſtep and every thought is wiſe:
For men like theſe on earth he ſhall not find
In all the miſcreant race of human kind.
Thus ſhe: Eumæus all her words attends,
And, parting, to the ſuitor powers deſcends;
There ſeeks Telemachus, and thus apart
In whiſpers breathes the fondneſs of his heart:
The time, my lord, invites me to repair
Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.
Theſe ſons of murder thirſt thy life to take;
Oh guard it, guard it for thy ſervant's ſake!
Thanks to my friend, he cries; but now the hour
Of night draws on, go ſeek the rural bower:
But firſt refreſh: and at the dawn of day
Hither a victim to the Gods convey.
Our life to Heaven's immortal Powers we truſt,
Safe in their care, for Heaven protects the juſt.

Of fervent of his voice, Eumaeus late
And fed recumbent on a chair of state.
Then instant rose, and as he mov'd along
Pour rise all amid the suitor throng,
They feast, they dance, and raise the merthful song.
Till now, declining toward the close of day,
The sun obliquely shot his dewy ray.

THE

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY

ARGUMENT.

THE FIGHT OF ULYSSES AND IRUS.

THE beggar Irus insults Ulysses; the suitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worsted, and miserably handled. Penelope descends, and receives the presents of the suitors. The dialogue of Ulysses with Eurynachus.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XVIII.

WHILE fix'd in thought the penſive hero ſate,
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
A ſurly vagrant of the giant kind,
The ſtain of manhood, of a coward mind:
From feaſt to feaſt, inſatiate to devour
He flew, attendant on the genial hour.
Him on his mother's knees when babe he lay,
She nam'd Arnæus on his natal day:
But Irus his aſſociates call'd the boy,
Practis'd the common meſſenger to fly;
Irus, a name expreſſive of th' employ.
From his own roof, with meditated blows,
He ſtrove to drive the man of mighty woes.
Hence, dotard, hence! and timely ſpeed thy way,
Leſt dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy ſtay;
See how with nods aſſent yon princely train!
But, honouring age, in mercy I refrain;
In peace away! leſt, if perſuaſions fail,
This arm with blows more eloqueſt prevail.
To whom, with ſtern regard: Oh inſolence,
Indecently to rail without offence!

What bounty gives, without a rival ſhare;
I aſk, what harms not thee, to breathe this air:
Alike on alms we both precarious live:
And canſt thou envy when the great relieve?
Know, from the bounteous Heavens all riches flow,
And what man gives, the Gods by man beſtow;
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
Leſt I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;
Old as I am, ſhould once my fury burn,
How would'ſt thou fly, nor ev'n in thought return?
Mere woman-glutton! (thus the churl reply'd)
A tongue ſo flippant, with a throat ſo wide!
Why ceaſe I, Gods! to daſh thoſe teeth away,
Like ſome vile boar's, that, greedy of his prey,
Uproots the bearded corn? Riſe, try the fight,
Gird well thy loins, approach and feel my might:
Sure of defeat, before the peers engage;
Unequal fight! when youth contends with age!
Thus in a wordy war their tongues diſplay
More fierce intents, preluding to the fray;
Antinous hears, and, in a jovial vein,
Thus with loud laughter to the ſuitor-train:
This happy day in mirth, my friends, employ,
And, lo! the Gods conſpire to crown our joy.
See ready for the fight, and hand to hand,
Yon ſurly mendicants contentious ſtand;
Why urge we not to blows? Well pleas'd they ſpring
Swift from their ſeats, and thickening form a ring.
To whom Antinous: Lo! enrich'd with blood,
A kid's well-fatted entrails (taſteful food)

On glowing embers lie; on him beſtow
The choiceſt portion who ſubdues his foe;
Grant him unrival'd in theſe walls to ſtay,
The ſole attendant on the genial day.
The lords applaud: Ulyſſes then with art,
And fears well-feign'd, diſguis'd his dauntleſs heart:
Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe,
Say, is it baſeneſs to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age
With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, engage!
Yet, fearful of diſgrace, to try the day
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey;
But ſwear, impartial arbiters of right,
Swear to ſtand neutral, while we cope in fight.
The peers aſſent: when ſtraight his ſacred head
Telemachus uprais'd, and ſternly ſaid:
Stranger, if prompted to chaſtiſe the wrong
Of this bold inſolent; confide, be ſtrong!
Th' injurious Greek, that dares attempt a blow,
That inſtant makes Telemachus his foe;
And theſe my friends * ſhall guard the ſacred ties
Of hoſpitality, for they are wiſe.
Then, girding his ſtrong loins, the king prepares
To cloſe in combat, and his body bares;
Broad ſpread his ſhoulders, and his nervous thighs
By juſt degrees, like well-turn'd columns, riſe:
Ample his cheſt, his arms are round and long,
And each ſtrong joint Minerva knits more ſtrong
(Attendant on her chief): the ſuitor-crowd
With wonder gaze, and gazing ſpeak aloud;

* Antinous and Eurymachus.

[illegible] shall Irus be no more?
[illegible] impends, and this th' avenging hour!
[illegible] his nerves a matchless strength proclaim,
[illegible] his well strung limbs, and brace his frame!
[illegible] with fears, and sickening at the sight,
They [illegible] th' unwilling Irus to the fight;
[illegible] visage fled the coward blood,
And his [illegible] trembled as aghast he stood.
[illegible] that such hateness should disgrace the light!
[illegible] Death, in everlasting night!
([illegible] Antinous) can a vigorous foe
[illegible] to combat age and woe?
[illegible] wretch! if recreant in the fray,
[illegible] yield this ill-contested day:
[illegible] thou fail'st, to Echetus resign'd;
[illegible] of the tyrant-kind,
[illegible] mangled ears and nose a prey
[illegible] dogs, and lops the man away.
While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke,
[illegible] the trembling Irus shook;
[illegible] each frowning champion stands,
[illegible] high in air his adverse hands.
[illegible] doubts, or to the shades below
[illegible] at one vengeful blow,
[illegible] and soon his life to save
[illegible] for Mercy sways the brave.
[illegible] his huge arm extends,
Full on the shoulder the rude weight descends;
The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose
The hero latent in the man of woes,

Check'd half his might; yet rising to the stroke;
His jaw-bone dash'd, the crashing jaw-bone broke:
Down dropp'd he stupid from the stunning wound;
His feet, extended, quivering beat the ground;
His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood:
His teeth, all shatter'd, rush immix'd with blood.
The peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,
With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies;
Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
His length of carcase trailing prints the ground;
Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
Till propp'd, reclining on the palace walls:
Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,
And thus with just reproach address'd the slave:
There, terrible, affright the dogs, and reign
A dreaded tyrant o'er the bestial train!
But mercy to the poor and stranger show,
Lest Heaven in vengeance send some mightier woe.
Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder flung
The broad-patch'd scrip; the scrip in tatters hung
Ill-join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
Then, turning short, disdain'd a further stay;
But to the palace measur'd back the way.
There as he rested, gathering in a ring
The peers with smiles address'd their unknown king:
Stranger, may Jove and all th' aërial Powers,
With every blessing crown thy happy hours!
Our freedom to thy prowess'd arm we owe
From bold intrusion of thy coward foe:
Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing
To Echetus, the monster of a king.

While

While pleas'd he hears, Antinous bears the food,
A kid's well-fatted entrails, rich with blood:
The bread from canifters of ſhining mold
Amphinous; and wines that laugh in gold:
And, oh! (he mildly cries) may Heaven diſplay
A beam of glory o'er thy future day!
Alas! the brave too oft is doom'd to bear
The gripes of poverty, and ſtings of care.
To whom with thought mature the king replies:
The tongue ſpeaks wiſely, when the ſoul is wiſe;
Such was thy father! in imperial ſtate,
Great without vice, that oft attends the great:
Nor from the ſire art thou, the ſon, declin'd;
Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind!
Of all that breathes, or groveling creeps on earth,
Moſt vain is man! calamitous by birth;
To-day, with power elate, in ſtrength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that power preſumes:
Anon from Heaven a ſad reverſe he feels;
Untaught to bear, 'gainſt Heaven the wretch rebels.
For man is changeful, as his bliſs or woe;
Too high when proſperous, when diſtreſs'd too low.
There was a day, when with the ſcornful great
I ſwell'd in pomp and arrogance of ſtate;
Proud of the power that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that power to juſtify my wrongs.
Then let not man be proud; but, firm of mind,
Bear the beſt humbly, and the worſt reſign'd;
Be dumb when Heaven afflicts! unlike yon train
Of haughty ſpoilers, inſolently vain;

Who

Who make their queen and all her wealth a prey;
But vengeance and Ulyſſes wing their way.
Oh may'ſt thou, favour'd by ſome guardian Power,
Far, far be diſtant in that deathful hour!
For ſure I am, if ſtern Ulyſſes breathe,
Theſe lawleſs riots end in blood and death.
Then to the Gods the roſy juice he pours,
And the drain'd goblet to the chief reſtores.
Stung to the ſoul, o'ercaſt with holy dread,
He ſhook the graceful honours of his head;
His boding mind the future woe foreſtalls;
In vain! by great Telemachus he falls,
For Pallas ſeals his doom: all ſad he turns
To join the peers; reſumes his throne, and mourns.
Meanwhile Minerva with inſtinctive fires
Thy ſoul, Penelope, from Heaven inſpires:
With flattering hopes the ſuitors to betray,
And ſeem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day:
Thy huſband's wonder, and thy ſon's, to raiſe;
And crown the mother and the wife with praiſe.
Then, while the ſtreaming ſorrow dims her eyes,
Thus with a tranſient ſmile the matron cries:
Eurynomè! to go where riot reigns
I feel an impulſe, though my ſoul diſdains;
To my lov'd ſon the ſnares of death to ſhow,
And in the traitor-friend unmaſk the foe;
Who, ſmooth of tongue, in purpoſe inſincere,
Hides fraud in ſmiles, while death is ambuſh'd there.
Go, warn thy ſon, nor be the warning vain,
(Reply'd the ſageſt of the royal train)

But

But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd, deſcend;
Powerful of charms, bid every grace attend;
The tide of flowing tears a-while ſuppreſs;
Tears but indulge the ſorrow, not reprefs.
Some joy remains: to thee a ſon is given,
Such as, in fondneſs, parents aſk of Heaven.
Ah me! forbear, returns the queen, forbear;
Oh! talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care;
No more I bathe, ſince he no longer ſees
Thoſe charms, for whom alone I wiſh to pleaſe.
The day that bore Ulyſſes from this coaſt,
Blaſted the little bloom theſe cheeks could boaſt.
But inſtant bid Autonoè deſcend,
Inſtant Hippodamè our ſteps attend;
Ill ſuits it female virtue to be ſeen
Alone, indecent, in the walks of men.
Then, while Eurynomè the mandate bears,
From heaven Minerva ſhoots with guardian cares;
O'er all her ſenſes, as the couch ſhe preſs'd,
She pours a pleaſing, deep, and death-like reſt,
With every beauty every feature arms,
Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms,
In her love-darting eyes awakes the fires,
(Immortal gifts! to kindle ſoft deſires)
From limb to limb an air majeſtic ſheds,
And the pure ivory o'er her boſom ſpreads.
Such Venus ſhines, when with a meaſur'd bound
She ſmoothly gliding ſwims th' harmonious round
When with the Graces in the dance ſhe moves,
And fires the gazing Gods with ardent loves.

Then

Then to the ſkies her flight Minerva bends,
And to the queen the damſel-train deſcends;
Wak'd at their ſteps, her flowing eyes uncloſe;
The tear ſhe wipes, and thus renews her woes:
Howe'er 'tis well; that ſleep a-while can free,
With ſoft forgetfulneſs, a wretch like me;
Oh! were it giv'n to yield this tranſient breath,
Send, O Diana, ſend the ſleep of death:
Why muſt I waſte a tedious life in tears,
Nor bury in the ſilent grave my cares?
O my Ulyſſes! ever-honour'd name!
For thee I mourn, till death diſſolves my frame.
Thus wailing, ſlow and ſadly ſhe deſcends,
On either hand a damſel-train attends:
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Radiant before the gazing peers ſhe ſtands;
A vail, tranſlucent o'er her brow diſplay'd,
Her beauty ſeems, and only ſeems, to ſhade:
Sudden ſhe lightens in their dazzled eyes,
And ſudden flames in every boſom riſe;
They ſend their eager ſouls with every look,
Till ſilence thus th' imperial matron broke:
Oh why! my ſon, why now no more appears
That warmth of ſoul that urg'd thy younger years?
Thy riper days no growing worth impart,
A man in ſtature, ſtill a boy in heart!
Thy well-knit frame unprofitably ſtrong,
Speaks thee an hero from an hero ſprung:
But the juſt Gods in vain thoſe gifts beſtow,
Oh wiſe alone in form, and brave in ſhow!

heavens! could a stranger feel oppression's hand
Beneath thy roof, and could'st thou tamely stand?
If thus the stranger's righteous cause decline,
His is the sufferance, but the shame is thine.

To whom, with filial awe, the prince returns:
That generous soul with just resentment burns;
Yet, taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow,
For others' good, and melt at others' woes.
But, impotent these riots to repel,
I bear their outrage, though my soul rebel:
Helpless amid the snares of death I tread,
And numbers leagued in impious union dread;
But now no crime is their's: this wrong proceeds
From Irus, and the guilty Irus bleeds.
Oh would to Jove! or her whose arms display
The shield of Jove, or him who rules the day!
That your proud suitors, who licentious tread
These courts, within these courts like Irus bled:
Whose louts head tottering, as with wine oppress'd,
Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breast;
Powerless to move, his staggering feet deny
The coward wretch the privilege to fly.

Then to the queen Eurymachus replies:
Oh justly lov'd, and not more fair than wise!
Should Greece through all her hundred states survey
Thy finish'd charms, all Greece would own thy sway;
In rival crowds contest the glorious prize,
Depeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes:
O woman! loveliest of the lovely kind,
Body perfect, and compleat in mind!

Ah me! returns the queen, when from this ſhore
Ulyſſes ſail'd, then beauty was no more!
The Gods decreed theſe eyes no more ſhould keep
Their wonted grace, but only ſerve to weep.
Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove,
My virtues laſt; my brighteſt charm is love.
Now, grief, thou all art mine! the Gods o'ercaſt
My ſoul with woes, that long! ah long muſt laſt!
Too faithfully my heart retains the day
That ſadly tore my royal lord away:
He graſp'd my hand, and, O my ſpouſe! I leave
Thy arms, (he cried) perhaps to find a grave:
Fame ſpeaks the Trojans bold; they boaſt the ſkill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,
To dart the ſpear, and guide the ruſhing car
With dreadful inroad through the walks of war.
My ſentence is gone forth, and 'tis decreed
Perhaps by righteous Heaven that I muſt bleed!
My father, mother, all I truſt to thee;
To them, to them transfer the love of me:
But, when my ſon grows man, the royal ſway
Reſign, and happy be thy bridal day!
Such were his words; and Hymen now prepares
To light his torch and give me up to cares;
Th'afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear:
A wretch the moſt compleat that breathes the air!
Fall'n ev'n below the rights to woman due!
Careleſs to pleaſe, with inſolence ye woo!
The generous lovers, ſtudious to ſucceed,
Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;

By precious gifts the vow sincere display:
You, only you, make her ye love your prey.
Will-pleas'd Ulysses hears his queen deceive
The suitor train, and raise a thirst to give:
False hopes he kindles, but those hopes betray,
And promise, yet elude, the bridal day.
While yet he speaks, the gay Antinous cries:
Offspring of kings, and more than woman wise!
'Tis right; 'tis man's prerogative to give,
And custom bids thee without dower receive;
Yet never, never, from thy dome we move,
Till Hymen lights the torch of spousal love.
The peers dispatch their heralds, to convey
The gifts of love; with speed they take the way.
A robe Antinous gives of shining dyes,
The varying hues in gay confusion rise
Rich from the artists hand! Twelve clasps of gold
Close to the lessening loins the vest infold;
Down from the swelling waist the vest unbound
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.
A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That shot effulgence like the solar ray,
Eurymachus presents: and ear-rings bright,
With triple stars, that cast a trembling light.
Pisander bears a necklace wrought with art:
And every peer, expressive of his heart,
A gift bestows: this done, the queen ascends,
And slow behind her damsel train attends.
Then to the dance they form the vocal strain,
Till Hesperus leads forth the starry train;

And

And now he raiſes, as the day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening ſhades:
Three vaſes heap'd with copious fires diſplay
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;
From ſpace to ſpace the torch wide-beaming burns,
And ſprightly damſels trim the rays by turns.
To whom the king: Ill ſuits your ſex to ſtay
Alone with men! ye modeſt maids, away!
Go, with the queen the ſpindle guide; or cull
(The partners of her cares) the ſilver wool;
Be it my taſk the torches to ſupply,
Ev'n till the morning lamp adorns the ſky;
Ev'n till the morning, with unwearied care,
Sleepleſs I watch; for I have learn'd to bear.
Scornful they heard: Melantho, fair and young,
(Melantho from the loins of Dolius ſprung,
Who with the queen her years an infant led,
With the ſoft fondneſs of a daughter bred)
Chiefly derides: regardleſs of the cares
Her queen endures, polluted joys ſhe ſhares
Nocturnal with Eurymachus! With eyes
That ſpeak diſdain the wanton thus replies:
Oh! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd brain
Thou bold intruder on a princely train?
Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;
Or ſhun in ſome black forge the midnight air.
Proceeds this boldneſs from a turn of ſoul,
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl?
Is it that vanquiſh'd Irus ſwells thy mind?
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind,

Or ſhould we labour, while the ploughſhare wounds,
With ſteers of equal ſtrength, th' allotted grounds:
Beneath my labours how thy wondering eyes
Might ſee the ſable field at once ariſe!
Should Jove dire war unlooſe; with ſpear and ſhield,
And nodding helm, I tread th' enſanguin'd field,
Fierce in the van: then would'ſt thou, would'ſt thou,
—ſay,—
Miſname me, glutton, in that glorious day?
No, thy ill-judging thoughts the brave diſgrace;
'Tis thou injurious art, not I am baſe.
Proud to ſeem brave among a coward train!
But know thou art not valorous, but vain.
Gods! ſhould the ſtern Ulyſſes riſe in might,
Theſe gates would ſeem too narrow for thy flight.
While yet he ſpeaks, Eurymachus replies,
With indignation flaſhing from his eyes:
Slave, I with juſtice might deſerve the wrong!
Should I not puniſh that opprobrious tongue,
Irreverent to the great, and uncontrol'd,
Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?
Perhaps theſe outrages from Irus flow,
A worthleſs triumph o'er a worthleſs foe!
He ſaid, and with full force a footſtool threw;
Whirl'd from his arm, with erring rage it flew;
Ulyſſes, cautious of the vengeful foe,
Stoops to the ground, and diſappoints the blow.
Not ſo a youth who deals the goblet round,
Full on his ſhoulder it inflicts a wound,
Daſh'd from his hand the ſounding goblet flies,
He ſhricks, he reels, he falls, and breathleſs lies.

Then wild uproar and clamour mounts the ſky,
Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry:
Oh! had this ſtranger ſunk to realms beneath,
To the black realms of darkneſs and of death,
Ere yet he trod theſe ſhores! to ſtrife he draws
Peer againſt peer; and what the weighty cauſe?
A vagabond! for him the great deſtroy,
In vile ignoble jars, the feaſt of joy.
To whom the ſtern Telemachus uproſe:
Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows?
Whence this unguarded openneſs of ſoul,
But from the licence of the copious bowl?
Or Heaven deluſion ſends: but hence, away!
Force I forbear, and without force obey.
Silent, abaſh'd, they hear the ſtern rebuke,
Till thus Amphinomus the ſilence broke:
True are his words, and he whom truth offends
Not with Telemachus, but truth contends;
Let not the hand of violence invade
The reverend ſtranger, or the ſpotleſs maid;
Retire we hence, but crown with roſy wine
The flowing goblet to the Powers divine:
Guard he his gueſt beneath whoſe roof he ſtands,
This juſtice, this the ſocial rite demands.
The peers aſſent; the goblet Mulius crown'd
With purple juice, and bore in order round;
Each peer ſucceſſive his libation pours
To the bleſt Gods who fill th' aërial bowers;
Then, ſwill'd with wine, with noiſe the crouds obey,
And ruſhing forth tumultuous reel away.

THE

THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO EURYCLEA.

ULYSSES and his ſon remove the weapons out of the armoury. Ulyſſes, in converſation with Penelope, gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then aſſures her he had formerly entertained her huſband in Crete; and deſcribes exactly his perſon and dreſs, affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Theſprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Euryclea, who diſcovers him to be Ulyſſes by the ſcar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnaſſus. The poet inſerts a digreſſion, relating that accident, with all its particulars.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XIX.

CONSULTING ſecret with the blue-ey'd Maid,
Still in the dome divine Ulyſſes ſtay'd:
Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breaſt;
And thus the ſon the fervent ſire addreſs'd:
Inſtant convey thoſe ſteelly ſtores of war
To diſtant rooms, diſpos'd with ſecret care:
The cauſe demanded by the ſuitor-train,
To ſoothe their fears, a ſpecious reaſon feign:
Say, ſince Ulyſſes left his natal coaſt,
Obſcene with ſmoke, their beamy luſtre loſt,
His arms deform'd, the roof they won't adorn:
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
Suggeſt, that Jove the peaceful thought inſpir'd,
Leſt, they by ſight of ſwords to fury fir'd,
Diſhoneſt wounds, or violence of ſoul,
Defame the bridal feaſt and friendly bowl.
The prince obedient to the ſage command,
To Eurycleа thus: The female band
In their apartments keep; ſecure the doors:
Theſe ſwarthy arms among the covert ſtores
Are ſeemlier hid; my thoughtleſs youth they blame,
Imbrown'd with vapour of the ſmouldering flame.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Seek thou repoſe; whilſt here I ſole remain,
T' explore the conduct of the female train:
The penſive queen, perchance, deſires to know
The ſeries of my toils, to ſooth her woe.
With tapers flaming day his train attends,
His bright alcove th' obſequious youth aſcends:
Soft ſlumberous ſhades his drooping eye-lids cloſe,
Till on her eaſtern throne Aurora glows.
Whilſt, forming plans of death, Ulyſſes ſtay'd
In council ſecret with the Martial Maid;
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait
The queen, deſcending from her bower of ſtate.
Her cheeks the warmer bluſh of Venus wear,
Chaſten'd with coy Diana's penſive air.
An ivory ſeat with ſilver ringlets grac'd,
By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:
With ivory ſilver'd-thick the foot-ſtool ſhone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.
The ſovereign ſeat with graceful air ſhe preſs'd;
To different taſks their toil the nymphs addreſs'd:
The golden goblets ſome, and ſome reſtor'd
From ſtains of luxury the poliſh'd board:
Theſe to remove th' expiring embers came,
While thoſe with unctuous fir foment the flame.
'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien
Renew'd th' attack, incontinent of ſpleen:
Avaunt, ſhe cry'd, offenſive to my ſight!
Deem not in ambuſh here to lurk by night,
Into the woman-ſtate aſquint to pry;
A day-devourer, and an evening ſpy!

Vagrant, be gone! before this blazing brand
Shall urge—and wav'd it hiſſing in her hand.
Th' inſulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,
And, Why ſo turbulent of ſoul? he cries;
Can theſe lean ſhrivel'd limbs unnerv'd with age,
Theſe poor but honeſt rags, enkindle rage?
In crouds we wear the badge of hungry Fate;
And beg, degraded from ſuperior ſtate!
Conſtrain'd a rent-charge on the rich I live;
Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give:
A palace, wealth, and ſlaves, I late poſſeſs'd,
And all that makes the great be call'd the bleſs'd:
My gate, an emblem of my open ſoul,
Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
Scorn not the ſad reverſe, injurious maid!
'Tis Jove's high will, and be his will obey'd!
Nor think thyſelf exempt: that roſy prime
Muſt ſhare the general doom of withering time:
To ſome new channel ſoon, the changeful tide
Of royal grace th' offended queen may guide;
And her lov'd lord unplume thy towering pride.
Or were he dead, 'tis wiſdom to beware:
Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care;
Your deeds with quick impartial eye ſurveys,
Potent to puniſh what he cannot praiſe.
Her keen reproach had reach'd the ſovereign's ear;
Loquacious inſolent! ſhe cries, forbear:
To thee the purpoſe of my ſoul I told;
Venial diſcourſe, unblam'd, with him to hold:
The ſtoried labours of my wandering lord,
To ſoothe my grief he haply may record:

Yet

Yet him, my guest, thy venom'd rage hath stung;
Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!
But thou on whom my palace cares depend,
Eurynomè, regard the stranger-friend:
A seat, soft spread with furry spoils, prepare;
Due-distant, for us both to speak, and hear.
The menial fair obeys with duteous haste:
A seat adorn'd with furry spoils she plac'd:
Due-distant for discourse the hero sate;
When thus the sovereign from her chair of state:
Reveal, obsequious to my first demand,
Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land.
He thus: O queen! whose far resounding fame
Is bounded only by the starry frame;
Consummate pattern of imperial sway,
Whose pious rule a warlike race obey!
In wavy gold thy summer vales are dress'd;
Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppress'd;
With flocks and herds each grassy plain is stor'd;
And fish of every fin thy seas afford;
Their affluent joys the grateful realms confess,
And bless the Power that still delights to bless.
Gracious permit this prayer, imperial dame!
Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:
Urge not this breast to heave, these eyes to weep;
In sweet oblivion let my sorrow sleep!
My woes awak'd will violate your ear;
And to this gay censorious train appear
A winy vapour melting in a tear.
Their gifts the Gods resum'd (the queen rejoin'd)
Exterior grace, and energy of mind:
When

[illegible] of my nuptial joy,
[illegible] to conquer Troy.
[illegible] would raise
[illegible] and extend my praise!
[illegible] shore resort;
[illegible] besiege the court;
[illegible] grove with [illegible] groves,
[illegible] their loves;
[illegible] a second lord,
[illegible] abhorr'd.
[illegible] with domestic cares,
[illegible] affairs:
[illegible] no poor relieve;
[illegible] grieve!—
[illegible] by some celestial Power,
[illegible] of the bridal hour:
[illegible] who prefs to gain a heart,
[illegible] no future part;
[illegible] each rival suit suspend,
[illegible] my labours end:
[illegible] I bequeath
[illegible] the ornament of death.
[illegible] each Grecian dame
[illegible] to defame;
[illegible] in supreme command,
[illegible] a daughter's hand."
[illegible] their loves I long elude;
[illegible] what the day renew'd,
[illegible] in my art conceal'd,
My [illegible] fraud the fourth reveal'd:

Befriended

Befriended by my own domeſtic ſpies,
The woof unwrought the ſuitor-train ſurprize.
From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
And fear forbids to falſify the breed.
My anxious parents urge a ſpeedy choice,
And to their ſuffrage gain the filial voice:
For rule mature, Telemachus deplores
His dome diſhonour'd, and exhauſted ſtores—
But, ſtranger! as thy days ſeem full of fate,
Divide diſcourſe, in turn thy birth relate:
Thy port aſſerts thee of diſtinguiſh'd race:
No poor unfather'd product of diſgrace.
Princeſs! he cries, renew'd by your command,
The dear remembrance of my native land
Of ſecret grief unſeals the fruitful ſource;
And tears repeat their long-forgotten courſe!
So pays the wretch whom Fate conſtrains to roam,
The dues of nature to his natal home!—
But inward on my ſoul let ſorrow prey,
Your ſovereign will my duty bids obey.
Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful ſoil!
And ninety cities crown the ſea-born iſle:
Mix'd with her genuine ſons, adopted names
In various tongues avow their various claims:
Cydonians dreadful with the bended yew,
And bold Pelaſgi boaſt a native's due:
The Dorians, plum'd amid the files of war,
Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians ſhare;
Cnoſſus, her capital of high command,
Where ſcepter'd Minos with impartial hand

Divided

Divided right; each ninth revolving year
By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.
His ſon Deucalion bore ſucceſſive ſway;
His ſon, who gave me firſt to view the day!
The royal bed an elder iſſue bleſt,
Idomeneus, whom Ilian fields atteſt
Of matchleſs deeds: untrain'd to martial toil
I liv'd inglorious in my native iſle,
Studious of peace; and Æthon is my name.
'Twas then to Crete the great Ulyſſes came;
For elemental war, and wintery Jove,
From Malea's gufty cape his navy drove
To bright Lucina's fane; the ſhelfy coaſt
Where loud Amniſus in the deep is loſt.
His veſſels moor'd, (an incommodious port!)
The hero ſpeeded to the Cnoſſian court:
Ardent the partner of his arms to find,
In leagues of long commutual friendſhip join'd.
Vain hope! ten ſuns had warm'd the weſtern ſtrand,
Since my brave brother with his Cretan band
Had ſail'd for Troy: but to the genial feaſt
My honour'd roof receiv'd the royal gueſt:
Beeves for his train the Cnoſſian peers aſſign
A public treat, with jars of generous wine.
Twelve days, while Boreas vex'd th' aërial ſpace,
My hoſpitable dome he deign'd to grace:
And, when the north had ceas'd the ſtormy roar,
He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian ſhore.

Thus the fam'd hero, perfected in wiles,
With fair ſimilitude of truth beguiles

The queen's attentive ear: diſſolv'd in woe,
From her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.
As ſnows collected on the mountain freeze,
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,
The fleecy pile obeys the whiſpering gales,
Ends in a ſtream, and murmurs through the vales:
So, melted with the pleaſing tale he told,
Down her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:
She to her preſent lord laments him loſt,
And views that object which ſhe wants the moſt!
Withering at heart to ſee the weeping fair,
His eyes look ſtern, and caſt a gloomy ſtare;
Of horn the ſtiff relentleſs balls appear,
Or globes of iron fix'd in either ſphere;
Firm wiſdom interdicts the ſoftening tear.
A ſpeechleſs interval of grief enſues,
Till thus the queen the tender theme renews:
  Stranger! that e'er thy hoſpitable roof
Ulyſſes grac'd, confirm by faithful proof:
Delineate to my view my warlike lord,
His form, his habit, and his train record.
  'Tis hard, he cries, to bring to ſudden ſight
Ideas that have wing'd their diſtant flight;
Rare on the mind thoſe images are trac'd,
Whoſe footſteps twenty winters have defac'd:
But what I can, receive.—In ample mode,
A robe of military purple flow'd
O'er all his frame: illuſtrious on his breaſt
The double-claſping gold the king confeſt.
In the rich woof a hound, Moſaic-drawn,
Bore on full-ſtretch, and ſeiz'd a dappled fawn;

Deep

Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;
They rent, and struggle in the moving gold.
[illegible] beneath a thone
[illegible] like a cloudless sun:
[illegible] who found him strong'd to gaze,
[illegible] wonder [illegible] unwilling praise.
[illegible] when the warrior press'd to part,
[illegible] with Vulcanian art:
[illegible] and radiant vest,
Dimension'd equal to his size, express'd
Affection [illegible] to my honour'd guest.
A favourite herald in his train I knew,
His village [illegible], of sable hue:
Short woolly curls o'erfleec'd his bending head,
[illegible] when a promontory-shoulder spread;
[illegible] whole large soul [illegible]
[illegible] in image of his own
[illegible] the tempest of her great [illegible],
[illegible] he [illegible] her [illegible]
[illegible] the form was [illegible] showers;
[illegible] her [illegible] bowers
[illegible] the [illegible], whom [illegible] fate
[illegible] to my [illegible] gate.
[illegible] the name of poor [illegible] end;
[illegible] my [illegible] friend.
The [illegible] on your native coast,
And [illegible] with [illegible] gold [illegible],
In [illegible] by [illegible] hand [illegible],
[illegible] bower [illegible],
The [illegible] of Troy [illegible] and forlorn
[illegible] to [illegible], and never to return!

Thus

Then he, with pity touch'd: O royal dame!
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.
I not the fondneſs of your ſoul reprove
For ſuch a lord! who crown'd your virgin-love
With the dear bleſſing of a fair increaſe;
Himſelf adorn'd with more than mortal grace:
Yet while I ſpeak, the mighty woe ſuſpend;
Truth forms my tale; to pleaſing truth attend.
The royal object of your deareſt care
Breathes in no diſtant clime the vital air:
In rich Theſprotia, and the nearer bound
Of Theſſaly, his name I heard renown'd:
Without retinue, to that friendly ſhore
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a ſumleſs ſtore!
His ſacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of Day,
Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' juſt decree,
To periſh in the rough Trinacrian ſea.
To better Fate the blameleſs chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,
And rode the ſtorm; till, by the billows toſt,
He landed on the fair Phæacian coaſt.
That race, who emulate the life of Gods,
Receive him joyous to their bleſt abodes:
Large gifts confer, a ready ſail command,
To ſpeed his voyage to the Grecian ſtrand.
But your wiſe lords (in whoſe capacious ſoul
High ſchemes of power in juſt ſucceſſion roll)
His Ithaca refus'd from favouring Fate,
Till copious wealth might guard his regal ſtate.

Phedon the fact affirm'd, whose sovereign sway
The Ipirotian tribes, a duteous race, obey:
And hade the Gods this added truth attest,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feast)
That anchor'd in his port the vessel stand,
To waft the hero to his natal land.
I for Dulichium urge the watery way,
But first the Ulyssean wealth survey:
So rich the value of a store so vast
Demands the pomp of centuries to waste!
The darling object of your royal love,
Was journey'd thence to Dodonean Jove;
By the sure precept of the sylvan shrine,
To form the conduct of his great design:
Irresolute of soul, his state to shrowd
In dark disguise, or come a king avow'd?
Thus lives your lord; nor longer doom'd to roam:
Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome.
By Jove, the source of good, supreme in power!
By the blest genius of this friendly bower!
I ratify my speech; before the sun
His annual longitude of Heaven shall run;
When the pale empress of yon starry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulysses will assert his rightful reign.

What thanks! what boon! reply'd the queen, are due,
When time shall prove the storied blessing true:
My lord's return should fate no more retard,
Envy shall sicken at thy vast reward.
But my prophetic fears, alas! presage,
The wounds of Destiny's relentless rage.

I long

I long muſt weep, nor will Ulyſſes come,
With royal gifts to ſend you honour'd home!—
Your other taſk, ye menial train, forbear:
Now waſh the ſtranger, and the bed prepare:
With ſplendid palls the downy fleece adorn:
Up-riſing early with the purple morn,
His ſinews ſhrunk with age, and ſtiff with toil,
In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.
Then with Telemachus the ſocial feaſt
Partaking free, my ſole invited gueſt;
Whoe'er neglects to pay diſtinction due,
The breach of hoſpitable right may rue.
The vulgar of my ſex I moſt exceed
In real fame, when moſt humane my deed:
And vainly to the praiſe of queen aſpire,
If, ſtranger! I permit that mean attire,
Beneath the feaſtful bower. A narrow ſpace
Confines the circle of our deſtin'd race;
'Tis ours with good the ſcanty round to grace.
Thoſe who to cruel wrong their ſtate abuſe,
Dreaded in life the mutter'd curſe purſues;
By death diſrob'd of all their ſavage powers,
Then, licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.
But he whoſe in-born worth his acts commend,
Of gentle ſoul, to human race a friend;
The wretched he relieves diffuſe his fame,
And diſtant tongues extol the patron-name.
Princeſs, he cry'd, in vain your bounties flow
On me, confirm'd and obſtinate in woe,
When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view,
And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew;

Those [illegible] weeds (my decent robe resign'd)
[illegible] the [illegible] of a woeful mind!
Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate
With [illegible] pails, and canopies of state:
[illegible] on earth, the gift of sleep I scorn,
And catch the glances of the waking morn.
The [illegible] of your courtly train
To wash a wretched wanderer would disdain;
But [illegible] track of long experience try'd,
And [illegible] of woes ally'd,
Some wretch [illegible] views aërial light,
To her mean hand assign the friendly rite.
Pleas'd with his wise reply, the queen reioin'd:
Such gentle manners, and so sage a mind,
In all who grac'd this hospitable bower
I never discern'd, before this social hour.
Such servant as your humble choice requires,
To light receiv'd the lord of my desires,
New from the birth: and with a mother's hand
His tender bloom to manly growth sustain'd
On matchless prudence, and a duteous mind;
Though now to life's extremest verge declin'd
Of strength superior to the toil assign'd.—
Rise, Euryclea! with officious care
For the poor friend the cleansing bath prepare:
This debt his correspondent fortunes claim,
Too like Ulysses, and perhaps the same!
Thus, old with woes, my fancy paints him now;
For age untimely marks the careful brow!
  Instant, obsequious to the mild command,
Sad Euryclea rose: with trembling hand

She

She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;
And thus impaſſion'd to herſelf replies:
Son of my love, and monarch of my cares!
What pangs for thee this wretched boſom bears!
Are thus by Jove who conſtant beg his aid
With pious deed and pure devotion paid?
He never dar'd defraud the ſacred fane,
Of perfect hecatombs in order ſlain:
There oft implor'd his tutelary power,
Long to protract the ſad ſepulchral hour;
That, form'd for empire with paternal care,
His realm might recogniſe an equal heir.
Oh deſtin'd head! The pious vows are loſt;
His God forgets him on a foreign coaſt!—
Perhaps, like thee, poor gueſt! in wanton pride
The rich inſult him, and the young deride!
Conſcious of worth revil'd, thy generous mind
The friendly rite of purity declin'd;
My will concurring with my queen's command,
Accept the bath from this obſequious hand.
A ſtrong emotion ſhakes my anguiſh'd breaſt;
In thy whole form Ulyſſes ſeems expreſs'd:
Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coaſt,
None imag'd e'er like thee my maſter loſt.
Thus half diſcover'd through the dark diſguiſe,
With cool compoſure feign'd, the chief replies:
You join your ſuffrage to the public vote;
The ſame you think, have all beholders thought.
He ſaid. Repleniſh'd from the pureſt ſprings,
The layer ſtraight with buſy care ſhe brings:

In the deep vase, that shone like burnish'd gold,
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.
Meantime revolving in his thoughtful mind
The fear, with which his manly knee was sign'd;
His face averting from the cracking blaze,
His shoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays:
Thus cautious in th' obscure he hop'd to fly
The curious search of Eurycleа's eye.
Cautious in vain! nor cens'd the dame to find
The fear, with which his manly knee was sign'd.
This on Parnassus (combating the bear)
With glancing rage the tusky savage tore.
Attended by his brave maternal race,
His grandsire sent him to the sylvan chace,
Autolycus the bold (a mighty name
For quotes faith and deeds of martial fame:
Hermes, his Patron-God, those gifts bestow'd,
Whose shrine with weanling lambs he wont to load.)
His course to Ithaca this hero sped,
When the first product of Laertes' bed
Was new disclos'd to birth; the banquet ends,
When Eurycleа from the queen descends,
And to his fond embrace the babe commends.
"Receive, she cries, your royal daughter's son;
"And name the blessing that your prayers have won."
Then thus the hoary chief: "My victor arms
"Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms:
[illegible] memorial of my dreaded fame
[illegible] shall bear; Ulysses be his name!

"And

" And when with filial love the youth ſhall come
" To view his mother's ſoil, my Delphic dome
" With gifts of price ſhall ſend him joyous home."
Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful prime
Ended in man, his mother's natal clime
Ulyſſes ſought; with fond affection dear
Amphithea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:
Her ancient * lord an equal joy poſſeſt;
Inſtant he bade prepare the genial feaſt:
A ſteer to form the ſumptuous banquet bled,
Whoſe ſtately growth five flowery ſummers fed:
His ſons divide, and roaſt with artful care
The limbs; then all the taſteful viands ſhare.
Nor ceas'd diſcourſe (the banquet of the ſoul)
Till Phœbus wheeling to the weſtern goal
Reſign'd the ſkies, and night involv'd the pole.
Their drooping eyes the ſlumberous ſhade oppreſs'd,
Sated they roſe, and all retir'd to reſt.

Soon as the morn, new-rob'd in purple light,
Pierc'd with her golden ſhafts the rear of night;
Ulyſſes and his brave maternal race,
The young Autolyci, aſſay the chace.
Parnaſſus, thick perplex'd with horrid ſhades,
With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop invades:
What-time the ſun, from ocean's peaceful ſtream,
Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.
The pack impatient ſnuff the tainted gale;
The thorny wilds the wood-men fierce aſſail:
And, foremoſt of the train, his cornel ſpear
Ulyſſes wav'd, to rouze the ſavage war.

* Autolycus.

He ſafe at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,
Relates the chace, and early praiſe atchiev'd.
Deep o'er his knee, inſeam'd, remain'd the ſcar:
Which noted token of the woodland war
When Euryclea found, th'abluſion ceas'd;
Down dropp'd the leg, from her ſlack hand releas'd;
The mingled fluids from the vaſe redound;
The vaſe reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleaſing ſtrife expreſs'd
Of grief and joy, alternate in her breaſt.
Her fluttering words in melting murmurs died;
At length, abrupt—My ſon! my king!—ſhe cried.
His neck with fond embrace infolding faſt,
Full on the queen her raptur'd eye ſhe caſt,
Ardent to ſpeak the monarch ſafe reſtor'd:
But ſtudious to conceal her royal lord,
Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,
And from the preſent bliſs abſtracts her thought.
His hand to Euryclea's mouth applied,
Art thou foredoom'd my peſt? the hero cried:
Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd;
And have the fates thy babbling age ordain'd
To violate the life thy youth ſuſtain'd?
An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,
Full twenty annual ſuns in diſtant ſkies:
At length return'd, ſome God inſpires thy breaſt
To know thy king, and here I ſtand confeſs'd.
This Heaven-diſcover'd truth to thee conſign'd,
Reſerve the treaſure of thy inmoſt mind:
Elſe, if the Gods my vengeful arm ſuſtain,
And proſtrate to my ſword the ſuitor-train,

With

With their lewd mates, thy undiſtinguiſh'd age
Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage.
Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:
What words, my ſon, have paſs'd thy lips ſevere!
Deep in my ſoul the truſt ſhall lodge ſecur'd;
With ribs of ſteel, and marble heart, immur'd.
When Heaven, auſpicious to thy right avow'd,
Shall proſtrate to thy ſword the ſuitor-crowd;
The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous ſpare.
Thy aid avails me not, the chief replied;
My own experience ſhall their doom decide;
A witneſs-judge precludes a long appeal:
Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.
He ſaid: obſequious, with redoubled pace,
She to the fount conveys th' exhauſted vaſe:
The bath renew'd, ſhe ends the pleaſing toil
With plenteous unction of ambroſial oil.
Adjuſting to his limbs the tatter'd veſt,
His former ſeat receiv'd the ſtranger gueſt;
Whom thus with penſive air the queen addreſs'd:
Though night, diſſolving grief in grateful eaſe,
Your drooping eyes with ſoft oppreſſion ſeize:
Awhile, reluctant to her pleaſing force,
Suſpend the reſtful hour with ſweet diſcourſe.
The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)
My menials, and domeſtic cares employ:
And unattended by ſincere repoſe,
The night aſſiſts my ever-wakeful woes:
When nature's huſh'd beneath her brooding ſhade,
My echoing griefs the ſtarry vault invade.

As, when the months are clad in flowery green,
Sad Philomel in bowery shades unseen,
To vernal airs attunes her varied strains;
And Itylus sounds warbling o'er the plains:
Young Itylus, his parents' darling joy!
Whom chance misled the mother to destroy:
Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous boy.
So in nocturnal solitude forlorn,
A sad variety of woes I mourn!
My mind, reflective, in a thorny maze
Devious from care to care incessant strays.
Now, wavering doubt succeeds to long despair;
Shall I my virgin-nuptial-vow revere;
And, joining to my son's my menial train,
Partake his councils, and assist his reign!
Or, since, mature in manhood, he deplores
His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores;
Shall I, reluctant, to his will accord;
And from the peers select the noblest lord?
So by my choice avow'd, at length decide
These wasteful love-debates, a mourning bride!
A visionary thought I 'll now relate;
Illustrate, if you know, the shadow'd fate:
A team of twenty geese (a snow-white train!)
Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,
Amuse my pensive hours. The bird of Jove
Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove;
Each favourite fowl he pounc'd with deathful sway,
And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.

My

My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous ſtream,
To view their death thus imag'd in a dream:
With tender ſympathy to ſoothe my ſoul,
A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.
But whilſt with grief and rage my boſom burn'd,
Sudden the tyrant of the ſkies return'd:
Perch'd on the battlements, he thus began:
(In form an eagle, but in voice a man.)
O Queen! no vulgar viſion of the ſky
I come, prophetic of approaching joy!
View in this plumy form thy victor lord;
The geeſe (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,
Portend the ſuitors fated to my ſword.
This ſaid, the pleaſing feather'd omen ceas'd.
When, from the downy bands of ſleep releas'd,
Faſt by the limpid lake my ſwan-like train
I found, inſatiate of the golden grain.
The viſion ſelf-explain'd (the chief replies)
Sincere reveals the ſanction of the ſkies:
Ulyſſes ſpeaks his own return decreed;
And by his ſword the ſuitors ſure to bleed.
Hard is the taſk, and rare, the queen rejoin'd,
Impending deſtinies in dreams to find:
Immur'd within the ſilent bower of ſleep,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:
Of ivory one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
Of winged lies a light fantaſtic train:
The gate oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,
And columns fair incas'd with poliſh'd horn:
Where images of truth for paſſage wait,
With viſions manifeſt of future fate.

Not

Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom ſoar'd,
Which ſpoke Ulyſſes to his realm reſtor'd:
Deluſive ſemblance!—but my remnant life
Heaven ſhall determine in a gameful ſtrife:
With that fam'd bow Ulyſſes taught to bend,
For me the rival archers ſhall contend.
As on the liſted field he us'd to place
Six beams, oppos'd to fix in equal ſpace:
Elanc'd afar by his unerring art,
Sure through ſix circlets flew the whizzing dart.
So, when the ſun reſtores the purple day,
Their ſtrength and ſkill the ſuitors ſhall aſſay:
To him the ſpouſal honour is decreed,
Who through the rings directs the feather'd reed.
Torn from theſe walls (where long the kinder Powers
With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful hours!)
On this poor breaſt no dawn of bliſs ſhall beam;
The pleaſure paſt ſupplies a copious theme
For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful dream!
Propoſe the ſportive lot (the chief replies)
Nor dread to name yourſelf the bowyer's prize:
Ulyſſes will ſurprize th' unfiniſh'd game
Avow'd, and falſify the ſuitor's claim.
To whom, with grace ſerene, the queen rejoin'd:
In all thy ſpeech, what pleaſing force I find!
O'er my ſuſpended woe thy words prevail,
I part reluctant from the pleaſing tale.
But Heaven, that knows what all terreſtrials need,
Repoſe to night, and toil to day decreed:

Grateful

Grateful viciſſitude! yet me withdrawn,
Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn
Eſtabliſh'd uſe enjoins; to reſt and joy
Eſtrang'd, ſince dear Ulyſſes ſail'd to Troy!
Meantime inſtructed is the menial tribe
Your couch to faſhion as yourſelf preſcribe.
Thus affable, her bower the queen aſcends;
The ſovereign-ſtep a beauteous train attends;
There imag'd to her ſoul Ulyſſes roſe;
Down her pale cheek new-ſtreaming ſorrow flows;
Till ſoft oblivious ſhade Minerva ſpread,
And o'er her eyes ambroſial ſlumber ſhed.

THE

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

WHILE Ulyſſes lies in the veſtibule of the palace, he is witneſs to the diſorders of the women. Minerva comforts him, and caſts him aſleep. At his waking he deſires a favourable ſign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feaſt of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the ſuitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongſt them, notwithſtanding which, Ulyſſes is inſulted by Cteſippus, and the reſt continue in their exceſſes. Strange prodigies are ſeen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the deſtruction of the wooers.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XX.

AN ample hide divine Ulyſſes ſpread,
And form'd of fleecy ſkins his humble bed
(The remnants of the ſpoil the ſuitor-crowd
In feſtival devour'd, and victims vow'd).
Then o'er the chief, Eurynome the chaſte,
With duteous care, a downy carpet caſt:
With dire revenge his thoughtful boſom glows,
And, ruminating wrath, he ſcorns repoſe.
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes ſurvey;
Whilſt to nocturnal joys impure repair,
With wanton glee, the proſtituted fair.
His heart with rage this new diſhonour ſtung,
Wavering his thought in dubious balance hung!
Or, inſtant ſhould he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the ſhame;
Or to their luſt indulge a laſt embrace,
And let the peers conſummate the diſgrace;
Round his ſwoln heart the murmurous fury rolls;
As o'er her young the mother-maſtiff growls,
And bays the ſtranger-groom: ſo wrath compreſs'd,
Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breaſt.

Poor ſuffering heart! he cry'd, ſupport the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage reſtrain.
Not fiercer woes thy fortitude could foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years toil
Dire Polypheme devour'd: I then was freed,
By patient prudence, from the death decreed.
Thus anchor'd ſafe on Reaſon's peaceful coaſt
Tempeſts of wrath his ſoul no longer toſs'd;
Reſtleſs his body rolls, to rage reſign'd:
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,
The ſavory cates on glowing embers caſt
Inceſſant turns, impatient for repaſt;
Ulyſſes ſo, from ſide to ſide devolv'd,
In ſelf-debate the ſuitors' doom reſolv'd.
When, in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From Heaven deſcends the Jove-born Martial Maid;
And hovering o'er his head in view confeſs'd,
The Goddeſs thus her favourite care addreſs'd:
O thou, of mortals moſt inur'd to woes!
Why roll thoſe eyes unfriended of repoſe?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
Bleſs'd in thy queen! bleſs'd in thy blooming heir!
Whom, to the Gods when ſuppliant fathers bow,
They name the ſtandard of their deareſt vow.
Juſt is thy kind reproach (the chief rejoin'd);
Deeds full of fate diſtract my various mind
In contemplation wrapp'd. This hoſtile crew
What ſingle arm hath proweſs to ſubdue?
Or if, by Jove's and thy auxiliar aid,
They 're doom'd to bleed; Oh! ſay, celeſtial Maid:

Where

Where ſhall Ulyſſes ſhun, or how ſuſtain,
Nations embattled to revenge the ſlain?
Oh, impotence of faith! Minerva cries,
If man on frail unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the Gods? Lo! Pallas' ſelf deſcends,
Inſpires thy counſels, and thy toils attends.
In me affianc'd, fortify thy breaſt,
Though myriads leagued thy rightful claim conteſt;
My ſure divinity ſhall bear the ſhield,
And edge thy ſword to reap the glorious field.
Now pay the debt to craving nature due,
Her faded powers with balmy reſt renew.
She ceas'd. Ambroſial ſlumbers ſeal his eyes;
His care diſſolves in viſionary joys:
The Goddeſs, pleas'd, regains her natal ſkies.
Not ſo the queen: the downy bands of ſleep
By grief relax'd, ſhe wak'd again to weep:
A gloomy pauſe enſued of dumb deſpair;
Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent prayer:
Diana! ſpeed thy deathful ebon-dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulſive heart.
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,
Toſs'd through the void illimitable ſpace:
Or, if diſmounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean ſhroud!
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan-fair,
Were doom'd to wander through the devious air;
Thyſelf untimely and thy conſort dy'd,
But four celeſtials both your cares ſupply'd.
Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:

Imperial Juno to their youth aſſign'd
A form majeſtic, and ſagacious mind:
With ſhapely growth Diana grac'd the bloom;
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
But whilſt, to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright Cytherea ſought the bower of Jove
(The God ſupreme, to whoſe eternal eye
The regiſters of Fate expanded lie;)
Wing'd harpies ſnatch'd th' unguarded charge away,
And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.
Be ſuch my lot! Or thou, Diana, ſpeed
Thy ſhaft, and ſend me joyful to the dead;
To ſeek my lord among the warriour-train,
Ere ſecond vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking ſenſe alone aſſail;
Whilſt night extends her ſoft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches care the torture ends;
No truce the warfare of my heart ſuſpends!
The night renews the day-diſtracting theme,
And airy terrors ſable every dream.
The laſt alone a kind illuſion wrought,
And to my bed my lov'd Ulyſſes brought
In manly bloom, and each majeſtic grace,
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace;
Such raptures in my beating boſom riſe,
I deem it ſure a viſion of the ſkies.

Thus, whilſt Aurora mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments ſhe breathes her moan;
The ſounds aſſault Ulyſſes' wakeful ear:
Miſ-judging of the cauſe, a ſudden fear

Of

Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;
He thinks the queen is ruſhing to his arms.
Up-ſpringing from his couch, with active haſte
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd
(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air);
And thus the Gods invok'd, with ardent prayer:
Jove, and ethereal thrones! with heaven to friend,
If the long ſeries of my woes ſhall end,
Of human race now riſing from repoſe
Let one a bliſsful omen here diſcloſe;
And, to confirm my faith, propitious Jove,
Vouchſafe the ſanction of a ſign above!
Whilſt lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
The pitying God his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a ſapphire ſky his thunder ſounds:
With ſpringing hope the hero's heart rebounds.
Soon, with conſummate joy to crown his prayer,
An omen'd voice invades his raviſh'd ear.
Beneath a pile, that cloſe the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female ſlaves the gift of Ceres grind;
Taſk'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and ſtrength of man),
Diſcharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repoſe the reſt withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the taſk aſſign'd,
Still turn'd the toilſome mill with anxious mind;
And thus in bitterneſs of ſoul divin'd:
Father of Gods and men; whoſe thunders roll
O'er the cerulean vault, and ſhake the pole;
Whoe'er from Heaven has gain'd this rare oſtent
(Of granted vows a certain ſignal ſent)

In this bleſt moment of accepted prayer,
Piteous, regard a wretch conſum'd with care!
Inſtant, O Jove! confound the ſuitor-train,
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers caſt,
And be this feſtival decreed their laſt!
Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and ſky,
Ulyſſes' heart dilates with ſecret joy.
Meantime the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early dreſs'd, advanc'd the royal heir:
With manly graſp he wav'd a martial ſpear,
A radiant ſabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden ſandal ſhone.
His ſteps impetuous to the portal preſs'd;
And Euryclea thus he there addreſs'd:
Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection and repoſe
Beſtow'd the ſtranger-gueſt? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?
Promiſcuous grace on all the queen confers
(In woes bewilder'd, oft' the wiſeſt errs).
The wordy vagrant to the dole aſpires,
And modeſt worth with noble ſcorn retires.
She thus: Oh! ceaſe that ever honour'd name
To blemiſh now; it ill deſerves your blame:
A bowl of generous wine ſuffic'd the gueſt;
In vain the queen the night-refection preſs'd;
Nor would he court repoſe in downy ſtate,
Unbleſs'd, abandon'd to the rage of Fate!

A hide

A hide beneath the portico was ſpread,
And fleecy ſkins compos'd an humble bed:
A downy carpet, caſt with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.
His cornel javelin pois'd with regal port,
To the ſage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,
Forth-iſſuing from the dome the prince repair'd;
Two dogs of chace, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him ſourly ſtalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to the toil the menial train.
What marks of luxury the marble ſtain!
Its wonted luſtre let the floor regain;
The ſeats with purple clothe in order due;
And let th' abſterſive ſponge the board renew:
Let ſome refreſh the vaſe's ſullied mold;
Some bid the goblets boaſt their native gold:
Some to the ſpring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:
Diſpatch! for ſoon the ſuitors will aſſay
The lunar feaſt-rites to the God of day.
She ſaid; with duteous haſte a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the ſpring repair:
With varied toils the reſt adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the ſuitors come.
Some wield the ſounding ax; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful ſtrokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
(Eumæus in their train) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feaſt, all brawny-chin'd,
He brought; the choiceſt of the tuſky kind.

In lodgements firſt ſecure his care he view'd,
Then to the king his friendly ſpeech renew'd:
Now ſay ſincere, my gueſt! the ſuitor train
Still treat they worth with lordly dull diſdain;
Or ſpeaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?
Some pitying God (Ulyſſes ſad reply'd)
With vollied vengeance blaſt their towering pride!
No conſcious bluſh, no ſenſe of right, reſtrains
The tides of luſt that ſwell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are toſs'd,
All cheaply ſated at another's coſt!
While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, maſter of the bearded fold,
The goodlieſt goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the ſuitors' feaſt preferr'd:
Two grooms aſſiſtant bore the victims bound;
With quavering cries the vaulted roofs reſound:
And to the chief auſtere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man:
Here, vagrant, ſtill? offenſive to my lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
Theſe arguments I'll uſe: nor conſcious ſhame,
Nor threats, thy bold intruſion will reclaim.
On this high feaſt the meaneſt vulgar boaſt
A plenteous board! Hence! ſeek another hoſt!
Rejoinder to the churl the king diſdain'd;
But ſhook his head, and riſing wrath reſtrain'd.
From Cephalenia croſs the ſurgy main
Philœtius late arriv'd, a faithful ſwain.
A ſteer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race:

Imported

Imported in a ſhallop not his own:
The dome re-echoed to their mingled moan.
Straight to the guardian of the briſtly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind:
What gueſt is he, of ſuch majeſtic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim through th' eclipſe of Fate, the rays divine
Of ſovereign ſtate with faded ſplendour ſhine.
If monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyſs are we foredoom'd to go!
Then affable he thus the chief addreſs'd,
Whilſt with pathetic warmth his hand he preſs'd:
Stranger! may Fate a milder aſpect ſhow,
And ſpin thy future with a whiter clue!
O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;
The Tyrant, not the Father of the ſkies!
Unpiteous of the race thy will began!
The fool of Fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulſe, and care,
The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulyſſes from his ſtate a wanderer ſtill,
Upbraids thy power, thy wiſdom, or thy will:
O monarch ever dear!—O man of woe!—
Freſh flow my tears, and ſhall for ever flow!
Like thee, poor ſtranger-gueſt, denied his home!
Like thee, in rags obſcene, decreed to roam!
Or, haply periſh'd on ſome diſtant coaſt,
In Stygian gloom he glides a penſive ghoſt!
Oh! grateful for the good his bounty gave,
I'll grieve, till ſorrow ſink me to the grave!

His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,
The regent of his Cephalenian herd:
With vaſt increaſe beneath my care it ſpreads,
A ſtately breed! and blackens far the meads.
Conſtrain'd, the choiceſt beeves I thence import
To cram theſe cormorants that crowd his court;
Who in partition ſeek his realm to ſhare;
Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
Since here reſolv'd oppreſſive theſe reſide,
Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:
Now to ſome foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
And with the royal herd protection buy:
Then happier thoughts return the nodding ſcale,
Light mounts deſpair, alternate hopes prevail:
In opening proſpects of ideal joy,
My king returns; the proud uſurpers die.
To whom the chief: In thy capacious mind
Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
Attend a deed already ripe in Fate;
Atteſt, O Jove, the truth I now relate!
This ſacred truth atteſt each genial Power,
Who bleſs the board, and guard this friendly bower!
Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
Thy wiſh produc'd in act, with pleas'd ſurvey,
Thy wondering eyes ſhall view: his rightful reign
By arms avow'd Ulyſſes ſhall regain,
And to the ſhades devote the ſuitor train.
O Jove ſupreme! the raptur'd ſwain replies,
With deed conſummate ſoon the promis'd joys!
Theſe aged nerves, with new-born vigour ſtrung,
In that bleſt cauſe ſhould emulate the young—

Aſſents

Aſſents Eumæus to the prayer addreſs'd:
And equal ardors fire his loyal breaſt.
Meantime the ſuitors urge the prince's fate,
And deathful arts employ the dire debate:
When, in his airy tour, the bird of Jove
Truſs'd with his ſinewy pounce a trembling dove;
Siniſter to their hope! This omen ey'd
Amphinomus, who thus preſaging cry'd:
The Gods from force and fraud the prince defend;
O peers! the ſanguinary ſcheme ſuſpend:
Your future thought let fable Fate employ;
And give the preſent hour to genial joy.
From council ſtraight th' aſſenting peerage ceas'd,
And in the dome prepar'd the genial feaſt.
Diſ-rob'd their veſts apart in order lay,
Then all with ſpeed ſuccinct the victims ſlay:
With ſheep and ſhaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud ſteer was on the marble ſpread.
With fire prepar'd, they deal the morſels round,
Wine roſy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
By ſage Eumæus borne: the purple tide
Melanthius from an ample jar ſupplied:
High caniſters of bread Philætius plac'd;
And eager all devour the rich repaſt.
Diſpos'd apart, Ulyſſes ſhares the treat!
A trivet-table, and ignobler ſeat,
The prince appoints; but to his ſire aſſigns
The taſteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
Partake, my gueſt, he cry'd, without control
The ſocial feaſt, and drain the cheering bowl.

Dread

Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age;
This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be,
From my great sire too soon devolv'd to me!
Your violence and scorn, ye suitors, cease,
Lest arms avenge the violated peace.
Aw'd by the prince, so haughty, brave, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.
Be patient, peers! at length Antinous cries;
The threats of vain imperious youth despise:
Would Jove permit the meditated blow,
That stream of eloquence should cease to flow.
Without reply vouchsaf'd, Antinous ceas'd:
Meanwhile the pomp of festival increas'd:
By heralds rank'd, in marshal'd order move
The city-tribes, to pleas'd Apollo's grove:
Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,
The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid;
Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
(An humble side-board set) Ulysses shar'd.
Observant of the prince's high behest,
His menial train attend the stranger-guest:
Whom Pallas with unpardoning fury fir'd,
By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.
A Samian Peer, more studious than the rest
Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jest;
And urg'd, for title to a consort queen,
Unnumber'd acres arable and green
(*Ctesippus* nam'd); this lord Ulysses ey'd,
And thus burst out th' impostumate with pride:

The

The ſentence I propoſe, ye peers, attend:
Since due regard muſt wait the prince's friend,
Let each a token of eſteem beſtow;
This gift acquits the dear reſpect I owe;
With which he nobly may diſcharge his ſeat,
And pay the menials for the maſter's treat.
He ſaid: and of the ſteer before him plac'd,
That ſinewy fragment at Ulyſſes caſt,
Where to the paſtern-bone, by nerves combin'd,
The well-horn'd foot indiſſolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high the wall unſeemly ſign'd.
The chief indignant grins a ghaſtly ſmile;
Revenge and ſcorn within his boſom boil:
When thus the prince with pious rage inflam'd:
Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
Fall'n guiltleſs of the mark, my certain ſpear
Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
Nor ſhould thy ſire, a queen his daughter boaſt;
The ſuitor, now, had vaniſh'd in a ghoſt:
No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawleſs power
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:
For genuine worth of age mature to know
My grape ſhall redden, and my harveſt grow.
Or, if each other's wrongs ye ſtill ſupport,
With rapes and riot to profane my court;
What ſingle arm with numbers can contend?
On me let all your lifted ſwords deſcend,
And with my life ſuch vile diſhonours end.
A long ceſſation of diſcourſe enſued,
By gentler Agelaus thus renew'd:

A juſt

A juſt reproof, ye peers! your rage reſtrain
From the protected gueſt, and menial train:
And, prince! to ſtop the ſource of future ill,
Aſſent yourſelf, and gain the royal will,
Whilſt hope prevail'd to ſee your ſire reſtor'd,
Of right the queen refus'd a ſecond lord.
But who ſo vain of faith, ſo blind to fate,
To think he ſtill ſurvives to claim the ſtate?
Now preſs the ſovereign dame with warm deſire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inſpire:
The lord ſelected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long-conteſted prize:
Whilſt in paternal pomp, with plenty bleſs'd,
You reign, of this imperial dome poſſeſs'd.
Sage and ſerene Telemachus replies:
By him at whoſe beheſt the thunder flies,
And by the name on earth I moſt revere,
By great Ulyſſes and his woes, I ſwear
(Who never muſt review his dear domain;
Inroll'd, perhaps, in Pluto's dreary train!)
Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,
My bridal gifts ſhall load the future ſpouſe:
But from this dome my parent queen to chace!
From me, ye Gods! avert ſuch dire diſgrace.
But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
The ſuitors' ſouls, inſenſate of their doom!
A mirthful phrenzy ſeiz'd the fated croud;
The roofs reſound with cauſeleſs laughter loud:
Floating in gore, portentous to ſurvey!
In each diſcolour'd vaſe the viands lay:

Then down each cheek the tears ſpontaneous flow,
And ſudden ſighs precede approaching woe.
In viſion rapt; the * Hyperefian ſeer
Uproſe, and thus divin'd the vengeance near:
Oh race to death devote! with Stygian ſhade
Each deſtin'd peer impending Fates invade:
With tears your wan diſtorted cheeks are drown'd;
With ſanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick ſwarms the ſpacious hall with howling ghoſts
To people Orcus and the burning coaſts!
Nor gives the ſun his golden orb to roll,
But univerſal night uſurps the pole!
Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The peers reproach the ſure divine of Fate;
And thus Eurymachus: The dotard's mind
To every ſenſe is loſt, to reaſon blind:
Swift from the dome conduct the ſlave away;
Let him in open air behold the day.
Tax not (the Heaven-illumin'd ſeer rejoin'd)
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind.
No clouds of error dim th' ethereal rays,
Her equal power each faithful ſenſe obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling ſteps I bend,
Far hence, before yon hovering deaths deſcend;
Leſt, the ripe harveſt of revenge begun,
I ſhare the doom ye ſuitors cannot ſhun.
This ſaid, to ſage Piræus ſped the ſeer,
His honour'd hoſt, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feaſt the ſuitors ſit,
And aim to wound the prince with pointleſs wit:

Cries

* Theoclymenus.

Cries one, with ſcornful leer and mimic voice,
Thy charity we praiſe, but not thy choice;
Why ſuch profuſion of indulgence ſhown
To this poor, timorous, toil-deteſting drone?
That other feeds on planetary ſchemes,
And pays his hoſt with hideous noon-day-dreams.
But, prince! for once, at leaſt, believe a friend,
To ſome Sicilian mart theſe courtiers ſend,
Where, if they yield their freight acroſs the main,
Dear ſell the ſlaves! demand no greater gain.
Thus jovial they: but nought the prince replies;
Full on his ſire he roll'd his ardent eyes;
Impatient ſtraight to fleſh his virgin-ſword,
From the wiſe chief he waits the deathful word.
Nigh in her bright alcove, the penſive queen
To ſee the circlet ſate, of all unſeen.
Sated at length they riſe, and bid prepare
An eve-repaſt, with equal coſt and care:
But vengeful Pallas, with preventing ſpeed,
A feaſt proportion'd to their crimes decreed;
A feaſt of death! the feaſters doom'd to bleed!

THE

THE
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

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And to the youthful prince to urge the laws,
The king and elders truſt their common cauſe.
But Iphitus, employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wandering mares,
And mules, the ſtrongeſt of the labouring kind;
Hapleſs to ſearch! more hapleſs ſtill to find!
For journeying on to Hercules, at length
That lawleſs wretch, that man of brutal ſtrength,
Deaf to Heaven's voice, the ſocial rite tranſgreſs'd;
And for the beauteous mares deſtroy'd his gueſt:
He gave the bow! and on Ulyſſes' part
Receiv'd a pointed ſword and miſſile dart:
Of luckleſs friendſhip on a foreign ſhore
Their firſt, laſt pledges; for they met no more!
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulyſſes bore not from his native land;
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.

Now gently winding up the fair aſcent,
By many an eaſy ſtep, the matron went;
Then o'er the pavements glides with grace divine,
(With poliſh'd oak the level pavements ſhine)
The folding gates a dazzling light diſplay'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlaid.
The bolt, obedient to the liken ſtring,
Forſakes the ſtaple as ſhe pulls the ring;
The wards reſpondent to the key turn round:
The bars fall back; the flying valves rebound;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So rear'd the lock when it releas'd the ſpring.

She

She moves majeſtic through the wealthy room,
Where treaſur'd garments caſt a rich perfume;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its ſplendid caſe, the bow unſtrung;
Acroſs her knees ſhe laid the well-known bow,
And penſive ſate, and tears began to flow.
To full ſatiety of grief ſhe mourns,
Then ſilent to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud ſuitors bears in penſive ſtate
Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.
Behind, her train the poliſh'd coffer brings,
Which held th' alternate braſs and ſilver rings,
Full in the portal the chaſte queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:
On either ſide awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majeſtic air:
Say you, whom theſe forbidden walls incloſe,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
If theſe neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you ſeek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the ſtrife:
Who firſt Ulyſſes' wondrous bow ſhall bend,
And through twelve ringlets the fleet arrow ſend,
Him will I follow, and forſake my home,
For him forſake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the ſcene of all my paſt delight,
And ſtill to laſt, the viſion of my night!
Graceful ſhe ſaid, and bade Eumæus ſhow
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.

From his full eyes the tears unbidden ſpring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.
Philætius too relents, but ſecret ſhed
The tender drops. Antinous ſaw, and ſaid:
Hence to your fields, you ruſticks! hence away,
Nor ſtain with grief the pleaſures of the day;
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The ſad remembrance of a periſh'd man.
Enough her precious tears already flow—
Or ſhare the feaſt with due reſpect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave us to the bow:
No vulgar taſk! Ill ſuits this courtly crew
That ſtubborn horn which brave Ulyſſes drew.
I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majeſty he bore!
And ſtill (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the ſtrength, the grandeur of the man.
He ſaid, but in his ſoul fond joys ariſe,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To ſpeed the flying ſhaft through every ring,
Wretch! is not thine! the arrows of the king
Shall end thoſe hopes, and Fate is on the wing!
Then thus Telemachus: Some God, I find,
With pleaſing phrenzy has poſſeſs'd my mind;
When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladneſs leaps my heart?
Come then, ye ſuitors! and diſpute a prize
Richer than all th' Achaian ſtate ſupplies,
Than all proud Argos, or Mycæna knows,
Than all our iſles or continents incloſe:

A woman

A woman matchleſs, and almoſt divine,
Fit for the praiſe of every tongue but mine.
No more excuſes then; no more delay;
Haſte to the trial—Lo! I lead the way,
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow through the deſtin'd ring,
Then if no happier knight the conqueſt boaſt,
I ſhall not ſorrow for a mother loſt;
But, bleſt in her, poſſeſs theſe arms alone,
Heir of my father's ſtrength, as well as throne.
He ſpoke; then, riſing, his broad ſword unbound,
And caſt his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd
The level axes, and the points made faſt
(His perfect ſkill the wondering gazers ey'd,
The game as yet unſeen, as yet untry'd.)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his ſtand;
And graſp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.
Three times, with beating heart, he made eſſay;
Three times, unequal to the taſk, gave way:
A modeſt boldneſs on his cheek appear'd:
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd,
The fourth had drawn it. The great ſire with joy
Beheld, but with a ſign forbade the boy.
His ardour ſtraight th' obedient prince ſuppreſs'd,
And, artful, thus the ſuitor-train addreſs'd:
Oh, lay the cauſe on youth yet immature!
(For Heaven forbid ſuch weakneſs ſhould endure!)
How ſhall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an inſult, or repel a foe?

But you! whom Heaven with better nerves has bleſt,
Accept the trial, and the prize conteſt.
He caſt the bow before him, and apart
Againſt the poliſh'd quiver propt the dart.
Reſuming then his ſeat, Epitheus' ſon
The bold Antinous to the reſt begun:
"From where the goblet firſt begins to flow,
"From right to left, in order take the bow;
"And prove your ſeveral ſtrengths"—The princes heard,
And firſt Leiodes, blameleſs prieſt, appear'd;
The eldeſt born of Oenops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place:
He, only he, of all the ſuitor-throng,
Their deeds deteſted, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the ſtubborn horn he ſtrains,
The ſtubborn horn reſiſted all his pains!
Already in deſpair he gives it o'er:
Take it who will, he cries, I ſtrive no more.
What numerous deaths attend this fatal bow!
What ſouls and ſpirits ſhall it ſend below!
Better, indeed, to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than diſappointed live,
With each new ſun to ſome new hope a prey,
Yet ſtill to-morrow falſer than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we ſought!
This bow ſhall eaſe us of that idle thought,
And ſend us with ſome humbler wife to live,
Whom gold ſhall gain, or deſtiny ſhall give.
Thus ſpeaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)

At diſtance far the feather'd ſhaft he throws,
And to the ſeat returns from whence he roſe.
To him Antinous thus with fury ſaid:
What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled!
Thy coward-function ever is in fear;
Thoſe arms are dreadful which thou canſt not bear.
Why ſhould this bow be fatal to the brave?
Becauſe the prieſt is born a peaceful ſlave.
Mark then what others can—He ended there,
And bade Melanthius a vaſt pile prepare;
He gives it inſtant flame: then faſt beſide
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they ſoak the weapon o'er,
Chafe every knot, and ſupple every pore.
Vain all their art, and all their ſtrength as vain;
The bow inflexible reſiſts their pain.
The force of great Eurymachus alone
And bold Antinous, yet untry'd, unknown:
Thoſe only now remain'd; but thoſe confeſs'd
Of all the train the mightieſt and the beſt.
Then from the hall, and from the noiſy crew,
The maſters of the herd and flock withdrew.
The king obſerves them: he the hall forſakes,
And, paſt the limits of the court, o'ertakes.
Then thus with accent mild Ulyſſes ſpoke:
Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the ſecret of my breaſt conceal,
Or (as my ſoul now dictates) ſhall I tell?
Say, ſhould ſome favouring God reſtore again
The loſt Ulyſſes to his native reign?

How

How beat your hearts? what aid would you afford,
To the proud ſuitors, or your ancient lord?
Philætius thus: Oh were thy word not vain!
Would mighty Jove reſtore that man again!
Theſe aged ſinews with new vigour ſtrung
In his bleſt cauſe ſhould emulate the young.
With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd
Each Power above, with wiſhes for his lord.
He ſaw their ſecret ſouls, and thus began:
Thoſe vows the Gods accord: behold the man!
Your own Ulyſſes! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wanderings from this hapleſs land:
At length he comes; but comes deſpis'd, unknown,
And finding faithful you, and you alone.
All elſe have caſt him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wiſhes, and their prayers forgot!
Hear then, my friends: If Jove this arm ſucceed,
And give yon' impious revelers to bleed,
My care ſhall be, to bleſs your future lives
With large poſſeſſions, and with faithful wives;
Faſt by my palace ſhall your domes aſcend,
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now truſt your eye;
Lo! the broad ſcar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolycus's ſons, of yore,
On Parnaſs' top I chac'd the tuſky boar.
His ragged veſt then drawn aſide diſclos'd
The ſign conſpicuous, and the ſcar expos'd:
Eager they view'd; with joy they ſtood amaz'd;
With tear-full eyes o'er all their maſter gaz'd:

Around

Around his neck their longing arms they caſt,
His head, his ſhoulders, and his knees embrac'd:
Tears follow'd tears; no word was in their power:
In ſolemn ſilence fell the kindly ſhower.
The king too weeps, the king too graſps their hands,
And moveleſs, as a marble fountain, ſtands.
Thus had their joy wept down the ſetting ſun,
But firſt the wiſe man ceas'd, and thus begun:
Enough—on other cares your thought employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy,
Full many foes, and fierce, obſerve us near:
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but ſtay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty ſuitors will deny the bow:
But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away,
Thy maſter's weapon to his hand convey.
At every portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate:
Cloſe let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Though arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans, they hear.
To thy ſtrict charge, Philætius, we conſign
The court's main gate: to guard that paſs be thine.
This ſaid, he firſt return'd: the faithful ſwains
At diſtance follow, as their king ordains.
Before the flame Eurymachus now ſtands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty ſoul, and thus began:

I mourn the common cauſe: for, oh, my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what ſhame attends!
Not the loſt nuptials can affect me more,
(For Greece has beauteous dames on every ſhore)
But baffled thus; confeſs'd ſo far below
Ulyſſes' ſtrength, as not to bend his bow!
How ſhall all ages our attempt deride!
Our weakneſs ſcorn! Antinous thus reply'd:
Not ſo, Eurymachus; that no man draws
The wondrous bow, attend another cauſe.
Sacred to Phœbus is the ſolemn day,
Which thoughtleſs we in games would waſte away:
Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd ſtrife forego,
And here leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the ſewer approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine,
So end our night: before the day ſhall ſpring,
The choiceſt offerings let Melanthius bring:
Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich ſmokes, high curling to the ſkies.
So ſhall the patron of theſe arts beſtow
(For his the gift) the ſkill to bend the bow.
They heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds bring
The cleanſing waters from the limpid ſpring:
The goblet high with roſy wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite complete, uproſe the thoughtful man,
And thus his meditated ſcheme began:
If what I aſk your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!

Chief

Chief if it hurt not great Antinous' ear,
(Whoſe ſage deciſion I with wonder hear)
And if Eurymachus the motion pleaſe;
Give Heaven this day, and reſt the bow in peace.
To-morrow let your arms diſpute the prize,
And take it he, the favour'd of the ſkies!
But, ſince till then this trial you delay,
Truſt it one moment to my hands to-day:
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you deſpiſe;
If yet this arm its ancient force retain;
Or if my woes (a long-continued train)
And wants and inſults, make me leſs than man?
Rage flaſh'd in lightning from the ſuitors eyes,
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprize.
Antinous then: Oh, miſerable gueſt!
Is common ſenſe quite baniſh'd from thy breaſt?
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To ſit diſtinguiſh'd, with our preſence grac'd,
Admitted here with princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
To copious wine this inſolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:
The great Eurytion when this phrenzy ſtung,
Pirithous' roofs with frantic riot rung;
Boundleſs the Centaur rag'd; till one and all
The heroes roſe, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His noſe they ſhorten'd, and his ears they ſlit,
And ſent him ſober'd home with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curs'd,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggreſſor firſt.

Such fate I propheſy our gueſt attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor ſhall theſe walls ſuch inſolence contain;
The firſt fair wind tranſports him o'er the main;
Where Echetus to death the guilty brings,
(The worſt of mortals, ev'n the worſt of kings.)
Better than that, if thou approve our chear;
Ceaſe the mad ſtrife, and ſhare our bounty here.
To this the queen her juſt diſlike expreſs'd:
'Tis impious, prince, to harm the ſtranger gueſt,
Baſe to inſult who bears a ſuppliant's name,
And ſome reſpect Telemachus may claim.
What, if th' Immortals on the man beſtow
Sufficient ſtrength to draw the mighty bow,
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wandering ſtranger for my lord?
A hope ſo idle never touch'd his brain:
Then eaſe your boſoms of a fear ſo vain.
Far be he baniſh'd from this ſtately ſcene
Who wrongs his princeſs with a thought ſo mean.
Oh fair! and wiſeſt of ſo fair a kind!
(Reſpectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)
Mov'd by no weak ſurmiſe, but ſenſe of ſhame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame;
We dread the cenſure of the meaneſt ſlave,
The weakeſt woman: all can wrong the brave.
"Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
"Of that brave chief, whoſe bow they could not b
"In came a beggar of the ſtrolling crew,
"And did what all thoſe princes could not do."
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus poſterity upbraid our name.

To whom the queen: If fame engage your views,
Forbear thoſe acts which infamy purſues;
Wrong and oppreſſion no renown can raiſe;
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praiſe.
The ſtature of our gueſt, his port, his face,
Speak him deſcended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he deſires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence to reward his merit he ſhall bear
A two-edg'd falchion and a ſhining ſpear,
Embroider'd ſandals, a rich cloak and veſt,
And ſafe conveyance to his port of reſt.
O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
Permit me, (cries Telemachus) to claim
A ſon's juſt right. No Grecian prince but I
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courſer-breeding plain;
To me alone my father's arms deſcend,
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, O queen, thy houſhold taſk reſume,
Tend with thy maids the labours of the loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
Theſe cares to man belong, and moſt to me.
Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd
His ſage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There, in her chamber as ſhe ſate apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.
On her Ulyſſes then ſhe fix'd her ſoul,
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,

Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In ſlumber clos'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
Now through the preſs the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noiſe, and wild uproar.
Hold! lawleſs ruſtic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, inſenſate, doſt thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to ſome ſequeſter'd den,
Far from the ſweet ſociety of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou ſhalt be made;
If Heaven and Phœbus lend the ſuitors aid.
Thus they. Aghaſt he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on:
Proceed, falſe ſlave, and ſlight their empty words;
What! hopes the fool to pleaſe ſo many lords?
Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, ſhall drive thee from the land.
Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well
Th' oppreſſive ſuitors from my walls expell!
Then what a ſhoal of lawleſs men ſhould go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!
The ſuitors with a ſcornful ſmile ſurvey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, haſtes to bring
The ſtrife-full bow, and gives it to the king.
Old Euryclea calling then aſide,
Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cry'd)
At every portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate;
And if unuſual ſounds invade their ear,
If arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans they hear,

Let

Let none to call or iſſue forth preſume,
But cloſe attend the labours of the loom.
Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an inſtant were the palace-gates.
In the ſame moment forth Philætius flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmoſt gate (the cable ſtrongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ſhip from Ægypt brought);
Then unperceiv'd and ſilent as the board
His ſeat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.
And now his well-known bow the maſter bore,
Turn'd on all ſides, and view'd it o'er and o'er:
Leſt time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner abſent and untry'd ſo long.
While ſome deriding—How he turns the bow!
Some other like it ſure the man muſt know,
Or elſe would copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he ſteals.—
Heaven to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!
And bleſs, in all to which he ſtands inclin'd,
With ſuch good fortune as he now ſhall find.
Heedleſs he heard them; but diſdain'd reply;
The bow peruſing with exacteſt eye.
Then, as ſome heavenly minſtrel, taught to ſing
High notes reſponſive to the trembling ſtring,
To ſome new ſtrain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, ſtrains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great maſter drew the mighty bow:
And drew with eaſe. One hand aloft diſplay'd
The *bending* horns, and one the ſtring eſſay'd.

From

From his eſſaying hand the ſtring let fly
Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill ſwallow's cry.
A general horror ran through all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face.
Signs from above enſued: th' unfolding ſky
In lightning burſt: Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fir'd at the call of Heaven's Almighty Lord,
He ſnatch'd the ſhaft that glitter'd on the board:
(Faſt by the reſt lay ſleeping in the ſheath,
But ſoon to fly the meſſengers of death).
Now ſitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Through every ringlet leveling his view;
Then notch'd the ſhaft, releas'd, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vaniſh'd from the ſtring.
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.
The ſolid gate its fury ſcarcely bounds;
Pierc'd through and through, the ſolid gate reſounds.
Then to the prince: Nor have I wrought thee ſhame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I loſt
That ancient vigour, once my pride and boaſt.
Ill I deſerv'd theſe haughty peers' diſdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In ſweet repaſt the preſent hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's ſoft voice prolong the night;
Muſick, the banquet's moſt refin'd delight.
He ſaid, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his ſhining ſword.
Faſt by his father's ſide he takes his ſtand:
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

THE

THE
TWENTY-SECOND BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE DEATH OF THE SUITORS.

ULYSSES begins the ſlaughter of the ſuitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himſelf, and lets fly his arrows at the reſt. Telemachus aſſiſts, and brings arms for his father, himſelf, Eumæus, and Philætius. Melanthius does the ſame for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulyſſes in the ſhape of Mentor. The ſuitors are all ſlain, only Medon and Phemius are ſpared. Melanthius and the unfaithful ſervants are executed. The reſt acknowledge their maſter with all demonſtrations of joy.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXII.

THEN fierce the hero o'er the threſhold ſtrode;
Strip'd of his rags, he blaz'd out like a God.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable ſtore:
Before his feet the rattling ſhower he threw,
And thus, terrific, to the ſuitor crew:
One venturous game this hand has won to-day,
Another, princes! yet remains to play;
Another mark our arrow muſt attain.
Phœbus, aſſiſt! nor be the labour vain.
Swift as the word the parting arrow ſings,
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings:
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic ſoul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl!
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For Fate who fear'd amidſt a feaſtful band?
And Fate to numbers, by a ſingle hand?
Full through his throat Ulyſſes' weapon paſs'd,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his laſt.
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A ſtream of gore burſt ſpouting from

Grim in convulſive agonies he ſprawls:
Before him ſpurn'd the loaded table falls,
And ſpreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they ſaw him fall,
Uproſe the throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the dome they caſt a haggard eye,
Each look'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh:
Aim'ſt thou at princes? (all amaz'd they ſaid)
Thy laſt of games unhappy haſt thou play'd;
Thy erring ſhaft has made our braveſt bleed,
And death, unlucky gueſt, attends thy deed.
Vultures ſhall tear thee—Thus incens'd they ſpoke,
While each to chance aſcrib'd the wondrous ſtroke,
Blind as they were; for death ev'n now invades
His deſtin'd prey, and wraps them all in ſhades.
Then, grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulyſſes ſpoke:

Dogs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
Ulyſſes vengeful from the Trojan ſhore;
While, to your luſt and ſpoil a guardleſs prey,
Our houſe, our wealth, our helpleſs handmaids lay:
Not ſo content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
Ev'n to our bed preſumptuous you aſpir'd:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or ſhame of men, or dread of Gods above;
Heedleſs alike of infamy or praiſe,
Or Fame's eternal voice in future days:
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending fate is yours, and inſtant doom.

Thus

Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the ſuitors ſtood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood:
Trembling they ſought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold Eurymachus reply'd:
If, as thy words impart, (he thus began)
Ulyſſes lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much haſt thou ſuſtain'd
In thy ſpoil'd palace, and exhauſted land;
The cauſe and author of thoſe guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjuſt Antinous bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide;
To ſlay thy ſon, thy kingdoms to divide,
Theſe were his aims; but juſter Jove deny'd.
Since cold in death th' offender lies: oh, ſpare
Thy ſuppliant people, and receive their prayer!
Braſs, gold, and treaſures, ſhall the ſpoil defray,
Two hundred oxen every prince ſhall pay:
The waſte of years refunded in a day.
Till then thy wrath is juſt—Ulyſſes burn'd
With high diſdain, and ſternly thus return'd:
All, all the treaſures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly ſhould for mercy call;
'Tis you that offer, and I ſcorn them all;
Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
Till pale as yonder wretch each ſuitor lies.
Hence with thoſe coward terms; or fight or fly;
This choice is left you, to reſiſt or die;
And die I truſt ye ſhall.—He ſternly ſpoke:
With guilty fears the pale aſſembly ſhook.

Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
Yon archer, comrades, will not ſhoot in vain:
But from the threſhold ſhall his darts be ſped,
(Whoe'er he be) till every prince lie dead?
Be mindful of yourſelves, draw forth your ſwords,
And to his ſhafts obtend theſe ample boards
(So need compels). Then all united ſtrive
The bold invader from his poſt to drive;
The city rouz'd ſhall to our reſcue haſte,
And this mad archer ſoon have ſhot his laſt.
Swift as he ſpoke, he drew his traitor ſword,
And like a lion ruſh'd againſt his lord:
The wary chief the ruſhing foe repreſs'd,
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breaſt:
His falling hand deſerts the lifted ſword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mix'd effuſion, roll
Th' untaſted viands, and the jovial bowl.
Full through his liver paſs'd the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground,
He ſpurn'd the ſeat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce ſoul to darkneſs div'd, and hell.
Next bold Amphinomus his arm extends
To force the paſs; the God-like man defends.
Thy ſpear, Telemachus! prevents th' attack,
The brazen weapon driving through his back,
Thence through his breaſt its bloody paſſage tore;
Flat falls he thundering on the marble floor,
And his cruſh'd forehead marks the ſtone with gore.
He left his javelin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the weighty ſpear

To

To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To ruſh between and uſe the ſhorten'd ſword.
With ſpeedy ardour to his ſire he flies,
And, arm, great father! arm (in haſte he cries.)
Lo! hence I run for other arms to wield,
For miſſile javelins, and for helm and ſhield;
Faſt by our ſide let either faithful ſwain
In arms attend us, and their part ſuſtain.
Haſte and return (Ulyſſes made reply)
While yet th' auxiliar ſhafts this hand ſupply;
Leſt thus alone, encounter'd by an hoſt,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important paſs be loſt.
With ſpeed Telemachus obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent ſpears,
And four broad bucklers, to his ſire he bears:
At once in brazen panoply they ſhone,
At once each ſervant brac'd his armour on;
Around their king a faithful guard they ſtand,
While yet each ſhaft flew deathful from his hand:
Chief after chief expir'd at every wound,
And ſwell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his ſtore of flying fates was ſpent,
Againſt the wall he ſet the bow unbent:
And now his ſhoulders bear the maſſy ſhield,
And now his hands two beamy javelins wield:
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high creſt, and caſt a dreadful ſhade.
There ſtood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch appear'd the ſubject town.

A double

A double ſtrength of valves ſecur'd the place,
A high and narrow, but the only paſs:
The cautious king, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there:
When Agelaüs thus: Has none the ſenſe
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour-town? The town ſhall force the door,
And this bold archer ſoon ſhall ſhoot no more.
Melanthius then: That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the ſtrait.
But other methods of defence remain,
Myſelf with arms can furniſh all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts ſhall pierce the prince and king.
He ſaid; and, mounting up the lofty ſtairs,
Twelve ſhields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears:
All arm, and ſudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of ſpears.
The hero ſtands oppreſs'd with mighty woe,
On every ſide he ſees the labour grow:
Oh curſt event! and, oh! unlook'd-for aid!
Melanthius, or the women have betray'd—
Oh, my dear ſon!—the father with a ſigh!
Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply:
Falſehood is folly, and 'tis juſt to own
The fault committed; this was mine alone;
My haſte neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has ſupply'd their war.
Run, good Eumæus, then, and (what before
I thoughtleſs err'd in) well ſecure that door:

Learn

Learn, if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought miſgives) by Dolius' ſon.
While yet they ſpoke, in queſt of arms again
To the high chamber ſtole the faithleſs ſwain,
Not unobſerv'd. Eumæus watchful ey'd,
And thus addreſs'd Ulyſſes near his ſide:
The miſcreant we ſuſpected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be powerful, ſhall I ſlay?
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this deteſted deed?
Not ſo (reply'd Ulyſſes) leave him there,
For us ſufficient is another care:
Within the ſtructure of this palace wall
To keep inclos'd his maſters till they fall.
Go you, and ſeize the felon; backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this his body by ſtrong cords extend,
And on a column near the roof ſuſpend:
So ſtudy'd tortures his vile days ſhall end.
The ready ſwains obey'd with joyful haſte,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they paſs'd,
As round the room in queſt of arms he goes
(The half-ſhut door conceal'd his lurking foes):
One hand ſuſtain'd a helm, and one the ſhield
Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with duſt, with dryneſs chapt and worn,
The braſs corroded, and the leather torn:
Thus laden, o'er the threſhold as he ſtepp'd,
Fierce on the villain from each ſide they leap'd,
Back by the hair the trembling daſtard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.

Adine

Active and pleas'd the zealous ſwains fulfil
At every point their maſter's rigid will:
Firſt, faſt behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then ſtreighten'd cords involv'd his body round:
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
The howling felon ſwung from ſide to ſide.
Eumæus ſcoffing then with keen diſdain:
There paſs thy pleaſing night, O gentle ſwain!
On that ſoft pillow, from that envy'd height
Firſt may'ſt thou ſee the ſpringing dawn of light;
So timely riſe, when morning ſtreaks the eaſt,
To drive thy victims to the ſuitors' feaſt.
This ſaid, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and haſty ſtrode away:
Each, breathing death, reſum'd his dangerous poſt
Near great Ulyſſes; four againſt an hoſt.
When, lo! deſcending to her hero's aid
Jove's daughter Pallas, War's triumphant Maid:
In Mentor's friendly form ſhe join'd his ſide;
Ulyſſes ſaw, and thus with tranſport cry'd:
Come, ever welcome, and thy ſuccour lend:
Oh, every ſacred name in one! my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
Whate'er through life's whole ſeries I have done
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And, aiding this one hour, repay it all.
Thus he; but pleaſing hopes his boſom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.
The adverſe hoſt the phantom warriour ey'd,
And firſt, loud threatening, Agelaüs cry'd:

Mentor,

Mentor, beware! nor let that tongue perſuade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulyſſes aid;
Our force ſucceſsful ſhall our threat make good,
And with the ſire and ſon's commix thy blood.
What hop'ſt thou here? Thee firſt the ſword ſhall ſlay,
Then lop thy whole poſterity away;
Far hence thy baniſh'd conſort ſhall we ſend;
With his, thy forfeit lands and treaſures blend;
Thus, and thus only, ſhalt thou join thy friend.
His barbarous inſult ev'n the Goddeſs fires,
Who thus the warriour to revenge inſpires:
Art thou Ulyſſes? where then ſhall we find
The patient body and the conſtant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the luſt
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in duſt?
If this, when Helen was the cauſe, were done;
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy ſon?
Riſe then in combat, at my ſide attend;
Obſerve what vigour gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, oppos'd againſt a friend!
She ſpoke; but, willing longer to ſurvey
The ſire and ſon's great acts, withheld the day;
By farther toils decreed the brave to try,
And level pois'd the wings of victory:
Then with a change of form eludes their ſight,
Perch'd like a ſwallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd enjoys the riſing fight.

Damaſto's

Damaſto's ſon, bold Agelaüs, leads
The guilty war; Eurynomus ſucceeds;
With theſe, Piſander, great Polyctor's ſon,
Sage Polybus, and ſtern Amphimedon,
With Demoptolemus: theſe ſix ſurvive;
The beſt of all, the ſhafts had left alive.
Amidſt the carnage deſperate as they ſtand,
Thus Agelaüs rouz'd the lagging band:
The hour is come, when yon fierce man no more
With bleeding princes ſhall beſtrow the floor.
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boaſt;
The four remain, but four againſt an hoſt.
Let each at once diſcharge the deadly dart,
One ſure of ſix ſhall reach Ulyſſes' heart:
The reſt muſt periſh, their great leader ſlain;
Thus ſhall one ſtroke the glory loſt regain.
Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirſty all of one man's blood they flew;
In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
And ſcatter'd ſhort, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd ſound, one on the threſhold falls,
One ſtrikes the gate, one rings againſt the walls:
The ſtorm paſs'd innocent. The god-like man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began:
'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So ſpeed them Heaven) our javelins at the foe.
That impious race to all their paſs'd miſdeeds
Would add our blood. Injuſtice ſtill proceeds.
He ſpoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great Demoptolemus Ulyſſes ſlew;

Euryades

Euryades receiv'd the prince's dart;
The goatherd's quiver'd in Piſander's heart;
Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumæus, falls;
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.
The reſt retreat: the victors now advance,
Each from the dead reſumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe diſcharge the ſteelly ſhower;
Again made fruſtrate by the Virgin-power.
Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threſhold fall;
Some wound the gate, ſome ring againſt the wall;
Some weak, or ponderous with the brazen head,
Drop harmleſs on the pavement ſounding dead.

Then bold Amphimedon his javelin caſt;
Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly raz'd:
And from Cteſippus' arm the ſpear elanc'd
On good Eumæus' ſhield and ſhoulder glanc'd:
Not leſſen'd of their force (ſo ſlight the wound)
Each ſung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd thee next, Eurydamus, to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Ulyſſes' ſpear.
By the bold ſon Amphimedon was ſlain:
And Polybus renown'd the faithful ſwain.
Pierc'd through the breaſt the rude Cteſippus bled,
And thus Philætius gloried o'er the dead.

There end thy pompous vaunts and high diſdain;
Oh! ſharp in ſcandal, voluble, and vain!
How weak is mortal pride! To Heaven alone
Th' event of actions and our fates are known:
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is anſwer'd with this ſpear.

Ulyſſes

Ulyſſes brandiſh'd high his vengeful ſteel,
And Damaſtoridès that inſtant fell;
Faſt-by Leocritus expiring lay,
The prince's javelin tore its bloody way
Through all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains beſmear the ſtone.
Now Pallas ſhines confeſs'd! aloft ſhe ſpreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful ægis blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they ſee, they tremble, and they fly:
Confus'd, diſtracted, through the rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's ſting,
When ſultry days, and long, ſucceed the gentle ſpring.
Not half ſo keen fierce vultures of the chace
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When, the wide field extended ſnares beſet,
With conſcious dread they ſhun the quivering net:
No help, no flight: but, wounded every way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers ſeize the prey.
On all ſides thus they double wound on wound,
In proſtrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly ſhrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking ſtone.
Leiodes firſt before the victor falls;
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls:
Oh gracious hear! nor let thy ſuppliant bleed:
Still undiſhonour'd, or by word or deed,
Thy houſe, for me, remains; by me repreſs'd
Full oft was check'd th' injuſtice of the reſt:

Averſe

Averſe they heard me when I counſel'd well,
Their hearts were harden'd, and they juſtly fell.
Oh! ſpare an augur's conſecrated head,
Nor add the blameleſs to the guilty dead!
Prieſt as thou art! for that deteſted band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:
Againſt Ulyſſes have thy vows been made,
For them, thy daily oriſons were paid:
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aſpires:
One common crime one common fate requires.
Thus ſpeaking, from the ground the ſword he took
Which Agelaüs' dying hand forſook;
Full through his neck the weighty faulchion ſped:
Along the pavement roll'd the muttering head.
Phemius alone the hand of vengeance ſpar'd,
Phemius the ſweet, the Heaven-inſtructed bard.
Beſide the gate the reverend minſtrel ſtands;
The lyre, now ſilent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to ſupplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Laërtes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulyſſes ſmoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he firſt ſet down,
Between the laver and the ſilver throne;
Then proſtrate ſtretch'd before the dreadful man,
Perſuaſive, thus with accent ſoft began:
O king! to mercy be thy ſoul inclin'd,
And ſpare the poet's ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong;
For dear to Gods and men is ſacred ſong.

Self-taught I ſing; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,
The genuine ſeeds of poeſy are ſown;
And (what the Gods beſtow) the lofty lay,
The Gods alone, and god-like worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyſelf reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I ſung, was force, and not deſire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire;
And let thy ſon atteſt, nor ſordid pay,
Nor ſervile flattery, ſtain'd the moral lay.
The moving words Telemachus attends,
His ſire approaches, and the bard defends.
Oh! mix not, Father, with thoſe impious dead
The man divine; forbear that ſacred head!
Medon, the herald, too our arms may ſpare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy ſon to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.
Beneath a table, trembling with diſmay,
Couch'd cloſe to earth, unhappy Medon lay,
Wrapp'd in a new-ſlain ox's ample hide:
Swift at the word he caſt his ſcreen aſide,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice addreſs'd his ears:
O prince! O friend! lo! here thy Medon ſtands;
Ah! ſtop the hero's unreſiſted hands,
Incens'd too juſtly by that impious brood
Whoſe guilty glories now are ſet in blood.
To whom Ulyſſes with a pleaſing eye:
Be bold, on friendſhip and my ſon rely;

Live,

Live an example for the world to read,
How much more ſafe the good than evil deed:
Thou, with the Heaven-taught Bard, in peace reſort
From blood and carnage to yon open court:
Me other work requires—With timorous awe
From the dire ſcene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce ſure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of Protector Jove.
Meanwhile Ulyſſes ſearch'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all th' offending kind.
No! one! compleat the bloody tale he found,
All ſteep'd in blood, all gaſping on the ground.
So when, by hollow ſhores, the fiſher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And ſcarce the meſhy toils the copious draught contain,
All naked of their element, and bare,
The fiſhes pant and gaſp in thinner air;
Wide o'er the ſands are ſpread the ſtiffening prey,
Till the warm ſun exhales their ſoul away.
And now the king commands his ſon to call
Old Euryclea to the deathful hall:
The ſon obſervant not a moment ſtays:
The aged governeſs with ſpeed obeys:
The ſounding portals inſtant they diſplay;
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.
On heaps of death the ſtern Ulyſſes ſtood,
All black with duſt, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the ſlaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,

His breaſt with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed compleat;
A ſcream of joy her feeble voice eſſay'd:
The hero check'd her, and compos'dly ſaid—
Woman, experienc'd as thou art, control
Indecent joy, and feaſt thy ſecret ſoul.
T' inſult the dead, is cruel and unjuſt;
Fate and their crime have ſunk them to the duſt.
Nor heeded theſe the cenſure of mankind;
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Juſtly the price of worthleſſneſs they paid,
And each now wails an unlamented ſhade.
But thou, ſincere, O Euryclea! ſay
What maids diſhonour us, and what obey?
Then ſhe: In theſe thy kingly walls remain
(My ſon) full fifty of the handmaid train,
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And ſervitude with pleaſing taſks deceive;
Of theſe, twice ſix purſue their wicked way,
Nor me, nor chaſte Penelope obey;
Nor fits it that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.
Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where ſlumbers ſoft now cloſe the royal eye;
There wake her with the news—the matron cry'd.
Not ſo, (Ulyſſes more ſedate reply'd)
Bring firſt the crew who wrought theſe guilty deeds:
In haſte the matron parts; the king proceeds:

Now

Now to diſpoſe the dead, the care remains
To you, my ſon, and you, my faithful ſwains;
Th' offending females to that taſk we doom,
To waſh, to ſcent, and purify the room.
Theſe (every table cleans'd, and every throne,
And all the melancholy labour done)
Drive to yon court, without the palace-wall,
There the revenging ſword ſhall ſmite them all;
So with the ſuitors let them mix in duſt,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their luſt.
He ſaid: the lamentable train appear,
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
Each heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
The porch, depos'd the ghaſtly heaps of death.
The chief ſevere, compelling each to move,
Urg'd the dire taſk imperious from above.
With thirſty ſponge they rub the tables o'er,
(The ſwains unite their toil) the walls, the floor,
Waſh'd with th' effuſive wave, are purg'd of gore.
Once more the palace ſet in fair array,
To the baſe court the females take their way;
There compaſs'd cloſe between the dome and wall,
(Their life's laſt ſcene) they trembling wait their fall.
Then thus the prince: To theſe ſhall we afford
A fate ſo pure as by the martial ſword?
To theſe, the nightly proſtitutes to ſhame,
And baſe revilers of our houſe and name?
Thus ſpeaking, on the circling wall he ſtrung
A ſhip's tough cable, from a column hung;

Near the high top he ſtrain'd it ſtrongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.
Their heads above connected in a row,
They beat the air with quivering feet below:
Thus, on ſome tree hung ſtruggling in the ſnare,
The doves or thruſhes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the ſoul impure, and left behind
The empty corſe to waver with the wind.

Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the man,
Morſel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen ſheers
The wretch, and ſhorten'd of his noſe and ears;
His hands and feet laſt felt the cruel ſteel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his ſoul to hell—

They waſh, and to Ulyſſes take their way;
So ends the bloody buſineſs of the day.

To Euryclea then addreſs'd the king:
Bring hither fire, and hither ſulphur bring,
To purge the palace: then, the queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train deſcend;
The matron-train, with all the virgin-band,
Aſſemble here to learn their lord's command.

Then Euryclea: Joyful I obey,
But caſt thoſe mean diſhoneſt rags away;
Permit me firſt the royal robes to bring:
Ill ſuits this garb the ſhoulders of a king.
"Bring ſulphur ſtraight, and fire," (the monarch cries)
She hears, and at the word obedient flies.
With fire and ſulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purg'd the walls, and blood-polluted rooms.

Again

Again the matron ſprings with eager pace,
And ſpreads her lord's return from place to place.
They hear, ruſh forth, and inſtant round him ſtand
A gazing throng, a torch in every hand.
They ſaw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiſs'd his knee, or hand, or face;
He knows them all; in all ſuch truth appears,
Ev'n he indulges the ſweet joy of tears.

THE

THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

EURYCLEA awakens Penelope with the news of Ulyſſes's return, and the death of the ſuitors. Penelope ſcarcely credits her; but ſuppoſes ſome God has puniſhed them, and deſcends from her apartment in doubt. At the firſt interview of Ulyſſes and Penelope, ſhe is quite unſatisfied. Minerva reſtores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by ſome circumſtances ſhe is convinced, and falls into all the tranſports of paſſion and tenderneſs. They recount to each other all that has paſt during their long ſeparation. The next morning Ulyſſes, arming himſelf and his friends, goes from the city to viſit his father.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXIII.

THEN to the queen, as in repoſe ſhe lay,
The nurſe with eager rapture ſpeeds her way;
The tranſports of her faithful heart ſupply
A ſudden youth, and give her wings to fly.
And ſleeps my child? the reverend matron cries:
Ulyſſes lives! ariſe, my child, ariſe!
At length appears the long-expected hour!
Ulyſſes comes! the ſuitors are no more!
No more they view the golden light of day!
Ariſe, and bleſs thee with the glad ſurvey!
Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen rejoin'd,
Ah! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?
The righteous Powers, who tread the ſtarry ſkies,
The weak enlighten, and confound the wiſe,
And human thought with unreſiſted ſway,
Depreſs or raiſe, enlarge or take away:
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forſakes,
And Folly, with the tongue of Wiſdom, ſpeaks:
Unkind, the fond illuſion to impoſe!
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
Never did I a ſleep ſo ſweet enjoy,
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy,

Why muſt I wake to grieve; and curſe thy ſhore,
O Troy?—may never tongue pronounce thee more!
Be gone: another might have felt our rage,
But age is ſacred, and we ſpare thy age.
To whom with warmth: My ſoul a lie diſdains;
Ulyſſes lives, thy own Ulyſſes reigns:
That ſtranger, patient of the ſuitors' wrongs,
And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,
He, he is thine. Thy ſon his latent gueſt
Long knew, but lock'd the ſecret in his breaſt;
With well-concerted art to end his woes,
And burſt at once in vengeance on the foes.
While yet ſhe ſpoke, the queen in tranſport ſprung
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung;
Faſt from her eye deſcends the rolling tear,
Say, once more ſay, is my Ulyſſes here?
How could that numerous and outrageous band
By one be ſlain, though by an hero's hand?
I ſaw it not, ſhe cries, but heard alone,
When death was buſy, a loud dying groan;
The damſel-train turn'd pale at every wound,
Immur'd we ſate, and catch'd each paſſing ſound;
When death had ſeiz'd her prey, thy ſon attends,
And at his nod the damſel-train deſcends;
There terrible in arms Ulyſſes ſtood,
And the dead ſuitors almoſt ſwam in blood;
Thy heart had leap'd, the hero to ſurvey,
Stern as the ſurly lion o'er his prey,
Glorious in gore now with ſulphureous fires
The dome he purges, now the flame aſpires:

Heap'd

Heap'd lie the dead without the palace walls,—
Haſte, daughter, haſte, thy own Ulyſſes calls!
Thy every wiſh the bounteous Gods beſtow,
Enjoy the preſent good, and former woe;
Ulyſſes lives, his vanquiſh'd foes to ſee;
He lives to thy Telemachus and thee!
Ah! no; with ſighs Penelope rejoin'd,
Exceſs of joy diſturbs thy wandering mind;
How bleſs'd this happy hour, ſhould he appear,
Dear to us all, to me ſupremely dear!
Ah! no; ſome God the ſuitors' deaths decreed,
Some God deſcends, and by his hand they bleed;
Blind! to contemn the ſtranger's righteous cauſe,
And violate all hoſpitable laws!
The good they hated, and the Powers defy'd;
But Heaven is juſt, and by a God they dy'd.
For never muſt Ulyſſes view this ſhore;
Never! the lov'd Ulyſſes is no more!
What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his preſence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day
That forc'd Ulyſſes o'er the watery way,
A boar fierce-ruſhing in the ſylvan war
Plough'd half his thigh; I ſaw, I ſaw the ſcar,
And wild with tranſport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I ſpoke, he roſe, and check'd the ſound.
Then, daughter, haſte away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy ſervant die!
To whom with dubious joy the queen replies:
Wiſe is thy ſoul, but errors ſeize the wiſe;

The works of Gods what mortal can ſurvey?
Who knows their motives? who ſhall trace their way?
But learn we inſtant how the ſuitors trod
The paths of death, by man, or by a God.
Thus ſpeaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear deſcends;
At every ſtep debates her lord to prove!
Or, ruſhing to his arms, confeſs her love!
Then gliding through the marble valves, in ſtate
Oppos'd, before the ſhining fire ſhe ſate.
The monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
Curious to hear his queen the ſilence break:
Amaz'd ſhe ſate, and impotent to ſpeak;
O'er all the man her eyes ſhe rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.
At length Telemachus—Oh! who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind?
Why thus in ſilence? why with winning charms
Thus flow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breaſt that with no tranſport glows,
When twice ten years are paſs'd of mighty woes:
To ſoftneſs loſt, to ſpouſal love unknown,
The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of ſtone!
O my Telemachus! the queen rejoin'd,
Diſtracting fears confound my labouring mind;
Powerleſs to ſpeak, I ſcarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to queſtion; doubts on doubts ariſe.
Oh! deign he, if Ulyſſes, to remove
Theſe boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies,
Indulge, my ſon, the cautions of the wife;
Time ſhall the truth to ſure remembrance bring:
This garb of poverty belies the king;
No more.—This day our deepeſt care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inſpires.
If one man's blood, though mean, diſtain our hands,
The homicide retreats to foreign lands;
By us, in heaps th' illuſtrious peerage falls,
Th' important deed our whole attention calls.
Be that thy care, Telemachus replies,
The world conſpires to ſpeak Ulyſſes wife;
For wiſdom all is thine! lo, I obey,
And dauntleſs follow where you lead the way;
Nor ſhalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward ſon degenerate lag behind.
Then inſtant to the bath (the monarch cries)
Bid the gay youth and ſprightly virgins riſe,
Thence all deſcend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome reſound the mirthful lay;
While the ſweet lyriſt airs of rapture ſings,
And forms the dance reſponſive to the ſtrings.
That hence th' eluded paſſengers may ſay,
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the ſpouſal lay!
The ſuitors' death unknown, till we remove
Far from the court, and act inſpir'd by Jove.
Thus ſpoke the king: th' obſervant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dreſs in proud array:
The lyriſt ſtrikes the ſtring; gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damſels form the ſprightly dance.

The

The voice attun'd to inſtrumental ſounds,
Aſcends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds.
Not unobſerv'd: the Greeks eluded ſay
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the ſpouſal lay!
Inconſtant! to admit the bridal hour.
Thus they—but nobly chaſte ſhe weds no more.
Meanwhile the weary'd king the bath aſcends;
With faithful cares Eurynomè attends,
O'er every limb a ſhower of fragrance ſheds:
Then, dreſs'd in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The Warriour-Goddeſs gives his frame to ſhine
With majeſty enlarg'd, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks of hyacinthine dye.
As by ſome artiſt, to whom Vulcan gives
His heavenly ſkill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And the pale ſilver glows with fuſile gold:
So Pallas his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a God he moves;
More high he treads, and iſſuing forth in ſtate,
Radiant before his gazing conſort ſate.
And, O my queen! he cries, what power above
Has ſteel'd that heart, averſe to ſpouſal love!
Canſt thou, Penelope, when Heaven reſtores
Thy loſt Ulyſſes to his native ſhores,
Canſt thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd ſurvey
Thy loſt Ulyſſes, on this ſignal day?
Haſte, Euryclea, and diſpatchful ſpread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:

My

My weary nature craves the balm of reſt:
But Heaven with adamant has arm'd her breaſt.
Ah! no; ſhe cries, a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;
And now, ev'n now it melts! for ſure I ſee
Once more Ulyſſes, my belov'd, in thee!
Fix'd in my ſoul as when he ſail'd to Troy,
His image dwells: then haſte the bed of joy!
Haſte, from the bridal bower the bed tranſlate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dreſs'd in ſtate!
Thus ſpeaks the queen, ſtill dubious, with diſguiſe;
Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies:
Alas, for this! what mortal ſtrength can move
The enormous burthen, who but Heaven above?
It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth muſt move, if Heaven commands.
Then hear ſure evidence, while we diſplay
Words ſeal'd with ſacred truth, and truth obey:
This hand the wonder fram'd; an olive ſpread
Full in the court its ever verdant head.
Vaſt as ſome mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk roſe, and heav'd into the ſky;
Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bower,
And roof'd defenſive of the ſtorm and ſhower;
The ſpacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with poliſh'd marble ſhines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and ſmooth'd the ſhining grain;
Then poſts, capacious of the frame, I raiſe,
And bore it, regular, from ſpace to ſpace:

Athwart the frame, at equal diſtance, lie
Thongs of tough hides, that boaſt a purple dye;
Then, poliſhing the whole, the finiſh'd mould
With ſilver ſhone, with elephant, and gold.
But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,
Or ſtill inviolate the olive ſtands,
'Tis thine, O Queen, to ſay: and now impart,
If fears remain, or doubts diſtract thy heart?
While yet he ſpeaks, her powers of life decay,
She ſickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recovering, to his arms ſhe flew,
And ſtrain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt ſhe grew:
The tears pour'd down amain: and, Oh! ſhe cries,
Let not againſt thy ſpouſe thine anger riſe!
Oh! vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a woman's heart!
The righteous Powers, that mortal lots diſpoſe,
Decree us to ſuſtain a length of woes,
And from the flower of life, the bliſs deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
Oh! let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus to ſpeak my love;
Thus in fond kiſſes, while the tranſport warms,
Pour out my ſoul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! Men, faithleſs men, betray
Our eaſy faith, and make the ſex their prey:
Againſt the fondneſs of my heart I ſtrove,
'Twas caution, O my lord! not want of love:
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair miſchief ſet two worlds in arms;

Ere Greece roſe dreadful in th' avenging day;
Thus had ſhe fear'd, ſhe had not gone aſtray.
But Heaven, averſe to Greece, in wrath decreed
That ſhe ſhould wander, and that Greece ſhould bleed:
Blind to the ills that from injuſtice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why theſe ſorrows when my lord arrives?
I yield, I yield! my own Ulyſſes lives!
The ſecrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone,
(My father's preſent in the ſpouſal hour,
The ſole attendant on our genial bower).
Since what no eye has ſeen thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and diſtruſtful as I am, I yield.
Touch'd to the ſoul, the king with rapture hears,
Hangs round her neck, and ſpeaks his joy in tears.
As to the ſhipwreck'd mariner, the ſhores
Delightful riſe, when angry Neptune roars;
Then, when the ſurge in thunder mounts the ſky,
And gulf'd in crouds at once the ſailors die;
If one more happy, while the tempeſt raves,
Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the ſtrand,
And plunging forth with tranſport graſps the land:
The raviſh'd queen with equal rapture glows,
Claſps her lov'd lord, and to his boſom grows.
Nor had they ended till the morning ray;
But Pallas backward held the riſing day,
The wheels of night retarding, to detain
The gay Aurora in the wavy main:

Whoſe flaming ſteeds, emerging through the night,
Beam o'er the eaſtern hills with ſtreaming light.
At length Ulyſſes with a ſigh replies:
Yet Fate, yet cruel Fate, repoſe denies;
A labour long, and hard, remains behind;
By Heaven above, by Hell beneath enjoin'd:
For, to Tireſias through th' eternal gates
Of hell I trode, to learn my future fates.
But end we here—the night demands repoſe,
Be deck'd the couch! and peace a while, my woes!
To whom the queen: Thy word we ſhall obey,
And deck the couch; far hence be woes away;
Since the juſt Gods, who tread the ſtarry plains,
Reſtore thee ſafe, ſince my Ulyſſes reigns.
But what thoſe perils Heaven decrees, impart;
Knowledge may grieve, but fear diſtracts the heart.
To this the king: Ah! why muſt I diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory of approaching woes?
Why in this hour of tranſport wound thy ears,
When thou muſt learn what I muſt ſpeak with tears?
Heaven, by the Theban ghoſt, thy ſpouſe decrees,
Torn from thy arms, to ſail a length of ſeas;
From realm to realm a nation to explore
Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor ſaw gay veſſel ſtem the ſurgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main;
An oar my hand muſt bear; a ſhepherd eyes
The unknown inſtrument with ſtrange ſurprize,
And calls a corn-van: this upon the plain
I fix, and hail the monarch of the main;

Then

Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:
Thence swift re-sailing to my native shores,
Due victims slay to all th' æthereal Powers.
Then Heav'n decrees in peace to end my days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays;
Unknown to pain, in age resign my breath,
When late-stern Neptune points the shaft of death;
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;
My people blessing, by my people bless'd.
Such future scenes th' all-righteous Powers display
By their dread * seer, and such my future day.
To whom thus firm of soul: If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath:
While Heaven a kind release from ills foreshows;
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!
But Eurycléa with dispatchful care,
And sage Eurynomè, the couch prepare:
Instant they bid the blazing torch display
Around the dome an artificial day;
Then to repose her steps the matron bends,
And to the queen Eurynomè descends;
A torch she bears, to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; she guides them, and retires.
Then instant his fair spouse Ulysses led
To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.
And now the blooming youths and sprightly fair
Cease the gay dance, and to their rest repair;
But in discourse the king and consort lay,
While the soft hours stole unperceiv'd away:

* Tiresias.

Intent he hears Penelope diſcloſe
A mournful ſtory of domeſtic woes,
His ſervants inſults, his invaded bed,
How his whole flocks and herds exhauſted bled;
His generous wines diſhonour'd ſhed in vain,
And the wild riots of the ſuitor train.
The king alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and diſaſtrous fates;
All he unfolds; his liſtening ſpouſe turns pale
With pleaſing horror at the dreadful tale!
Sleepleſs devours each word; and hears how ſlain
Cicons on Cicons ſwell th' enſanguin'd plain;
How to the land of Lote unbleſs'd he ſails;
And images the rills, and flowery vales!
How, daſh'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,
(Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the ſpouting gore;
How, the loud ſtorms in priſon bound, he ſails
From friendly Æolus with proſperous gales;
Yet Fate withſtands! a ſudden tempeſt roars,
And whirls him groaning from his native ſhores;
How, on the barbarous Læſtrigonian coaſt,
By ſavage hands his fleet and friends he loſt;
How ſcaree himſelf ſurviv'd: he paints the bower,
The ſpells of Circe, and her magic power;
His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
To ſeek Tireſias in the vales of death;
How in the doleful manſions he ſurvey'd
His royal mother, pale Anticlea's ſhade;
And friends in battle ſlain, heroic ghoſts!
Then how, unharm'd, he paſs'd the Syren-coaſts,

The

The juſtling rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
And howling Scylla whirls her thunderous waves,
The cave of death! How his companions ſlay
The oxen ſacred to the God of Day,
Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempeſt guides,
And whelms th' offenders in the roaring tides:
How, ſtruggling through the ſurge, he reach'd the ſhores
Of fair Ogygia, and Calypſo's bowers;
Where the gay blooming nymph conſtrain'd his ſtay,
With ſweet reluctant amorous delay;
And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe:
How, ſav'd from ſtorms, Phæacia's coaſts he trod,
By great Alcinous honour'd as a God;
Who gave him laſt his country to behold,
With change of raiment, braſs, and heaps of gold.
He ended, ſinking into ſleep, and ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of all his cares.
Soon as ſoft ſlumber eas'd the toils of day,
Minerva ruſhes through the aëreal way,
And bids Aurora, with her golden wheels,
Flame from the ocean o'er the eaſtern hills:
Uproſe Ulyſſes from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the monarch ſaid:
My Queen, my Conſort! through a length of years,
We drank the cup of ſorrow mix'd with tears,
Thou, for thy lord: while me th' immortal Powers
Detain'd reluctant from my native ſhores.
Now, bleſt again by Heaven, the queen diſplay,
And rule our palace with an equal ſway:

Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty folds with gifts or ſpoils.
But now I haſte to bleſs Laertes' eyes
With ſight of his Ulyſſes ere he dies;
The good old man, to waſting woes a prey,
Weeps a ſad life in ſolitude away.
But hear, though wiſe! This morning ſhall unfold
The deathful ſcene; on heroes, heroes roll'd.
Thou with thy maids within the palace ſtay,
From all the ſcene of tumult far away!
He ſpoke, and ſheath'd in arms inceſſant flies
To wake his ſon, and bid his friends ariſe.
To arms! aloud he cries; his friends obey,
With glittering arms their manly limbs array,
And paſs the city-gate; Ulyſſes leads the way.
Now flames the roſy dawn, but Pallas ſhrouds
The latent warriours in a veil of clouds.

THE

THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE ſouls of the ſuitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal ſhades. Ulyſſes in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laertes; he finds him buſied in his garden all alone: the manner of his diſcovery to him is beautifully deſcribed. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowledged by Dolius and the ſervants. The Ithacenſians, led by Eupithes, the father of Antinous, riſe againſt Ulyſſes, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: and the Goddeſs Pallas makes a laſting peace between Ulyſſes and his ſubjects, which concludes the Odyſſey.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXIV.

CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghoſts to realms of night or day;
Points out the long uncomfortable way.
Trembling the ſpectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow ſcreams, along the deep deſcent.
As in the cavern of ſome rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obſcene;
Cluſter'd they hang, till at ſome ſudden ſhock,
They move, and murmurs run through all the rock;
So cowering fled the ſable heaps of ghoſts,
And ſuch a ſcream fill'd all the diſmal coaſts.
And now they reach'd the earth's remoteſt ends,
And now the gates where evening Sol deſcends,
And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmoſt ſtreams,
And now pervade the duſky land of Dreams,
And reſt at laſt, where ſouls unbodied dwell
In ever-flowering meads of aſphodel.
The empty forms of men inhabit there,
Impaſſive ſemblance, images of air!

Nought

Nought elſe are all that ſhin'd on earth before;
Ajax and great Achilles are no more!
Yet, ſtill a maſter ghoſt, the reſt he aw'd,
The reſt ador'd him, towering as he trod;
Still at his ſide is Neſtor's ſon ſurvey'd,
And lov'd Patroclus ſtill attends his ſhade.
New as they were to that infernal ſhore,
The ſuitors ſtopp'd, and gaz'd the hero o'er,
When, moving ſlow, the regal form they view'd
Of great Atrides; him in pomp purſued.
And ſolemn ſadneſs through the gloom of hell,
The train of thoſe who by Ægyſtus fell.
O mighty chief! (Pelides thus began)
Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!
King of a hundred kings! to whom reſign'd
The ſtrongeſt, braveſt, greateſt of mankind.
Com'ſt thou the firſt to view this dreary ſtate?
And was the nobleſt the firſt mark of Fate?
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear ſo ſoon,
The lot, which all lament, and none can ſhun;
Oh! better hadſt thou ſunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful Greece with ſtreaming eyes might raiſe
Hiſtoric marbles to record thy praiſe:
Thy praiſe eternal on the faithful ſtone
Had with tranſmiſſive glories grac'd thy ſon.
But heavier fates were deſtin'd to attend:
What man is happy, till he knows his end?
O ſon of Peleus! greater than mankind!
(Thus Agamemnon's kingly ſhade rejoin'd)

Thrice

Thrice happy thou! to preſs the martial plain
'Midſt heaps of heroes in thy quarrel ſlain:
In clouds of ſmoke rais'd by the noble fray,
Great and terrific ev'n in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flow'd round you every way.
Nor ceas'd the ſtrife, till Jove himſelf oppos'd,
And all in tempeſts the dire evening clos'd.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the funeral bed beſtow'd.
Then unguents ſweet and tepid ſtreams we ſhed;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and o'er the dead
Each clipt the curling honours of his head.
Struck at the news thy azure Mother came;
The ſea-green Siſters waited on the dame:
A voice of loud lament through all the main
Was heard: and terror ſeiz'd the Grecian train:
Back to their ſhips the frighted hoſt had fled;
But Neſtor ſpoke, they liſten'd, and obey'd.
(From old experience Neſtor's counſel ſprings,
And long viciſſitudes of human things.)
"Forbear your flight: fair Thetis from the main,
"To mourn Achilles, leads her azure train."
Around thee ſtand the Daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heavenly veſts, and round thee weep,
Round thee, the Muſes, with alternate ſtrain,
In ever-conſecrating verſe, complain.
Each warlike Greek the moving muſic hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.
Till ſeventeen nights and ſeventeen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.

To flames we gave thee, the ſucceeding day,
And fatted ſheep and ſable oxen ſlay;
With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires,
And, like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriours round the burning pile
Urge the fleet courſer's or the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of duſt o'er all the circle riſe,
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the ſkies.
Soon as abſorpt in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then collect thy ſnowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vaſe
(The vaſe to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the ſculptur'd gold.)
There we thy relicks, great Achilles! blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:
In the ſame urn a ſeparate ſpace contains
Thy next belov'd, Antilochus' remains.
Now all the ſons of warlike Greece ſurround
Thy deſtin'd tomb, and caſt a mighty mound;
High on the ſhore the growing hill we raiſe,
That wide th' extended Helleſpont ſurveys;
Where all, from age to age who paſs the coaſt,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghoſt.
Thetis herſelf to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The Gods aſſented; and around thee lay
Rich ſpoils and gifts that blaz'd againſt the day.
Oft have I ſeen, with ſolemn funeral games
Heroes and kings committed to the flame;

But ſtrength of youth, or valour of the brave,
With nobler conteſt ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis given,
And ſuch thy honours, O belov'd of Heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame ſurvives, nor fades
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian ſhades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Succeſsful toils, and battles bravely won?
Doom'd by ſtern Jove at home to end my life,
By curſt Ægyſtus, and a faithleſs wife!
Thus they; while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the ſad numbers by Ulyſſes ſlain.
On each majeſtic form they caſt a view,
And timorous paſs'd, and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon, through the gloomy ſhade,
His ancient hoſt Amphimedon ſurvey'd;
Son of Melanthius! (he began) oh ſay!
What cauſe compell'd ſo many, and ſo gay,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
Say, could one city yield a troop ſo fair?
Were all theſe partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of ſtormy Neptune ſweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or pirates cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's ſands?
Or well-defending ſome beleaguer'd wall,
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy gueſt; for ſuch I was of yore
When our triumphant navies touch'd your ſhore;
Forc'd a long month the wintery ſeas to bear,
To move the great Ulyſſes to the war.

O king

O king of men! I faithful ſhall relate
(Reply'd Amphimedon) our hapleſs fate.
Ulyſſes abſent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves purſued his royal dame:
Her coy reſerve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common ſuit nor granted, nor deny'd;
But cloſe with inward hate our deaths deſign'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious, in deluſion ſpread
A ſpacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
Ye peers (ſhe cry'd) who preſs to gain my heart
Where dead Ulyſſes claims no more a part,
Yet a ſhort ſpace your rival ſuit ſuſpend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:
Ceaſe, till to good Laertes I bequeath
A taſk of grief, his ornaments of death:
Leſt, when the Fates his royal aſhes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my ſpotleſs fame;
Should he, long honour'd with ſupreme command,
Want the laſt duties of a daughter's hand.
The fiction pleas'd: our generous train complies,
Nor fraud miſtruſts in virtue's fair diſguiſe.
The work ſhe ply'd; but, ſtudious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unſeen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
And ſhow'd, as unperceiv'd we took our ſtand,
The backward labours of her faithleſs hand.
Forc'd, ſhe compleats it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whoſe gold and ſilver ray
Diſplay'd the radiance of the night and day.

Juſt

Juſt as ſhe finiſh'd her illuſtrious toil,
Ill-fortune led Ulyſſes to our iſle.
Far in a lonely nook, beſide the ſea,
At an old ſwineherd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his ſon from ſandy Pyle repairs,
And ſpeedy lands, and ſecretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and reſort
Confederate to the city and the court.
Firſt came the ſon; the father next ſucceeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads;
Propp'd on a ſtaff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulyſſes in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill-us'd by all! to every wrong reſign'd,
Patient he ſuffer'd with a conſtant mind.
But when, ariſing in his wrath t' obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way;
The ſcatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treaſur'd in a private room:
Then to her ſuitors bade his queen propoſe
The archer's ſtrife: the ſource of future woes,
And omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging ſtring, and try'd the ſtubborn yew:
To none it yields but great Ulyſſes' hands;
In vain we threat; Telemachus commands:
The bow he ſnatch'd, and in an inſtant bent;
Through every ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threſhold then in arms he ſtood;
Pour'd forth the darts that thirſted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God!

First Antinous: thick the ſhafts reſound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches ſtrow the ground;
This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some God aſſiſted and unmann'd us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood beſmear the ſtones.

Thus, great Atrides, thus Ulyſſes drove
The ſhades thou ſeeſt, from [illegible] fair realms above.
Our mangled bodies now d[illegible]n'd with gore,
Cold and neglected, ſpread the marble floor,
No friend to bathe our wounds [illegible] or tears to ſhed
O'er the pale corſe! the honours of the dead.

Oh bleſs'd Ulyſſes (thus the king expreſs'd
His ſudden rapture) in thy co[illegible]ſort bleſs'd!
Not more thy wiſdom, than her virtue ſhin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her conſtant mind.
Icarius' daughter, glory of the paſt,
And model to the future age ſhall laſt:
The Gods, to honour her fair fame, ſhall raiſe
(Their great reward) a poet in her praiſe.
Not ſuch, O Tyndarus, thy daughter's deed:
By whoſe dire hand her king and huſband bled:
Her ſhall the Muſe to infamy prolong,
Example dread; and theme of tragic ſong!
The general ſex ſhall ſuffer in her ſhame,
And ev'n the beſt that bears a woman's name.

Thus in the regions of eternal ſhade
Conferr'd the mournful phantoms of the dead;
While, from the town, Ulyſſes and his band
Paſs'd to Laërtes' cultivated land.

The

The ground himſelf had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged ſoil a plain.
There ſtood his manſion of the rural ſort,
With uſeful buildings round the lowly court:
Where the few ſervants that divide his care,
Took their laborious reſt, and homely fare;
And one Sicilian matron, old and ſage,
With conſtant duty tends his drooping age.
Here now arriving, to his ruſtic band
And martial ſon, Ulyſſes gave command:
Enter the houſe, and of the briſtly ſwine
Select the largeſt to the powers divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I ſhare the old man's memory:
If thoſe dim eyes can yet Ulyſſes know
(Their light and deareſt object long ago),
Now chang'd with time, with abſence, and with woe?
Then to his train he gives his ſpear and ſhield;
The houſe they enter; and he ſeeks the field,
Through rows of ſhade with various fruitage crown'd,
And labour'd ſcenes of richeſt verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius, nor his ſons were there,
Nor ſervants, abſent on another care;
To ſearch the woods for ſets of flowery thorn,
Their orchard bounds to ſtrengthen and adorn.
But all alone the hoary king he found;
His habit coarſe, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a penſive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatſkin hair:
His buſkins old, in former ſervice torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves againſt the thorn.

In this array the kingly gardener ſtood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath a neighbouring tree the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his fire, retracing every line,
The ruins of himſelf! now worn away
With age, yet ſtill majeſtic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their watery ſtore;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he ſtood, if inſtant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiſs his reverend face,
With eager tranſport to diſcloſe the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his ſoul.—
Not ſo: his judgement takes the winding way
Of queſtion diſtant, and of ſoft eſſay:
More gentle methods on weak age employs;
And moves the ſorrows, to enhance the joys.
Then, to his ſire with beating heart he moves;
And with a tender pleaſantry reproves:
Who digging round the plant ſtill hangs his head,
Nor aught remits the work, while thus he ſaid:
Great is thy ſkill, O father, great thy toil,
Thy careful hand is ſtamp'd on all the ſoil,
Thy ſquadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
And not one empty ſpot eſcapes thy care.
On every plant and tree thy cares are ſhown,
Nothing neglected, but thyſelf alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age ſo advanc'd may ſome indulgence claim.
Not for thy ſloth, I deem thy lord unkind;
Nor ſpeaks thy form a mean or ſervile mind:

I read

I read a monarch in that princely air,
The ſame thy aſpect, if the ſame thy care;
Soft ſleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
Theſe are the rights of age, and ſhould be thine.
Who then thy maſter, ſay? and whoſe the land
So dreſs'd and manag'd by thy ſkilful hand?
But chief, oh tell me! (what I queſtion moſt)
Is this the far-fam'd Ithacenſian coaſt?
For ſo reported the firſt man I view'd,
(Some ſurly iſlander, of manners rude)
Nor further conference vouchſaf'd to ſtay;
Heedleſs he whiſtled, and purſued his way.
But thou! whom years have taught to underſtand,
Humanely hear, and anſwer my demand:
A friend I ſeek, a wiſe one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the beſt)
When at my houſe I lodg'd this foreign gueſt;
He ſaid, from Ithaca's fair iſle he came,
And old Laertes was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a gueſt is ow'd
I paid, and hoſpitable gifts beſtow'd:
To him ſeven talents of pure ore I told,
Twelve cloaks, twelve veſts, twelve tunicks ſtiff with gold;
A bowl, that rich with poliſh'd ſilver flames,
And, ſkill'd in female works, four lovely dames.
At this the father, with a father's fears,
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears,)
This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are loſt,
For godleſs men, and rude, poſſeſs the coaſt:

Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd ſhore!
Thy ancient friend, O ſtranger, is no more!
Full recompenſe thy bounty elſe had borne;
For every good man yields a juſt return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendſhip, not purſuing, ſins.
But tell me, ſtranger, be the truth confeſs'd,
What years have circled ſince thou ſaw'ſt that gueſt?
That hapleſs gueſt, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my ſon!
If ever man to miſery was born,
'Twas his to ſuffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies a prey to monſters of the main,
Or ſavage beaſts his mangled reliques tear,
Or ſcreaming vultures ſcatter through the air:
Nor could his mother funeral unguents ſhed;
Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead:
Nor his ſad conſort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes, or drop'd a tender tear!
But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or, if a merchant in purſuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy veſſel from the main?
Or com'ſt thou ſingle, or attend thy train?
Then thus the ſon: From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born; from Aphidas, the king
Of Polypemon's royal line, I ſpring.
Some adverſe Dæmon from Sicania bore
Our wandering courſe, and drove us on your ſhore:

Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
Reliev'd our weary'd veſſel from the ſea.
Five years have circled ſince theſe eyes purſued
Ulyſſes parting through the ſable flood;
Proſperous he ſail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the ſkies.
Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair ſhore,
Whom Heaven, alas! decreed to meet no more.
Quick through the father's heart theſe accents ran;
Grief ſeiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;
Deep from his ſoul he ſigh'd, and ſorrowing ſpread
A cloud of aſhes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of ſtrong delight
Stood the great ſon, heart-wounded with the ſight:
He ran, he ſeiz'd him with a ſtrict embrace,
With thouſand kiſſes wander'd o'er his face,
I, I am he; O father riſe, behold
Thy ſon, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy ſon, ſo long deſir'd, ſo long detain'd,
Reſtor'd, and breathing in his native land:
Theſe floods of ſorrow, O my ſire, reſtrain!
The vengeance is complete; the ſuitor-train,
Stretch'd in our palace, by theſe hands lie ſlain.
Amaz'd, Laertes: "Give ſome certain ſign,
"(If ſuch thou art) to manifeſt thee mine."
Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
The ſcar indented by the tuſky boar,
When by thyſelf and by Anticlea ſent
To old Autolychus's realms I went.
Yet by another ſign thy offspring know;
The ſeveral trees you gave me long ago,

While, yet a child, theſe fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy foot-ſteps with unequal pace;
To every plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
Whate'er my childiſh fancy aſk'd, beſtow'd;
Twelve pear trees bowing with their pendent load,
And ten, that red with bluſhing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the Hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.

Smit with the ſigns, which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees ſuſtain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulyſſes thrown;
He faints, he ſinks, with mighty joys oppreſs'd:
Ulyſſes claſps him to his eager breaſt.
Soon as returning life regains its ſeat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulſes beat;
Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!
Heaven rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
'Tis ſo—the ſuitors for their wrongs have paid—
But what ſhall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news through every city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia riſe?

To this Ulyſſes: As the Gods ſhall pleaſe
Be all the reſt; and ſet thy ſoul at eaſe.
Haſte to the cottage by this orchard ſide,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:

There

There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young Telemachus attends.
Thus having ſaid, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And ſtooping enter'd at a lowly door.
The ſwains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
The hoary king, his old Sicilian maid
Perfum'd and waſh'd, and gorgeouſly array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to ſhine
With awful port, and majeſty divine;
His gazing ſon admires the god-like grace,
And air celeſtial dawning o'er his face.
What God, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves!
Oh! would to all the deathleſs Powers on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the ſky!
(Reply'd the king elated with his praiſe)
My ſtrength were ſtill, as once in better days:
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I ſtorm'd.
Such were I now, not abſent from your deed
When the laſt ſun beheld the ſuitors bleed,
This arm had aided yours; this hand beſtrown
Our floors with death, and puſh'd the ſlaughter on;
Nor had the ſire been ſeparate from the ſon.
They commun'd thus; while homeward bent their way
The ſwains, fatigu'd with labours of the day;
Dolius the firſt, the venerable man;
And next his ſons, a long ſucceeding train.

For

For due refeſtion to the bower they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire;
They ſee their lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order ſeated round,
They ſhare the gladſome board; the roofs refound.
While thus Ulyſſes to his ancient friend:
"Forbear your wonder, and the feaſt attend;
"The rites have waited long." The chief commands
Their loves in vain; old Dolius ſpreads his hands,
Springs to his maſter with a warm embrace,
And faſtens kiſſes on his hands and face;
Then thus broke out: Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wiſh, return'd!
Conducted ſure by Heaven! for Heaven alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happineſs attend thy throne!
Who knows thy bleſs'd, thy wiſh'd return? Oh, ſay
To the chaſte Queen, ſhall we the news convey?
Or hears ſhe, and with bleſſings loads the day?
Diſmiſs that care, for to the royal bride
Already is it known (the king reply'd,
And ſtraight reſum'd his ſeat) while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.
Now flying Fame the ſwift report had ſpread
Through all the city, of the ſuitors dead.
In throngs they riſe, and to the palace crowd;
Their ſighs were many, and the tumult loud.

Weeping

Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of ſlain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The reſt in ſhips are wafted o'er the main.
Then ſad in council all the ſeniors ſate,
Frequent and full, aſſembled to debate.
Amid the circle firſt Eupithes roſe,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
The bold Antinous was his age's pride,
The firſt who by Ulyſſes' arrow dy'd.
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As, mixing words with ſighs, he thus began:
Great deeds, O friends! this wondrous man has wrought,
And mighty bleſſings to his country brought.
With ſhips he parted and a numerous train,
Thoſe, and their ſhips, he bury'd in the main.
Now he returns, and firſt eſſays his hand
In the beſt blood of all his native land.
Haſte then, and ere to neighbouring Pyle he flies,
Or ſacred Elis, to procure ſupplies;
Ariſe (or ye for ever fall) ariſe!
Shame to this age, and all that ſhall ſucceed!
If unrevenge'd your ſons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or ſink at once forgotten with the dead.
Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb ſorrow touch'd them all.
When from the palace to the wondering throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along
(Reſtleſs and early ſleep's ſoft bands they broke);
And Medon firſt th' aſſembled chiefs beſpoke:

Near

Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;
As o'er the heaps of death Ulyſſes ſtrode,
Theſe eyes, theſe eyes beheld a preſent God,
Who now before him, now beſide him ſtood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with bl
In vain old Mentor's form the God bely'd;
'Twas Heaven that ſtruck, and Heaven was on his
A ſudden horror all th' aſſembly ſhook,
When, ſlowly riſing, Halitherſes ſpoke:
(Reverend and wiſe, whoſe comprehenſive view
At once the preſent and the future knew)
Me too ye fathers hear! from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed.
Ye gave your ſons, your lawleſs ſons, the rein
(Oft' warn'd by Mentor and myſelf in vain);
An abſent hero's bed they ſought to ſoil,
An abſent hero's wealth they made their ſpoil:
Immoderate riot, and intemperate luſt!
Th' offence was great, the puniſhment was juſt.
Weigh then my counſels in an equal ſcale,
Nor ruſh to ruin—Juſtice will prevail.
His moderate words ſome better minds perſuad
They part, and join him; but the number ſtay'd
They ſtorm, they ſhout, with haſty frenzy fir'd,
And ſecond all Eupithes' rage inſpir'd.
They caſe their limbs in braſs; to arms they rur
The broad effulgence blazes in the ſun.
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: Eupithes heads the frantic train.

Fierce for his ſon, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and Death attends him there.
This paſs'd on earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove:
May I preſume to ſearch thy ſecret ſoul?
O Power ſupreme! O Ruler of the whole!
Say, haſt thou doom'd to this divided ſtate
Or peaceful amity, or ſtern debate?
Declare thy purpoſe; for thy will is Fate.
Is not thy thought my own? (the God replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted ſkies)
Hath not long ſince thy knowing ſoul decreed,
The chief's return ſhould make the guilty bleed?
'Tis done, and at thy will the Fates ſucceed.
Yet hear the iſſue: ſince Ulyſſes' hand
Has ſlain the ſuitors, Heaven ſhall bleſs the land.
None now the kindred of th' unjuſt ſhall own;
Forgot the ſlaughter'd brother, and the ſon:
Each future day increaſe of wealth ſhall bring,
And o'er the paſt, Oblivion ſtretch her wing.
Long ſhall Ulyſſes in his empire reſt,
His people bleſſing, by his people bleſs'd.
Let all be peace—He ſaid, and gave the nod
That binds the Fates; the ſanction of the God:
And, prompt to execute th' eternal will,
Deſcended Pallas from th' Olympian hill.
Now ſat Ulyſſes at the rural feaſt,
The rage of hunger and of thirſt repreſs'd:
To watch the foe, a truſty ſpy he ſent;
A ſon of Dolius on the meſſage went,

Stood

Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach, embattled on the field.
With backward ſtep he haſtens to the bower,
And tells the news. They arm with all their power.
Four friends alone Ulyſſes' cauſe embrace,
And fix were all the ſons of Dolius' race:
Old Dolius too his ruſted arms put on;
And, ſtill more old, in arms Laërtes ſhone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes ſtand,
And brazen Panoply inveſts the band.
The opening gates at once their war diſplay:
Fierce they ruſh forth: Ulyſſes leads the way.
That moment joins them with celeſtial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-deſcended Maid:
The ſuffering hero felt his patient breaſt
Swell with new joy, and thus his ſon addreſs'd:
Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the fight)
The brave embattled; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant muſt contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you deſcend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was ſpread;
Regard thyſelf, the living, and the dead.
Thy eyes, great father! on this battle caſt,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaſte.
So ſpoke Telemachus! the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy;
And, Bleſs'd! thrice bleſs'd this happy day! he cries,
The day that ſhows me, ere I cloſe my eyes,
A ſon and grandſon of th' Arceſian name
Strive for fair virtue, and conteſt for fame!

Then

Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear:
Son of Arceſius, reverend warriour, hear!
Jove and Jove's Daughter firſt implore in prayer,
Then, whirling high, diſcharge thy lance in air;
She ſaid, infuſing courage with the word:
Jove and Jove's Daughter then the chief implor'd,
And, whirling high, diſmiſs'd the lance in air,
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful ſpear:
The braſs-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
Before the father and the conquering ſon
Heaps ruſh on heaps; they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the ſword, and now the javelin, fall
The rebel race, and death had ſwallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-ey'd Virgin cry'd;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide.
"Forbear, ye nations! your mad hands forbear
"From mutual ſlaughter: Peace deſcends to ſpare."
Fear ſhook the nations: at the voice divine,
They drop their javelins, and their rage reſign.
All ſcatter'd round their glittering weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and ſome confus'dly fly.
With dreadful ſhouts Ulyſſes pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle ſtrong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva ſhot the livid flames;
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
Then ſtopp'd the Goddeſs, trembled, and retir'd.
Deſcended from the Gods! Ulyſſes, ceaſe;
Offend not Jove: obey, and give the peace.

So Pallas ſpoke: the mandate from above
The king obey'd. The Virgin-ſeed of Jove,
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
"And willing nations knew their lawful lord."

END OF THE ODYSSEY.

CON.

CONCLUSION OF THE NOTES.

I MUST obſerve with what dignity Homer concludes the Odyſſey: to honour his hero, he introduces two Deities, Jupiter and Pallas, who intereſt themſelves in his cauſe: he then paints Ulyſſes in the boldeſt colours, as he ruſhes upon the enemy with the utmoſt intrepidity, and his courage is ſo ungovernable, that Jupiter is forced to reſtrain it with his thunder. It is uſual for orators to reſerve the ſtrongeſt arguments for the concluſion, that they may leave them freſh upon the reader's memory; Homer uſes the ſame conduct: he repreſents his hero in all his terror, he ſhews him to be irreſiſtible, and by this method leaves us fully poſſeſſed with a noble idea of his magnanimity.

It has been already obſerved, that the end of the action of the Odyſſey is the re-eſtabliſhment of Ulyſſes in full peace and tranquillity; this is not effected, till the defeat of the ſuitors' friends: and, therefore, if the poet had concluded before this event, the Odyſſey had been imperfect. It was neceſſary that the reader ſhould not only be informed of the return of Ulyſſes to his country, and the puniſhment of the ſuitors, but of his re-eſtabliſhment, by a peaceful poſſeſſion of his regal authority; which is not executed, till theſe laſt diſorders raiſed by Eupithes are ſettled by the victory of Ulyſſes; and, therefore, this is the natural concluſion of the action.

This Book opens with the morning, and ends before night, ſo that the whole ſtory of the Odyſſey is comprehended in the compaſs of one and forty days. Monſieur Dacier upon Ariſtotle remarks, that an Epic Poem ought not to be too long: we ſhould be able to retain all the ſeveral parts of it at once in our memory: if we loſe the idea of the beginning when we come to the concluſion, it is an argument that it is of too large an extent, and its length deſtroys its beauty. What ſeems to favour this deciſion is, that the Æneid, Iliad, and Odyſſey, are conformable to this rule of Ariſtotle; and every one of thoſe poems may be read in the compaſs of a ſingle day.

I have now gone through the collections upon the Odyſſey, and laid together what occurred moſt remarkable in this excellent Poem. I am not ſo vain as to think theſe remarks free from faults, nor ſo diſingenuous as not to confeſs them: all writers have occaſion for indulgence, and thoſe moſt who leaſt acknowledge it. I have ſometimes uſed Madam Dacier as ſhe as done others, in tranſcribing ſome of her remarks without particularizing them; but, indeed, it was through inadvertency only that her name is ſometimes omitted at the bottom of the note. If my performance has merit, either in theſe, or in my part of the Tranſlation, (namely, in the ſixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books) it is but juſt to attribute it to the judgment and care of Mr. Pope, by whoſe hand every ſheet was corrected. His other, and much more able aſſiſtant, was Mr. Fenton, in the fourth and the twen-

tieth books. It was our particular requeſt, that our ſeveral parts might not be made known to the world till the end of it: and if they have had the good fortune not to be diſtinguiſhed from his, we ought to be the leſs vain, ſince the reſemblance proceeds much leſs from our diligence and ſtudy to copy his manner, than from his own daily reviſal and correction. The moſt experienced painters will not wonder at this, who very well know, that no critick can pronounce even of the pieces of Raphael or Titian, which have, or which have not, been worked upon by thoſe of their ſchool; when the ſame maſter's hand has directed the execution of the whole, reduced it to one character and colouring, gone over the ſeveral parts, and given to each their finiſhing.

I muſt not conclude without declaring our mutual ſatisfaction in Mr. Pope's acceptance of our beſt endeavours, which have contributed at leaſt to his more ſpeedy execution of this great undertaking. If ever my name be numbered with the learned, I muſt aſcribe it to his friendſhip, in tranſmitting it to poſterity by a participation in his labours. May the ſenſe I have of this, and other inſtances of that friendſhip, be known as long as his name will cauſe mine to laſt: and may I to this end be permitted, at the concluſion of a work, which is a kind of monument of his partiality to me, to place the following lines, as an inſcription memorial of it:

LET vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
Or ſpeaking marbles, to record their praiſe;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing ſtone:
Mere mortals! ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on every heart to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which worth alone can raiſe:
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt:
Nor, till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt thou and Homer die:
Then ſink together, in the world's laſt fires,
What Heaven created, and what Heaven inſpires.
If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead:
Shakeſpeare, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now every ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.
Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invade
And the bold figure from the canvas fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art:
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While each fair image ſtarts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all-extinct his fire!
This you beheld; and, taught by Heaven to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring.
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the hero burns;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores;
Tremble the towers of Heaven, earth rocks her coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To every theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play;
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant God who ſheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And, while with every theme the verſe complies,
Sink without groveling, without raſhneſs riſe.
Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all Homer! ſtill Ulyſſes ſing.
How long* that hero by unſkilful hands,
Stripp'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands:
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warriour loſt?

* Odyſſey, Lib. XVI.

O'er his ſmooth ſkin a dark of wrinkles ſpread;
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head:
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, every limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly ſtrains improve
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.
Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſes train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Adventurous waken the Maeonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire:
So, arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right.
Like their's, our friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united—For thy FRIENDSHIP'S FAME.
This labour paſt, of heavenly ſubjects ſing,
While hovering angels liſten on the wing,
To hear from earth, ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies:
Or, nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend;
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME

POSTSCRIPT.

BY MR. POPE.

I CANNOT diſmiſs this Work without a few obſervations on the character and ſtyle of it. Whoever reads the Odyſſey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the ſame character, or of the ſame ſort of ſpirit, will be grievouſly deceived, and err againſt the firſt principle of criticiſm, which is, to conſider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The Odyſſey is a moral and political work, inſtructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples, and precepts of civil and domeſtic life. Homer is here a perſon,

" Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis,
" Quo ſit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hoſpes:
" Qui quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid
" non,
" Plenius & melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit."

The Odyſſey is the reverſe of the Iliad, in moral, ſubject, manner, and ſtyle; to which it has no ſort of relation, but as the ſtory happens to follow in order of time, and as ſome of the ſame perſons are actors in it.

Yet from this incidental connexion many have been miſled to regard it as a continuation or ſecond part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconſiſtent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader ſhould fall into this miſtake, when ſo great a critick as Longinus ſeems not wholly free from it; although what he has ſaid has been generally underſtood to import a ſeverer cenſure of the Odyſſey than it really does, if we conſider the occaſion on which it is introduced, and the circumſtances to which it is confined.

"The Odyſſey (ſays he) is an inſtance, how natu-
"ral it is to a great genius, when it begins to grow
"old and decline, to delight itſelf in narrations and
"fables. For that Homer compoſed the Odyſſey after
"the Iliad, many proofs may be given, &c. From
"hence, in my judgment, it proceeds, that as the
"Iliad was written while his ſpirit was in its greateſt
"vigour, the whole ſtructure of that work is drama-
"tic and full of action; whereas the greater part of
"the Odyſſey is employed in narration, which is
"the taſte of old age: ſo that in this latter piece we
"may compare him to the ſetting ſun, which has ſtill
"the ſame greatneſs, but not the ſame ardour, or
"force. He ſpeaks not in the ſame ſtrain; we ſee
"no more that ſublime of the Iliad, which marches
"on with a conſtant pace, without ever being ſtopped,
"or retarded: there appears no more that hurry, and
"that ſtrong tide of motions and paſſions, pouring
"one after another: there is no more the ſame fury,

"or

" or the ſame volubility of diction, ſo ſuitable to ac-
" tion, and all along drawing in ſuch innumerable
" images of nature. But Homer, like the ocean, is
" always great, even when he ebbs and retires; even
" when he is loweſt, and loſes himſelf moſt in narra-
" tions and incredible fictions: as inſtances of this, we
" cannot forget the deſcriptions of tempeſts, the ad-
" ventures of Ulyſſes with the Cyclops, and many
" others. But, though all this be age, it is the age
" of Homer—And it may be ſaid for the credit of theſe
" fictions, that they are beautiful dreams, or, if you
" will, the dreams of Jupiter himſelf. I ſpoke of the
" Odyſſey only to ſhew, that the greateſt poets, when
" their genius wants ſtrength and warmth for the pa-
" thetic, for the moſt part employ themſelves in paint-
" ing the manners. This Homer has done in charac-
" teriſing the ſuitors, and deſcribing their way of life:
" which is properly a branch of comedy, whoſe pecu-
" liar buſineſs it is to repreſent the manners of men."

We muſt firſt obſerve, it is the ſublime of which Longinus is writing: that, and not the nature of Homer's poem, is his ſubject. After having highly extolled the fire and ſublimity of the Iliad, he juſtly obſerves the Odyſſey to have leſs of thoſe qualities, and to turn more on the ſide of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his buſineſs here to determine, whether the elevated ſpirit of the one, or the juſt moral of the other, be the greater excellence in itſelf.

Secondly, that fire and fury, of which he is ſpeaking, cannot well be meant of the general ſpirit and inſpira-

tion

tion which is to run through a whole Epick poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuoſity neceſſary in ſome parts, to image or repreſent actions or paſſions, of haſte, tumult, and violence. It is on occaſion of citing ſome ſuch particular paſſages in Homer, that Longinus breaks into this reflection; which ſeems to determine his meaning chiefly to that ſenſe.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyſſey to have leſs ſublimity and fire than the Iliad; but he does not ſay it wants the ſublime, or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that thoſe fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that thoſe manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully in theſe points accompliſhed his own deſign, and done all that the nature of his poem demanded or allowed, it ſtill remains perfect in its kind, and as much a maſter-piece as the Iliad.

The amount of the paſſage is this; that in his own particular taſte, and with reſpect to the ſublime, Longinus preferred the Iliad: and becauſe the Odyſſey was leſs active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's age might determine him in the choice of his ſubject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong inſtance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the ſtrength of his judgement. For had he (as

Madam

Madam Dacier obſerves) compoſed the Odyſſey in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both muſt in reaſon have been exactly the ſame as they now ſtand. To blame Homer for his choice of ſuch a ſubject, as did not admit the ſame incidents and the ſame pomp of ſtyle as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he muſt ever after only copy himſelf.

The Battle of Conſtantine, and the School of Athens, are both pieces of Raphael: ſhall we cenſure the School of Athens as faulty, becauſe it has not the fury and fire of the other? or ſhall we ſay, that Raphael was grown grave and old, becauſe he choſe to repreſent the manners of old men and philoſophers? There is all the ſilence, tranquillity, and compoſure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the ſubject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the poet or painter be young or old, who deſigns or performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was maſter not only of his art, but of his diſcretion.

Ariſtotle makes no ſuch diſtinction between the two poems: he conſtantly cites them with equal praiſe, and draws the rules and examples of Epick writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyſſey that Horace gives the preference, in the Epiſtle to Lollius, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how oppoſite his opinion is to that of Longinus; and that the particulars he chooſes to extol, are thoſe very fictions, and pic-

tures

tures of the manners which the other seems least to approve. Those fables and manners are of the very essence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themselves have both more invention and more instruction, and the manners more moral and example, than those of the Iliad.

In some points (and those the most essential to the Epick poem) the Odyssey is confessed to excel the Iliad; and principally in the great end of it, the moral. The conduct, turn, and disposition of the fable is also what the criticks allow to be the better model for Epick writers to follow: accordingly we find much more of the cast of this poem than of the other in the Æneid, and (what next to that is perhaps the greatest example) in the Telemachus. In the manners, it is no way inferior: Longinus is so far from finding any defect in these, that he rather taxes Homer with painting them too minutely. As to the narrations, although they are more numerous as the occasions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix, nor more circumstantial, than the conversations and dialogues of the Iliad. Not to mention the length of those of Phœnix in the ninth book, and of Nestor in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters), those of Glaucus in the sixth, of Æneas in the twentieth, and some others, must be allowed to exceed any in the whole Odyssey. And that the propriety of style, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of Homer had ſuffered any decay; we muſt conſider, in both his poems, ſuch parts as are of a ſimilar nature, and will bear compariſon. And it is certain we ſhall find in each the ſame vivacity and fecundity of invention, the ſame life and ſtrength of imaging and colouring, the particular deſcriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious, and as various.

The Odyſſey is a perpetual ſource of poetry: the ſtream is not the leſs full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we ſpeak only with regard to the ſublime) that a river, foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more ſtrikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the ſame body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable ſcenes of paſturage.

The Odyſſey (as I have before ſaid) ought to be conſidered according to its own nature and deſign, not with an eye to the Iliad. To cenſure Homer, becauſe it is unlike what it was never meant to reſemble, is as if a gardener, who had purpoſely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a ſpecimen of his ſkill in the ſeveral kinds, ſhould be blamed for not bringing them into pairs; when in root, ſtem, leaf, and flower, each was ſo entirely different, that one muſt have been ſpoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who ſaw this poem was "partly of the "nature of comedy," ought not, for that very reaſon, to have conſidered it with a view to the Iliad. How

little

little any ſuch reſemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear from hence, that, although the character of Ulyſſes was there already drawn, yet here he purpoſely turns to another ſide of it, and ſhows him not in that full light of glory, but in the ſhade of common life, with a mixture of ſuch qualities as are requiſite to all the loweſt accidents of it, ſtruggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meaneſt of mankind. As for the other perſons, none of them are above what we call the higher comedy: Calypſo, though a Goddeſs, is a character of intrigue; the ſuitors yet more approaching to it; the Phæacians are of the ſame caſt; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, deſcend even to droll characters; and the ſcenes that appear throughout are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, ſports, loves, and the purſuit of a woman.

From the nature of the poem, we ſhall form an idea of the ſtyle. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyſſey is not always cloathed in the majeſty of verſe proper to tragedy, but ſometimes deſcends into the plainer narrative, and ſometimes even to that familiar dialogue eſſential to comedy. However, where it cannot ſupport a ſublimity, it always preſerves a dignity, or at leaſt a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an eaſy, pure, perſpicuous deſcription, even of a low action. There are numerous inſtances of this both in Homer and Virgil: and, perhaps, thoſe natural paſſages are not the leaſt pleaſing of their works. It is often the ſame in hiſtory, where the repre-

repreſentations of common, or even domeſtic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the livelieſt impreſſion on the reader.

The queſtion is, how far a poet, in purſuing the deſcription or image of an action, can attach himſelf to little circumſtances, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be conſulted, and the whole regard had to thoſe circumſtances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confuſed, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vaſt ſervice to this effect, and the right uſe of theſe is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to diſtinguiſh when to ſpeak ſimply, and when figuratively: but whenever the poet is obliged by the nature of his ſubject to deſcend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated ſtyle would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowneſs, the more the image would be broken, and conſequently obſcure.

One may add, that the uſe of the grand ſtyle on little ſubjects, is not only ludicrous, but a ſort of tranſgreſſion againſt the rules of proportion and mechanicks: it is uſing a vaſt force to lift a feather.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a juſt obſervation, That the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative ſtyle, without being ridiculous; but things natural can. Metaphors raiſe the latter into

dignity,

dignity, as we ſee in the Georgicks: but throw the former into ridicule, as in the Lutrin. I think this may very well be accounted for: laughter implies cenſure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of cenſure; therefore they may be elevated as much as you pleaſe, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are repreſented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in morality. The bees in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners repreſented on a level with creatures ſo ſuperior as men; ſince it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The uſe of pompous expreſſion for low actions or thoughts is the true ſublime of Don Quixote. How far unfit it is for Epick Poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the mock Epick. It is ſo far from being the ſublime of Tragedy, that it is the cauſe of all bombaſt; when poets, inſtead of being (as they imagine) conſtantly lofty, only preſerve throughout a painful equality of fuſtian: that continued ſwell of language (which runs indiſcriminately even through their loweſt characters, and rattles like ſome mighty neſs of meaning in the moſt indifferent ſubjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it; and which is not ſpeaking, but vociferating.

There is ſtill more reaſon for a variation of ſtyle in Epick poetry than in tragic, to diſtinguiſh between that language of the Gods proper to the Muſe who ſings, and is inſpired: and that of men, who are introduced ſpeaking

ſpeaking only according to nature. Further, there ought to be a difference of ſtyle obſerved in the ſpeeches of human perſons, and thoſe of Deities; and again, in thoſe which may be called ſet harangues, or orations, and thoſe which are only converſation or dialogue. Homer has more of the latter than any other poet: what Virgil does by two or three words of narration, Homer ſtill performs by ſpeeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almoſt unknown to Virgil. This renders his poems more animated, but leſs grave and majeſtic; and conſequently neceſſitates the frequent uſe of a lower ſtyle. The writers of Tragedy lie under the ſame neceſſity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction, which they perpetually uſe, would be improper even in orations deſigned to move with all the arts of rhetoric: this is plain from the practice of Demoſthenes and Cicero; and Virgil in thoſe of Drances and Turnus gives an eminent example, how far removed the ſtyle of them ought to be from ſuch an exceſs of figures and ornaments; which indeed fits only that language of the Gods we have been ſpeaking of, or that of a Muſe under inſpiration.

To read through a whole work in this ſtrain, is like travelling all along the ridge of a hill; which is not half ſo agreeable as ſometimes gradually to riſe, and ſometimes gently to deſcend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reaſon that ſo few poets have imitated Homer in theſe lower parts, has been the extreme dif-

ficulty of preſerving that mixture of eaſe and dignity eſſential to them. For it is as hard for an Epick poem to ſtoop to the narrative with ſucceſs, as for a prince to deſcend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatneſs.

The ſublime ſtyle is more eaſily counterfeited than the natural; ſomething that paſſes for it, or ſounds like it, is common in all falſe writers: but nature, purity, perſpicuity, and ſimplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exiſt.

The moſt plain narration not only admits of theſe, and of harmony, (which are all the qualities of ſtyle) but it requires every one of them to render it pleaſing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a ſhare of the ſublime, may paſs, notwithſtanding any defects in the reſt; nay, ſometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer, in his loweſt narrations or ſpeeches, is ever eaſy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He ſhows not leſs invention, in aſſembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor leſs judgment, in proportioning the ſtyle and the verſification to theſe, than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the ſame genius that ſoared the higheſt, and from whom the greateſt models of the ſublime are divided, was alſo he who ſtooped the loweſt, and gave to the ſimple narrative its utmoſt perfection. Which of theſe was the harder taſk to Homer himſelf I cannot pretend to determine; but to his tranſlator I can affirm (however unequal

unequal all his imitations muſt be) that of the latter has been more difficult.

Whoever expects here the ſame pomp of verſe, and the ſame ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad, he will, and he ought to be, diſappointed. Were the original otherwiſe, it had been an offence againſt nature; and were the tranſlation ſo, it were an offence againſt Homer, which is the ſame thing.

It muſt be allowed that there is a majeſty and harmony in the Greek language, which greatly contribute to elevate and ſupport the narration. But I muſt alſo obſerve, that this is an advantage grown upon the language ſince Homer's time: for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of uſe; and if the words we could find in any preſent language were equally ſonorous or muſical in themſelves, they would ſtill appear leſs poetical and uncommon than thoſe of a dead one, from this only circumſtance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another diſadvantage to a tranſlator, from a different cauſe: Homer ſeems to have taken upon him the character of an hiſtorian, antiquary, divine, and profeſſor of arts and ſciences, as well as a poet. In one or other of theſe characters he deſcends into many particularities, which as a poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All theſe ought to be preſerved by a faithful tranſlator, who in ſome meaſure takes the place of Homer; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the ſubject will bear. Many arts therefore are requiſite to ſupply theſe diſadvantages, in order to dignify and ſo-

ize t e plainer parts, which hardly admit of
ic ornaments.

has been made to this end of the ſtyle of
. A juſt and moderate mixture of old words
ve an effect like the working of old abbey ſtones
into a building, which I have ſometimes ſeen, to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not deſtroy the neatneſs, elegance, and equality, requiſite to a new work; I mean, without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the preſent purity of writing, or from that eaſe and ſmoothneſs which ought al ays to accompany narration or dialogue. In readin a ſtyle judiciouſly antiquated, one finds a pleaſure unlike that of travelling on an old Roman w t then the road muſt be as good, as the way a ient; the ſtyle muſt be ſuch in which we may evenly roceed, without being put to ſhort ſtops by ſudden abruptneſſes, or puzzled by frequent turnings and tranſpoſitions. No man delights in furrows and ſtumbling-blocks: and let our love to antiquity be ever ſo great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbiſh another. The imitators of Milton, like moſt other imitators, are not copies but caricatura's of their original; they are a hundred times more obſolete and cramp than he, and equally ſo in all places: whereas it ſhould have been obſerved of Milton, that he is not laviſh of his exotic words and phraſes every where alike, but employs them much more where the ſubject is marvellous, vaſt, and ſtrange, as in the ſcenes of heaven, hell, chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in

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the pictures of Paradiſe, the loves of our firſt parents, entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unuſual ſtyle better ſerves to awaken our ideas in the deſcriptions and in the imaging and pictureſque parts, than it agrees with the lower ſort of narrations, the character of which is ſimplicity and purity. Milton has ſeveral of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for ſome hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of Michael in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other Epick poets) to imitate Homer's lowneſſes in the narrative, ſhould not alſo have copied his plainneſs and perſpicuity in the dramatick parts: ſince in his ſpeeches (where clearneſs above all is neceſſary) there is frequently ſuch tranſpoſition and forced conſtruction, that the very ſenſe is not to be diſcovered without a ſecond or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preſerve the true character of Homer's ſtyle in the preſent tranſlation, great pains have been taken to be eaſy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plauſible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleaſed all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of thoſe gentlemen who joined with me ſhewn as much of the ſeverity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a ſtrict ſurveyſion and correction. What aſſiſtance I

them, was made known in general to the publick in the original propoſals for this work, and the particulars are ſpecified at the concluſion of it; to which I muſt add (to be punctually juſt) ſome part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and conſequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have beſtowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were conſiſtent with the indiſpenſable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched ſtate of health which God has been pleaſed to make my portion. At leaſt, it is a pleaſure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greateſt and moſt ancient of poets, with ſome dignity; and I hope, with as little diſadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited ſucceſs of that tranſlation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the Odyſſey; I think it ſufficient to ſay, that Homer himſelf did the ſame, or the world would never have ſeen it.

I deſigned to have ended this poſtſcript here: but ſince I am now taking my leave of Homer, and of all controverſy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make uſe of this laſt opportunity to ſay a very few words about ſome reflections which the late Madam Dacier beſtowed on the firſt part of my preface to the Iliad, and which ſhe publiſhed at the end of her tranſlation of that poem *.

To write gravely an anſwer to them, would be too much

* Second edition, à Paris, 1719.

much for the reflections; and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the author. It is owing to the industry of that learned lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of Homer's beauties, which were hidden from them before in Greek and in Eustathius. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great poet; and I hope that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critick, I should not have apprehended their effect, and should therefore have been silent concerning them: but since they are Madam Dacier's, I imagine that they must be of weight; and in a case where I think her reasoning very bad, I respect her authority.

I have fought under Madam Dacier's banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine Homer against all the hereticks of the age. And yet it is Madam Dacier who accuses me, and who accuses me of nothing less than betraying our common cause. She affirms that the most declared enemies of this author have never said any thing against him more injurious or more unjust than I. What must the world think of me, after such a judgment passed by so great a critick; the world, who decides so often, and who examines so seldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almost always the slave of authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so much accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be biassed?

All this however has happened; and Madam Dacier's criticisms on my preface flow from the very same error, from which so many false criticisms of her countrymen upon Homer have flowed, and which she has so justly and so severely reproved; I mean, the error of depending on injurious and unskilful translations.

An indifferent translation may be of some use, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no translation ought to be the ground of criticism, because no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning: could Homer have had the honour of explaining his, before that august tribunal where Monsieur de la Motte presides, I make no doubt but he had escaped many of those severe animadversions with which some French authors have loaded him, and from which even Madam Dacier's translation of the Iliad could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our island-tongue was as necessary to Madam Dacier in my case, as the knowledge of Greek was to Monsieur de la Motte in that of our great author; or to any of those whom she styles blind censurers, and blames for condemning what they did not understand.

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty translation of part of my preface, than those blind censurers might have known of Homer's even from the translation of La Valterie, which preceded her own.

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It pleaſed me however to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any eſſentials of my preface, but only at a few particular expreſſions. She propoſed little more than (to uſe her own phraſe) to combat two or three ſimiles; and I hope that to combat a ſimile is no more than to fight with a ſhadow, ſince a ſimile is no better than the ſhadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more ſcrupuloſity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

Theſe unlucky ſimiles taken by themſelves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant tranſlator; or there may have fallen from my pen ſome expreſſions, which, taken by themſelves likewiſe, may to the ſame perſon have the ſame effect. But if the tranſlator had been maſter of our tongue, the general tenor of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the paſſages objected to, would have ſufficiently determined him as to the preciſe meaning of them: and if Madam Dacier had taken up her pen a little more leiſurely, or had employed it with more temper, ſhe would not have anſwered paraphraſes of her own, which even the tranſlation will not juſtify, and which ſay, more than once, the very contrary to what I have ſaid in the paſſages themſelves.

If any perſon has curioſity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my preface, or ſome mangled parts of which theſe reflections are made, he will eaſily diſcern that I am as orthodox as Madam Dacier herſelf in thoſe very articles on which ſhe treats me like an heretick:

he will eaſily ſee that all the difference between us conſiſts in this, that I offer opinions, and ſhe delivers doctrines; that my imagination repreſents Homer as the greateſt of human poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending Homer againſt me, who, (if I miſtake not) had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried, without giving a real occaſion of writing in his defence.

After anſwering my harmleſs ſimiles, ſhe proceeds to a matter which does not regard ſo much the honour of Homer, as that of the times he lived in; and here I muſt confeſs ſhe does not wholly miſtake my meaning, but I think ſhe miſtakes the ſtate of the queſtion. She had ſaid, the manners of thoſe times were ſo much the better, the leſs they were like ours. I thought this required a little qualification. I confeſſed that in my opinion the world was mended in ſome points, ſuch as the cuſtom of putting whole nations to the ſword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual ſlavery, and a few others. Madam Dacier judges otherwiſe in this; but as to the reſt, particularly in preferring the ſimplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, ſhe owns we agree. This I thought was well; but I am ſo unfortunate that this too is taken amiſs, and called adopting or (if you will) ſtealing her ſentiment. The truth is, ſhe might have ſaid her words, for I uſed them on purpoſe, being then profeſſedly citing from her: though

I might

I might have done the ſame without intending that compliment, for they are alſo to be found in Euſtathius, and the ſentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to ſay to this whole remark; only that in the firſt part of it, Madam Dacier is diſpleaſed that I do not agree with her, and in the laſt that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man ſhould over-look in a lady.

To puniſh my ingratitude, ſhe reſolves to expoſe my blunders, and ſelects two which I ſuppoſe are the moſt flagrant, out of the many for which ſhe could have chaſtiſed me. It happens that the firſt of theſe is in part the tranſlator's, and in part her own, without any ſhare of mine: ſhe quotes the end of a ſentence, and he puts in French what I never wrote in Engliſh: "Homer (I ſaid) opened a new and boundleſs walk "for his imagination, and created a world for him-"ſelf in the invention of fable;" which he tranſlates, Homere crea pour ſon uſage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.

Madam Dacier juſtly wonders at this nonſenſe in me; and I, in the tranſlator. As to what I meant by Homer's invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly diſtinguiſhed from that extenſive ſenſe in which ſhe took it, by theſe words. "If Homer was not the firſt who "introduced the Deities (as Herodotus imagines) into "the religion of Greece, he ſeems the firſt who brought "them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry."

The other blunder ſhe accuſes me of is, the miſtaking a paſſage in Ariſtotle, and ſhe is pleaſed to ſend

me back to this philoſopher's treatiſe of Poetry, and to her preface on the Odyſſey, for my better inſtruction. Now though I am ſaucy enough to think that one may ſometimes differ from Ariſtotle without blundering, and though I am ſure one may ſometimes fall into an error by following him ſervilely; yet I own, that to quote any author for what he never ſaid, is a blunder; (but, by the way, to correct an author for what he never ſaid, is ſomewhat worſe than a blunder.) My words were theſe: "As there is a greater variety of "characters in the Iliad than in any other poem, ſo "there is of ſpeeches. Every thing in it has manners, "as Ariſtotle expreſſes it; that is, every thing is acted "or ſpoken: very little paſſes in narration." She juſtly ſays, that "Every thing which is acted or ſpoken, "has not neceſſarily manners merely becauſe it is "acted or ſpoken." Agreed; but I would aſk the queſtion, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor ſpoken? If not, then the whole Iliad being almoſt ſpent in ſpeech and action, almoſt every thing in it has manners, ſince Homer has been proved before, in a long paragraph of the preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners, and indeed his whole poem is one continued occaſion of ſhewing this bright part of his talent.

To ſpeak fairly, it is impoſſible ſhe could read even the tranſlation, and take my ſenſe ſo wrong as ſhe repreſents it; but I was firſt tranſlated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expreſſion indeed was not quite exact; it ſhould have been, "Every thing has "manners as Ariſtotle calls them." But ſuch a fault methinks might have been ſpared, ſince if one was to

look with that diſpoſition ſhe diſcovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find ſome miſtakes which no context can redreſs; as where ſhe makes Euſtathius call Cratiſthenes the Phliaſian, Calliſthenes the Phyſician *. What a triumph might ſome ſlips of this ſort have afforded to Homer's, hers, and my enemies, from which ſhe was only ſcreened by their happy ignorance! How unlucky had it been, when ſhe inſulted Mr. de la Motte for omitting a material paſſage in the † ſpeech of Helen to Hector, Iliad vi. if ſome champion for the moderns had by chance underſtood ſo much Greek, as to whiſper him that there was no ſuch paſſage in Homer?

Our concern, zeal, and even jealouſy, for our great author's honour were mutual, our endeavours to advance it were equal, and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as ſhe could in mine. It was one of the many reaſons I had to wiſh the longer life of this lady, that I muſt certainly have regained her good opinion, in ſpite of all miſrepreſenting tranſlators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as paſſionate, an admirer of Homer as herſelf. For that was the firſt condition of her favour and friendſhip; otherwiſe not one's taſte alone, but one's morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion have been ſuſpected, who did not implicitly believe in an author whoſe doctrine is ſo conformable to Holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expreſſing their belief, ſome purely by public and general acts of

* Dacier Remarques ſur le 4me livre de l'Odyſſ. p. 476.
† De la Corruption du Gout.

of worſhip, others by a reverend ſort of reaſoning and enquiry about the grounds of it; it is the ſame in admiration, ſome prove it by exclamations, others by reſpect. I have obſerved that the loudeſt huzzas given to a great man in triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the ſame with the rabble of critics, a deſire to be diſtinguiſhed from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a poet, I would not be an enthuſiaſt; and though I am an Engliſhman, I would not be furiouſly of a party. I am far from thinking myſelf that genius, upon whom, at the end of theſe remarks, Madam Dacier congratulates my country: one capable of, "correcting Homer, and "conſequently of reforming mankind, and amending "this conſtitution." It was not to Great Britain this ought to have been applied, ſince our nation has one happineſs for which ſhe might have preferred it to her own, that, as much as we abound in other miſerable miſguided ſects, we have at leaſt none of the blaſphemers of Homer. We ſteadfaſtly and unanimouſly believe, both his poem, and our conſtitution, to be the beſt that ever human wit invented; that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we diſpiſe any French or Engliſhman whatever, who ſhall preſume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the leaſt alteration in either. Far therefore from the genius for which Madam Dacier miſtook me, my whole deſire is but to preſerve the humble character of a faithful tranſlator, and a quiet ſubject.

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